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A QUEBEC LANDSCAPE.

William Brymner.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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No. 1.

A Message from President Bowles

As President of the College and on behalf of the Faculty, I extend through ACTA our good greetings to all returning students and cordial welcome to the new students.

Since the close of the College, events of deepest significance to the Empire and to the world have with bewildering suddenness come to pass. By these the life of the College will be deeply affected. Ours is not a cloistered world. We seek no splendid isolation. We are in and of the national life a sensitive and very vital part. Our financial necessities reveal this relationship, and this is a year when wise economy in all departments must be practised. Let there be such simplicity of life and frugality of social functions as will reduce each student's necessary outlay to a minimum. A little matter this, but fidelity in such means fidelity in greater things. The greater thing is the spirit of self-denial, so closely akin to that of valour. Surely when so many sons of the Empire are giving their lives on the battlefield in a righteous cause, there should be amongst us at home an increase of seriousness and swift obedience to duty. The easy-going, idling student, of whom one has said "What time he could save from sport he devoted to the neglect of his studies", should be made to feel himself much out of place in this year's college life. Much more so even the student who devotes to the neglect of his studies that time which he saves from theatre, music-hall, dance, and card party, from idle gossiping in fellow-students' rooms and such like things. Seriousness, gravity, duty, the blast of the bugle,—remember these things this year.

The Causes of the Great War^{v. 39}

L. E. HORNING, PH.D.

The sudden and horrible catastrophe which, so unexpectedly and seemingly without warning, overwhelmed the world at the beginning of August, has caused the citizens of all countries to search for the causes leading up to the terrible calamity. They are of a very varied nature and may be divided into historical, social or constitutional and commercial. They are by no means self-evident, nor are the reasons to be found only in the action of Germany. The combinations, especially on the side of the Allies, are so astonishing and the problems arising out of the conduct of the war on the field and from the conduct of government in the various home-lands, are so filled with import for the future that the serious student who has any knowledge of the intricacies of the whole question, past, present and future, may well stand bewildered at the outlook. Therefore, in trying to estimate the causes of this titanic clashing we must try to ponder well and deeply, to read, reflect and weigh impartially.

The historical causes are mainly three—the Slav question, the Alsace-Lorraine dispute and what is known as the Balance of Power. The Slav question is 1500 years old, and has always been a very real trouble to the German. The Germans were originally at home around the south shores of the Baltic Sea and the Slavs south of them in the present Galicia and around the city now so much spoken of Przemsyl. The necessity of finding new homes for a rapidly increasing people, perhaps also a *Wanderlust*, always more or less a Teutonic characteristic, and also, it may be, the helping hand and foot of the Slavs, a sister Indogermanic people to the Teuton,—these various reasons impelled the Germanic tribes during the third to the sixth centuries mainly, to move out and found eventually seven kingdoms on the

ruins of the Western Roman Empire. It was during these migrations that we English came to England. From the Vistula to the Elbe the country was bare of Germans and the Slavs went in and occupied the land, for we know they were in Brandenburg in 512. But the Slavs could not follow the Germans west, so they spread to the south and even overran Greece in these same centuries. As the Germans had moved west, the Slavs in further expansion moved eastwards and Russia thus became the great Slav Empire and the head of the Orthodox Greek Church, the Slav Church. If we draw a line from Kiel to Ragusa on the Adriatic and a parallel one from Memel to Constantinople we shall enclose a portion of Europe which has been debated ground for fifteen centuries or more. In the north, in what we now know as East and West Prussia, the Teutonic order worked hard to recolonize for the Germans during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the Polish Party of the Reichstag shows that the racial question is not yet settled. A little further south we have the nucleus of the old kingdom of Poland which did such valiant service in stemming the Turkish invasions and saving Western Europe to Christendom, or perhaps we should say Western (Roman) Christendom. The partitions of Poland by Russia, Germany and Austria in 1772, 1793 and 1795 may be made good as a result of the present conflict. A little farther south still we have Hungary, a Magyar kingdom, which since about 890 has been a wedge to separate the Central Slavs of Bohemia and Moravia from their southern brethren of Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, Serbia and the rest of the Balkan States. These latter had, under the leadership of the great Stephen Dushan (1336-56) of Serbia, almost become a powerful Slav Empire, but from 1389 to 1878 were ground down under the heel of the irresponsible Turk. After the treaty of Berlin they were pretty free to develop their national hopes, and when they found Turkey exhausted with her struggle with Italy in 1912, they made war upon her and all but drove the "sick man" out of Europe. Austria had seen with jealous alarm this development since 1878, and in 1908, when the natural pro-

tector of the smaller Slav states, Russia, was enfeebled by her war with Japan, she annexed the two provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina which had been put under her protectorship in 1878. That act was the real parent of the present war. The assassination of the Crown Prince of Austria at Serajevo, in Bosnia, June 28, 1914, was the exciting recent cause; Austria's brutal ultimatum to Servia on July 20 the excuse, and the blunders of German diplomacy one of the real causes. It required no prophetic vision to see how events were likely to develop, and they were pointed out in an address to the Canadian Club on January 8, 1913. It was not surprising, then, that the German army strength was largely increased soon after the Balkan war, nor that Germany began to cultivate the friendship of England most assiduously. Indeed to a great many in high positions as well as to thousands of lesser men, what Count Lichnowsky said at Oxford in June, 1914, seemed about to come true, and the friendship of the two mighty Teutonic sisters become strongly cemented. But there can be no denying that to the continental German and Scandinavian the Slav question is a very live real question fraught with the gravest possible danger.

Turning to the west, let us examine into the dispute that for 1,000 years and more has been making enemies of France and Germany. At his death in 814 the first great German Emperor, Charles the Great, Charlemagne, had been ruling for fifty years over an empire that stretched from the Elbe to the Atlantic. In 843, by the treaty of Verdun, it was divided up between his three grandsons, Lewis getting Germany, Charles the western part, thus virtually becoming the founder of the present France, and Lothair received Lothairingia (Lorraine), the central portion, which has naturally been coveted by both France and Germany ever since. This central portion lay between the river Scheldt, Meuse, Saone and Rhine. What is called Rhenish Prussia was separated from Lorraine in the tenth century and the rest divided into Upper and Lower Lorraine in 1044. Lower Lorraine was for a long time an Austrian possession, but

now forms one-half of Belgium and the provinces of Brabant and Gelderland in Holland. Upper Lorraine was independent until 1736 and joined to France in 1766. The inhabitants are of course German in origin. The other bone of contention, Alsace, was colonised by the Alemmanic (German) tribe and formed part of the German Empire until 1648, when a part of it was ceded to France and the rest seized by Louis XIV in 1681 in a time of peace. It will thus be seen that right has not always been on the side of France.

In addition to these two racial or historical causes we must think for a moment of the development of Germany itself. It is not too much to say that her soil has been wet for centuries with the blood of her children as the armies of Europe have thundered across her plains. Slav and Teuton in the earlier centuries, Protestant Swedes and Catholic French in the terrible Thirty Years' War carried on in the name of religion (1618-48) Russian and French and Austrian in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, especially in the Napoleonic struggles, what wonder that the Prussian appeals to the sword! Little Brandenburg received a Hohenzollern ruler in 1415, the Duchy of Prussia in 1525, and by the marriage of the heirs in 1618 the two were united under the name Prussia. William II, the Kaiser of hated name now, is the twentieth of a long line of rulers including the great elector Frederick William (1640-88) and Frederick the Great (1740-86), Carlyle's hero. By frugality, by self-sacrificing devotion, by persistent endeavour, by indomitable pluck, princes and people have gradually made Germany a mighty name, one that stands to-day for scientific progress, for thoroughness of work, for efficiency and for progressiveness. No wonder that the Emperor believes in Divine Right, however much we as Englishmen may think he is wrong. He is wrong and Divine Rightism will have to go, but are there not other forms in other departments of life where the same doctrine holds good and where it will have to go? After the war of 1870-71, in which Germany had the world's sympathy, there began a development which has made her the second naval power, the second commercial nation, the first in

science and philosophy, and hopes have been running high for democracy. This article will not treat of the great armament craze that has been a plague upon the modern world. It is only right, however, to say that Germany's commercial expansion has been one of the world's greatest marvels; and to anyone who has gone about even Ontario into larger and smaller towns, to one who knows how even Englishmen have been forced to admire German productions, to such a one it must have come home that *honest efficiency* was a mighty factor in their progress. But unfortunately for the world and for herself, the foundations in diplomacy and statesmanship laid by Bismarck, that man of "Blood and Iron", were laid upon militarism. Germany had to have an immense standing army to take the place of the natural protective barriers with which England is blessed. But this machine which is even now the wonder of the world became a Frankenstein which is destroying the creators. It seems a curious comment on all our learning and culture that we say this war had to come. To me that seems a poor excuse. If reason and justice and argument are of any value, it surely should have been possible to avoid this cruel arbitrament.

The third historical cause for the war is the now worn-out theory of diplomacy, Balance of Power. It was at the root of all the diplomacy in connection with the famous Eastern question, the Turk in Europe. After the settlement at Berlin in 1788 Bismarck tried to form an alliance of Russia, Austria and Germany. He failed. The Slavs felt that their destiny was to have a second Slav empire in the Balkans and perhaps make all Europe tributary to Slav nations. Then Bismarck succeeded in forming the triple alliance of Italy, Austria and Germany. Italy has been a broken reed, for she has always been too much beholden to England to enter the lists against her. To offset the Triple Alliance the Dual Entente was first formed and then the Triple, so that from that date the possible antagonists have been indicated. The only hope was that the agencies which had grown so numerous, which had for their object the teaching of better methods, would be able to accomplish their laudable objects. They

have had all the arguments on their side, but—well, perhaps it had to be, and that is only a fatalistic idea. At any rate, even in the Balkan wars diplomacy was seen to be bankrupt.

Let us look at the second set of causes which may be called social, constitutional or governmental. Shall autocracy or democracy rule? If autocracy, shall it be absolute and militaristic or shall it be a benevolent paternalism, shall the ruler be a "little father" to his people? If democracy, shall it be the absolute democracy, subject to the sudden gusts of caprice, as in old Athens, explained by the "Psychology of Crowds", degenerating into mobocracy, or shall it be representative democracy such as we have in Canada and the United States? Autocracy would seem to have run its race, judging from Germany; democracy is certainly on trial, judging from the United States and also Canada. This great conflict must be so judged, in my opinion, Democracy vs. Autocracy. But what causes so many progressive citizens of all countries to shake their heads in grave doubt is that while we may claim that Britain and France and Belgium represent democracy, what can we say of Russia, that huge Empire of 170,000,000 souls, growing by natural increase at the rate of 3,000,000 souls each year? To the vast majority of us, she represents a great unknown quantity. She possesses immense compact territories, Siberia alone being capable of wonderful development. She is generally considered as being only semi-civilized and yet by government order prohibition is made the irrevocable law in the large districts of Siberia which the government itself is colonising. The banking system employed is most modern, and government ownership is largely in vogue. An old student of mine who is keenly interested in social and governmental problems, and who has spent years in Russia, is very enthusiastic, and H. G. Wells writes reassuringly, but yet we wag our heads skeptically. If we could be convinced that this terrible war means the democratising of Russia, we should all be more hopeful that "good would be the final goal of ill". What is needed at the present time is an up-to-date, to 1914, history of Modern Russia bringing us the

evidences of these possibilities and of this trend. Before passing on it might be well to point out another possible element of trouble, that of conflict of religions. Russia belongs to the Orthodox Greek Church, and has little intercourse with the Roman Catholic. The religious question plays a very great rôle among the Balkan peoples.

If this war can rightly be called one of democracy against aristocracy or autocracy, then a study of the democratic progress of each of the combatants and a comparison of all would be very instructive. Democratic England is the model for all constitutionalists the world over or else her daughter, the United States. But the experiences of the United States with trusts, combines, monopolies and privileges of all kinds and its boss-rule, the greatest possible denial of democracy, are making the newest constitutionalists wary. And even in England what mediaevalism is to be found, the Irish problem, for example! How little the German could understand it! It would keep England occupied and prevent her interference on the continent! Little did he know of the Irish temper! And he misread South Africa as well. In 1906, when it was first proposed to give South Africa autonomy, the editorials in all German papers without exception were good evidence of a curious quality in the German mind, viz., the inability to get the viewpoint of another nation. That is the reason that German diplomacy is a failure, and it is just because the Englishman can appreciate another's viewpoint that English diplomats excel all others. "There has never been a race of diplomats their equals in shrewdness, subtlety and a sleepless eye on the main chance since time began", says a German diplomat of the English.

Servia, the exciting cause, racial and diplomatic traditions, democracy and autocratic militarism; Belgium, the victim, the question of the rights of the small against the great—these are some of the causes. This war, which involves so many nations, must put an end to a great many ideas and give impetus to a new Idealism. If not, then mankind has been crucified in vain. Imperialism must go for one thing.

Shortly after the Franco-Prussian war it made its appearance, and France, Britain, the United States, Germany, Russia, Italy and even little Belgium rushed out to take possession of the fag ends of the earth. It is astonishing to learn that from 1874 to 1898 the British Empire was increased about or over one-third of her present size and 88,000,000 people added to her subjects. So when Germany had laid the foundation of her commercial prosperity and had begun to attract the attention of Englishmen and to cause despair in many hearts, as is shown by the speeches and articles of the next succeeding years, she was ready for colonies as markets or dumping grounds, for is that not what England has colonies for? Here is another instance of the scientific German gone wrong. England is her best market and Germany England's, but he could not read his figures aright. We therefore hear of commercial rivalry, jealousy and other charges, and we find a mad race in armaments begun and increasing in growth, so as to keep the peace. Stupendous folly! It required no prophetic gift to see that the vast fabric of destruction could result in nothing but war. That was easy. Could and would anything be done to prevent? The German thinks England went into the war as a purely business proposition. Why did Japan enter it?

To the layman it does really seem that the Japanese are trying to get rid of a very energetic business rival and one who would certainly complicate commerce in the East. Let us try to imagine for a moment what that entry means. It is only ten short years ago or thereabouts that Japan was admitted to the councils of the nations. Now she is welcomed as an ally, and there can be no question of the value of her aid. "England has sowed dragon's teeth", said a German diplomat; "Port Arthur was No. 1 for the Japanese; Kiao-Chau No. 2. What will be No. 3?" Racial questions again. The question comes up of itself. All these racial questions must be faced as soon as we can bring this war to a successful conclusion. Not as we have muddled matters here in Canada, in Ontario and in British Columbia, but honestly, carefully, with the long look forward.

Race, creed, worn-out diplomacy, business systems, democracy, nationality, internationalism, autocracy, militarism, peace and war, our civilizations, all seem to be going into the melting-pot. The world cannot grow any smaller nor the peoples get much nearer to each other than they are at present. Did this war have to come to clear away the old and make place for the new? And what shall the new be—a new barbarism with the madman's Force as God, or a new civilization following up the *two* commandments given 1900 years ago? And what shall be Canada's part in this march forward?

Pax Fiat

Great God of hosts, to Whose high throne
 Our fathers' prayers rose not in vain,
 In this dark hour of direst need,
 We helpless turn to Thee again.
 And this we pray; make war to cease,
 O Father, in our time give peace.

Great God of men, forgive our sin,
 If in the sweep of passion's flood,
 We lifted mocking hands to Thee,
 And stained Thine altar steps with blood.
 Have we forgotten that our foes,
 Though erring, are Thy children still?
 Have we forgotten, O forgive,
 The Cross upon a lonely hill?

Great God of love, send forth Thy light,
 That all the sons of men may see
 The folly of this thing called war,
 The barrenness of victory.
 Teach us, O Lord, Thy greater plan,
 Reveal the brotherhood of man.

To Thee we pray; make war to cease,
 O Father, in our time give peace.

B.

Culture

The other evening, when the Highbrow Club was in full session, there came a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in," called the Grad., for the Grad. was host that night.

There entered a Freshman, rather timid and very humble.

"I—I hope I am not intruding, gentlemen," he faltered.

"I am in a difficulty, and having heard of your Club, I thought perhaps you might help me."

We nodded encouragement, and he continued. "I came to College to get culture, and as there is no course for that purpose, I don't know what to do. Can you gentlemen tell me what I ought to study in order to acquire it?"

"Certainly," said the Classics man, "Plato and Aristotle."

"Hegel and Mill," suggested the Philosopher.

"Shakespeare and Browning," corrected the Literary man.

"Ibsen and Shaw," added the Highest Highbrow.

The Freshman looked rather perplexed. "Do you mind if I ask a few questions?" he inquired.

"Fire ahead. Go after them, son," said the Grad., lighting his pipe and making himself comfortable.

"Then, sir," turning to the Classics man, "you say that culture is Latin and Greek."

"Right enough. Latin and Greek, vigorously applied six times weekly for four years, and there you have it. Never failed yet."

"Then I suppose all the old Greeks and Romans had it?"

"My dear fellow! Not at all; by no means; far from it. You see they had to know it. They used it every day."

"Oh, I see." A slight pause. Then, producing a notebook, "Culture, then, must be something you don't use."

"Nonsense, utter nonsense," interrupted the Scientific man. "Of course you can use it. There's culture in higher mathematics; calculus and least squares are full of it. For instance, when a man spends his time calculating the dia-

meter of the planets, and finding the parallax of the sun, he certainly has it."

The other members nodded approval.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the Freshman eagerly, "and the surveyor with the railroad construction gang has it too."

The Scientific man fixed him with a look of scorn. "What a ridiculous idea," he said. "Such a person certainly does not have it."

The Highest Highbrow had already made several attempts to break into the conversation. He could now restrain himself no longer.

"You fellows are on the wrong track altogether," he exclaimed. "You are talking as if a man could get culture from a College Course. So he can, a certain amount of it, but, gentlemen, I maintain that in the modern world no man can be truly cultured unless he makes himself familiar with the burning questions of the day. Now take the works of Ibsen—"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the Freshman, "but who was Ibsen?"

Such colossal ignorance silenced for a moment even the voluble Highest Highbrow. Then, recovering his breath, he thundered forth:—

"Henrik Ibsen, my dear sir, the greatest poet and dramatist of the century, the scourge of Mammon, the torch of Freedom, the voice in the wilderness."

The Freshman seemed impressed.

"I take it, sir, that this gentleman was a social reformer," he ventured.

"The friend of the downtrodden, the champion of the oppressed, the pioneer of the new democracy," rapturously continued the H. H.

"I am glad to learn, sir, that the study of such a great man's work will bring culture. But do you think, ah,—that is,—don't you suppose one could get almost the same result by studying the conditions in the slums of one's own city?"

The Highest Highbrow is a strong man, but this blow was too much for him. He collapsed into a chair. Several

more of us then tried to explain the matter to this hopeless Freshman, but without success.

Finally he turned back the pages of his notebook and reviewed our collective opinion thus:—

"Culture, then, gentlemen, appears to be an elusive, abstract entity, which owes its value to its general uselessness. It may be found in all lines of study, provided they do not become too practical. It consists of clean hands and a white collar; it knows the proper use of 'shall' and 'will' and how to handle the cutlery at the dinner table. It is often musical and in such cases can always tell the difference between Chopin and Beethoven. It is invisible, intangible and apparently inexplicable."

The Grad. roused himself from his chair. "Something wrong somewhere," he exclaimed, "or else culture isn't all that I thought it was. We'll talk it over again, son, and let you know just what it is and how you can get it."

"Thank you very much," said the Freshman, starting towards the door, "but please don't go to any trouble on my account. I don't believe I want it after all."

Then he went out, and closed the door quietly behind him.

H. B.



"The Kitchen Orchestra."

Stunt day at Elgin House.

The Wind of the West

E. J. P.

Thou Wind of the West, beloved of the Ocean,
Shepherd of peace to her wild-wandering fears,
Claimant of Heaven to maidens' devotion
And sweetest of music to mariners' ears!

To-day does thy chorus ring
Soaring on azure wing
As homeward the sailor his ship proudly steers.

This morning I woke at the Dawn's tender breaking,
And sped to the window that fronts on the lea
To hear thy soft pinions all-tremulous, shaking
The silver ringed tassels from clover and tree;
In a rose scented aisle
Thou didst linger a-while
To vow to fulfilment this message from me.

Chase far that wild child of Nereus whose tresses
Were woven by tempests in caves of the east,
Appease her fierce anger with silken caresses
In the green vaulted temple of Neptune's High Priest;
With persuasion divine
Bid her pledge at his shrine
With such bonds as withhold her from being released,

That never again her war-chariots urging
Shall she visit these scenes in her hurricane sweep,
Nor shod with the thunder-brand's desolate scourging
Shall she ride o'er the heart of the agonised deep,
And with clamorous breath
Of convulsion and death
Disturb the home-dreams of the fisherman's sleep.

But stay thou winged healer of life's agitation
And guide to their haven the pilgrims of Lea,
Bestowing on lovers a fond restoration
Rejoicing the mother with the babe at her knee.
Remain, oh for ever!
Leaving us never,
And glad will our songs float to heaven and thee.

Alfred Noyes

R. E. SPENCE, B.A.

In a series of articles on contemporary poets, it is fitting to-day that first place should be given to Alfred Noyes, the man who is honoured for his arraignment of modern warfare, who stands for the most vehement denunciation of human slaughter and legalized lust of blood. *The Wine Press* has a special message to us of Canada who have known war only from afar in its garb of poetic glorification,

“Only the drum and the fife,
And the golden braid and the surface of life.”

Even now, when the terror of it is being brought home to us as never before, we are still to some extent able to gild its reality with a false idealism; to be chiefly impressed by the changes of the daily war-map, and to tell off victories by the thousands slain. In many cases, we still think like the black-coated statesmen—

“Not of the crimson tempest
Where the shattered city falls:
They thought, behind their varnished doors,
Of diplomats, ambassadors,
Budgets, and loans and boundary-lines,
Coercions and re-calls,
Forces and Balances of Power;
Shadows, and dreams and dust.”

It is to shake such a blind complacency, which by allowing itself to be shielded from distasteful truth, has made possible a twentieth-century war, that Mr. Noyes has thrown the full strength of his poetic genius. He draws a picture of human horror, sparing us not one jot, making us think; till in the name of enlightened Christendom, standing with the angel messenger in the still eternal light that enfolds the Prince of Peace, we sink our heads:

“Christ, is the hour not come
 To send forth one great voice and strike this dark hell dumb?
 A voice to out-crash the cannon, one united cry
 To sweep these wild-beast standards down that stain the sky,
 To hurl these Lions and Bears and Eagles to their doom;
 One voice, one soul, one fire that shall consume
 The last red reeking shreds that flicker against the blast,
 And purge the Augean stalls we call ‘our glorious past!’”

Strong words, these, and revealing an element of his poetry that has been noted by a recent critic—“His sense of tragedy is not morbid and lachrymose, but vigorous and terrible”; and again, “His sadness is the deep, great sadness of a *happy* man”. For even while we grow faint with longing and lose the vision in the smoke of battle that obscures the rising sun, we are cheered by his brave confidence in the inevitable triumph of righteousness—

“Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them,
 Or thrust the dawn back for one hour
 Truth, Love and Justice, if ye slay them
 Return with more than earthly power;
 Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
 That send the spring thro’ leaf and spray;
 Drive back the sun from the Eastern mountains,
 Then—bid this mightier movement stay.

A prophet of peace; but we must be careful how we apply this term to him—

Peace? When have we prayed for peace?
 Is there no wrong to right?
 Wrong crying to God on high!
 Here where the weak and the helpless die,
 And the homeless hordes of the City go by,
 The ranks are rallied to-night.”

This is the counterpart of Mr. Noyes’ great appeal against war—his great appeal for concerted effort on the part of the world’s bravest and noblest against mankind’s most deadly foes. Let anyone who sees in this anti-militarism a lack of loving devotion to his home land, read such poems as “The May Queen” and “A Song of England,” or any of the songs of the sea, vibrant with patriotism.

Mr. Noyes' poetry makes its appeal to a remarkably wide and surprisingly varied range of people. He has been declared by magazine editors the most popular of living poets, and termed by literary critics the most considerable English poet since Tennyson—a double criterion difficult to surpass. It is interesting to attempt to analyse this attraction. Of course he is very productive, and what one writer calls "divinely capable of being interested in a number of things". But deeper than this, I believe, it is his sincerity, his seriousness of purpose, his moral earnestness, that grip us. When he visited Toronto, the very unaffectedness of his personality enforced a realisation of the fact that he was a man with a message. He believes most intensely in the mission of poetry to dominate the coming age—that, to quote his own words, "because great art brings out, as a conductor with a wand, the harmonies that lie hidden by the dust of daily affairs, in poetry, as time goes on, our race will come to find an ever surer and surer stay." An appreciation of this earnestness in his chosen calling is gained by reading his poems. But he has a still more winning charm—perhaps, too, one not altogether divorced from that other—namely, an exuberance and joy of life, a naturalness and spontaneity, a quickness of sympathy, and a bubbling-over of enthusiasm, that mark him as one of those "who share with the gods an immortal and triumphant youthfulness".

Mr. M. W. Marriot, writing for the *Hibbert Journal*, makes an analysis of the basic qualities of true genius in an article called "The Kingdom of the Little Child," which would make an excellent commentary on the poetry of Alfred Noyes. "Genius," says the writer "has been defined as the power of becoming a child at will". Mr. Noyes has indeed an indisputable claim to the full extent of the jurisdiction that belongs to the kingdom of the child-heart.

First comes his love of Faery, exemplified throughout all his work, but nowhere better than in "The Forest of Wild Thyme." No touch is more light than his in dealing with this

"fairy gleam
That flutters through the unfettered dream."

No poet has more free a passport than he through the regions of childhood's imaginings. No poet has caught more surely the child's "rosy light of dreams", the questionings into the meanings of things, the thrill of adventure, and the "godlike sense of elemental joy".

"Oh, grown-ups cannot understand
And grown-ups never will,
How short's the way to fairyland
Across the purple hili;
They smile; their smile is very bland,
Their eyes are wise and chill:
And yet—at just a child's command—
The world's an Eden still."

But we are none of us grown-up when Mr. Noyes guides us through a realm that is an inconsequent mixture of heaven and fairyland.

"And yet we ne'er could understand
Why heaven should not be fairyland,
A part of heaven, at least."

With eyes for the time being cleared of their blind wisdom we look upon the mysteries of the commonplace; and with nerves sensitized to the music of the spheres, we too,

"Saw that the tunes of the World were one,
And the metre that guided the rhythmic sun
Was at one, like the ebb and the flow of the sea,
With the truths that we learned at our mother's knee."

Mother Goose wanders, free as ever, through Mr. Noyes' poetry. Sometimes it is an adaptation of the mere jingle of the familiar rimes, and it is always a delight to come upon classic references we can all understand. Often, he reads into this mere musical jingle a meaning that the years have brought.

"Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
Summon the day of deliverance in;
We are weary of bearing the burden of scorn
As we yearn for the home that we never shall win;
For here there is weeping and sorrow and sin,
And the poor and the weak are a spoil for the strong.
Ah! when shall the song of the ransomed begin?
The world is grown weary with waiting so long.

Little Boy Blue, if the child-heart knows,
 Sound but a note as a little one may;
 And the thorns of the desert shall bloom with the rose,
 And the Healer shall wipe all tears away;
 Little Boy Blue, we are all astray,
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn,
 Ah, set the world right, as a little one may;
 Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn."

The child-heart knows at least two secrets for imparting a wonderful vastness to the circumscribed existence of every day; first, by getting quite away from this world that is still too much with us; and second, by revealing fairyland in the midst of it. Mr. Noyes has visited many a "land beyond the years", and wherever he takes us in legend or fairy tale, he shows us

"How that time,
 Was much less powerful than a rhyme
 And that Space was but a dream."

The other secret, with the genius of a child, and of a poet, he shows us too—

"So on we wandered hand in hand,
 And all the world was fairyland."

He reawakens our astonishment over the queerness of things we are accustomed to; he reveals to us "the divine wonder of the commonplace". In "The Forest of Wild Thyme," he goes straight to this task by bringing us, after a journey of monstrous adventure,—really only through a tangle of meadow grass, seen with wide-open eyes—to the secret of the whole world that lies hidden in the smallest flower.

There is a frequent note of mysticism in the interpretation of this poet, to whom the things unseen are eternal.

"What is there hid in the heart of a rose,
 Mother-mine?
 Ah, who knows, who knows, who knows?
 A man that died on a lonely hill
 May tell you, perhaps, but none other will,
 Little child.

What does it take to make a rose,
 Mother-mine?
 The God that died to make it knows
 It takes the world's eternal wars,
 It takes the moon and all the stars,
 It takes the might of heaven and hell
 And the everlasting Love as well,
 Little child."

"All major art," Mr. Noyes said, "brings us into touch with that harmony that is the basis of the eternal. It is the business of art to put the temporal in the realm of the spiritual". And again he said, "For art, there ought to be nothing common or unclean, on condition that the artist can put it into touch with the eternal". "The Barrel Organ"—he calls it his London symphony—is one of the best illustrations of this poetic gift of transmutation. A common street piano, a jostling six-o'clock London crowd, and some belated peddlars—this is the poetic material out of which is produced a song of the romance that lies hidden in the heart of every man.

"There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
 In the City as the sun sinks low;
 Though the music's only Verdi there's a world to make it sweet,
 Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven meet
 Mellows all the sooty City! Hark, a hundred thousand feet
 Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat
 In the land where the dead dreams go."

This is probably the most popular poem of all, with its vivid quickly-changing pictures, its colours and lights and shadows, its humour and pathos, its lilting measures, and inimitable tunefulness. There is a great temptation to quote indefinitely; for these poems are their own best introduction.

"Yes, as the music changes, like a prismatic glass,
 It takes the light and ranges through all the moods that pass;
 Dissects the common carnival of passions and regrets,
 And gives the world a glimpse of all the colours it forgets."

His pages are brave with heroes—those of legend and romance as well as the type of "The Tramp Transfigured."

Especially is he attracted to the Golden Age of heroes and of song. He makes us thrill with something of the same pride and love of country that filled the hearts of Englishmen in the spacious days when romance, chivalry, adventure, and glory were the atmosphere that all men breathed. Our "heritage of the sea" is the inspiration of many short poems and of one powerful, patriotic epic "Drake." To attempt a reconciliation between his love of the fleet, and his hate of war, would be fruitless. He is fond of paradoxes, and the glowing passion of the one can never affect the deep-rooted sincerity of the other.

It is difficult to characterise the enchantment of the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern." There is more than a scholarly collection of picturesque details, handled with sustained skill; more than a dramatic revivifying of that illustrious group around the great fire-place. There is something more than both of these. Down Fleet Street we wander at dusk till we come to a sign-board painted with a siren.

"And as I knocked, the slowly changing west
Seemed to change all the world with it, and leave
Only that old inn steadfast and unchanged,
A rock in the rich-coloured tides of time."

That is really the experience that lies between the covers of the book. Shakespeare, Bacon, Marlowe, Chapman, Greene, Nash, Jonson, Donne, Herrick, Gilbert, Raleigh,—these mighty names become flesh and blood to us, with whom we laugh and sing and weep. The sense of personal participation is keen. We have all experienced that incomprehensible moment when we feel that we have lived through this present time long ago; when the immediate future seems overlaid with a dim shadow from some far-off past. We have been here before, and we know instinctively what will happen next. That is the mood in which we are led into the old inn-parlour. The poet says "I" but we say it with him. "Et in Arcadia ego".

"I knew by rote
The smooth sun-bubbles in the worn green paint
Upon the doors and shutters. There was one
Myself had idly scratched away one dawn,
One mad May-dawn three hundred years ago,"

And in we step to a clashing of wine-cups and a deep-voiced song of Marchaunt Adventures.

Pall Mall Gazette says that Alfred Noyes' humour is by far his greatest quality. At any rate, it is pervasive of all the others—a subtle humour, peeping at you from unexpected corners, a whimsical humour, whisking you from tears to smiles with mad irresponsibility; at times a jovial humour, that makes the rafters ring; but always fresh and unassumed as childish laughter, and, as is the case with all true humour, defying analysis and demanding only appreciation.

Mr. Noyes gave a hint of his philosophy when he spoke in Burwash Hall, and there is much of interest for the student to follow up. "The present tendency is to see things in parts," he said. "A new synthesis is needed or we shall find ourselves wandering in a world without meaning". This is the kernel of a belief in the unity of nature expressed in the opening poem of the first volume of his collected verse—

"In the light of the silent stars that shine on the silent sea,
In the weary cry of the wind and the whisper of flower and tree,
Under the breath of laughter, deep in the tide of tears,
I hear the Loom of the Weaver that weaves the Web of Years.

"O, woven in one wide Loom thro' the throbbing weft of the whole,
One in spirit and flesh, one in body and soul,
Though the leaf were alone in its falling, the bird in its hour to die,
The heart in its muffled anguish, the sea in its mournful cry,

"One with the flower of a day, one with the withered moon,
One with the granite mountains that melt into the noon,
One with the dream that triumphs beyond the light of the spheres,
We come from the Loom of the Weaver that weaves the Web of Years."

This is what Mr. Noyes makes of that truth that "a sparrow shall not fall to the ground without our Father's knowledge".

He expresses in many ways this sense of our membership with the Infinite, and the belief that the obscuring of God's face with partial truths has been—

"The cause of all our sorrow and sin, our wars
Of force and thought in this unheavened world."

"The Paradox" seems to be a summary of his thought along this line—

"I am the End to which the whole world strives:
Therefore are ye girdled with a wild desire and shod
With sorrow; for among you all no soul
Shall ever cease or sleep or reach its goal
Of union and communion with the Whole
Or rest content with less than being God."

We have left only a word for the impression that strikes us first upon taking up a volume of these poems, the mastery of rhythm, the singing quality, and the images that outrival each other in beauty in every line. To pick out individual characteristics of beauty such as the recurrent refrain, the frequent alliteration, the variety and originality of metre, gives no adequate conception of the way in which Mr. Noyes makes "music out o' words". We are reminded of the poet's own description of the supreme poetic skill that alone can aspire to sing the "Song of England"—and surely if that exalted height is ever reached by any bard, he has unwittingly described his own muse—

"There is a song of England that none shall ever sing;
So sweet it is and fleet it is
That none whose words are not as fleet as birds upon the wing
And regal as her mountains
And radiant as her fountains
Of rainbow coloured sea-spray that ever wave can fling
Against the cliffs of England, the sturdy cliffs of England
Could more than seem to dream of it,
Or catch one flying gleam of it
Above the seas of England that never cease to sing."

Mr. Clayton Hamilton, writing for the *Book News Monthly*, pays a tribute to the worth of Alfred Noyes' poetic message—

"After all the moanings and the caterwaulings of the sorry little singers, we have found at last a poet to whom this world is not a twilit vale of tears, but a valley shimmering all dewy to the dawn, with a lark song over it." This new Piper of Hamelin pipes a song of happiness and beauty that is irresistible to every child-heart in the valley. But for those

who have perchance forgotten how to be laughter-wise, but would fain learn it again, remembering that it was to "such as these" was given the promise of the Kingdom—for those, too, he has an invitation to lure them to his City of Dreams—

"You that have seen how the world and its glory
 Change and grow old like the love of a friend;
 You that have come to the end of the story,
 You that were tired ere you came to the end;
 You that are weary of laughter and sorrow,
 Pain and pleasure, labour and sin,
 Sick of the midnight and dreading the morrow,
 Ah, come in; come in.

You that are bearing the load of the ages;
 You that have loved overmuch and too late;
 You that confute all the saws of the sages;
 You that served only because you must wait,
 Knowing your work was a wasted endeavour;
 You that have lost and yet triumphed therein,
 Add loss to your losses and triumph for ever,
 Ah, come in; come in."

A Late War Despatch

"Brussels, August 8th, 57 B.C. (delayed in transmission).

Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae . . . proximique
 sunt Germanis, qui trans Rhenum incolunt, quibuscum
 continenter bellum gerunt.

J. C. CAESAR."

Side Lights on the Glee Club Trip

J. H. F. '15

Where to begin, what to leave out, and how to crowd a period of two months of constant travelling, excitement and vivid impressions into an article of twenty-five hundred words are some of the problems facing the writer of this little sketch. One feels like a man peering into a kaleidoscope, the perspective and the objects seen are constantly changing and new ideas come crowding in upon one until the picture becomes so confused that nothing is written.

However, the Grand Mogul of ACTA insists, and shutting our eyes we shall stagger blindly into some sort of description.

If one were to begin at the beginning I suppose we should talk about the experiences of the voyage to Bristol. The vast majority of us had never been near the sea before; many had never seen an ocean liner, and so our excitement was not to be wondered at. How big, how confusing, how strange everything seemed. How considerate the attendants were. How —oh, well—just “how” everything! for we all felt so impressed that we stood gazing open mouthed at all that came before our eyes.

We soon began to wonder why certain things were just as they were. Why so many firmly fastened handrails, guards, bars, and strong supports appeared everywhere. Surely it never becomes rough enough to make need for all these! Oh, doesn't it? Well,—it does and we were destined to be thankful for anything solid or stationary to which we might attach ourselves.

The first three days were marked by fairly fine weather. Of course, a number were seasick crossing the Gulf, but on the whole the weather was fairly good. At least so we were told. Many of us were by this time in the most acute distress, and the sound of the dining saloon gong was generally

sufficient to precipitate an internal revolution. We would politely insist that we would *not* go down to dinner, that *nothing* could compel us to move from the spot where we had taken refuge. Then the *brave* and *hardy* ones would go and leave us to die in peace. But there was to be no peace!

No sooner had the passengers gone below than a ubiquitous deck steward would appear and suggest in a soft voice—"a little soup?" "Soup!! Oh!!" "Some fruit and coffee?" "Ough!!" "Surely then some cheese and biscuits!!" "No! No! go away!!" and then having riled us beyond endurance he would go away.

The navigation company, knowing we would be ill and that food would not be our chief desire in life, had arranged to serve six meals daily, so that the gong seemed to be sounding as frequently as the ship's bell. And whenever it sounded, it left us worse than before.

But there is an end to all things and despite our utter despair there came a day when we were able to tread the quarter deck like veritable Nelsons, and then the Glee Club began to stir things up. There were concerts every night, impromptu concerts every morning and afternoon, rehearsals at any and every opportunity, and soon everybody was a firm friend of everybody else.

It was here that new men began to appear in the bodies of the men we thought we had known. How hard it is to really know our friends at college. It takes a trip of some such nature as ours to reveal the true natures of our closest companions.

There were the boys who had always seemed formal and dignified, surely these wild rascallions flirting, teasing, romping, and yelling cannot be those boys we were a little afraid of back at home.

Surely these boys whom the little kiddies fairly seem to worship, who are followed everywhere by little folks eager for play, are not the cynical philosophers of the residence and hall? Surely this fiery preacher holding the people spellbound by a powerful gospel sermon bristling with inspiration and hope, is not the comical jester of receptions,

lecture rooms and "Bob" platforms? Yet verily they are all those people and we realize that there are more sides to human nature than we had supposed.

When six days out we ran into a stiff gale from the north and as we were crossing the Devil's Hole at the time (and we shall insist that this hole be filled up before we cross again) we had an opportunity to see what a storm at sea is really like. One man, let him be nameless, had bravely tramped the deck the day before and boastfully wished for a storm. "Let her roll," he said. "I shall feel the company has cheated me if they don't have a first class storm before we land". Ye gods—how the very idea made us creep with horror. I am glad to say Providence interfered on the return trip and ruthlessly tore the magnificent straw hat from this born seaman, bearing it off across the waves to an eternal tomb.

However, we all saw a storm during those two remaining days and then all that was left of us—a thin white line—landed at Avonmouth on Wednesday, June the tenth, at 9.30 a.m.

The club gave two concerts at the Bristol Exhibition on the day they landed, and the impression they created was apparently very favourable. The London papers carried lengthy reports of the proceedings, and each man began a collection of clippings destined to grow to rather formidable proportions.

It is not our purpose, however, to write a description of the English concerts outside of one or two London engagements. The time spent in the wonderful country of Wales offers a more inviting theme. As everybody knows, Wales is the real home of chorus singing, and when we realized the number of engagements we had to fill in this little land our hearts were filled with fear and trembling lest we had "carried coals to Newcastle". Yet, opening at Newport and running through Cardiff, Penarth, Barry, Abertillery and Llwynapia, our work was a complete success, and such enthusiasm was created by our visit and programs that we speedily regained our confidence and felt we were worthy of old Victoria.

Perhaps our experiences at Abertillery will be a fair example of the conditions we found in Wales. This little city, having about forty thousand population, is situated away up in the mountains, in the very heart of the colliery district. The men are all miners and there is no wealth in any part of the city. But there is one thing the people like and recognize, and that is real music. It seemed as if everybody wanted to hear the men from Canada sing, and when we arrived at the depot one beautiful Sunday morning we found a huge crowd there to welcome us. At its head were the mayor and aldermen to receive us officially and tell us how glad they were to have the club with them for the day.

In the afternoon and evening we sang in the large pavilion, something like a summer theatre, and when the men came down to the stage entrance they saw a crowd reaching across the street that was unable to get in, as the building was already crowded to suffocation.

The Welshman listens with his hands, ears, eyes and mouth, and to hear their whispered comments, and see their dark eyes light up, to watch them lean forward in their seats and listen so closely, and then nod approval as the number was finished was something to remember and appreciate.

But while the Welshman is music-mad he has developed to an abnormal degree the bump of hospitality, and from the time we entered Wales, in large cities, small towns, seaside resorts, mining districts or the country seats of the fabulously wealthy, our boys were simply overwhelmed by the kindness and consideration of their hosts.

At Cardiff we were shown the magnificent civic buildings under the guidance of one of the aldermen, and from there were hurried away to a delightful luncheon at which, as in fact everywhere, speechmaking was the order of the day. Then the Cardiff Blue Ribbon Choir sang for us and their kindness, also, knew no bounds. At Barry we were the guests of the Exhibition directors, and also were entertained at a magnificent garden party given by Councillor Murrill. In the morning the men were the guests of the harbour and dock officials, who have in their charge the second largest

docks in the world. At Penarth the men were tendered a delightful luncheon by the South Wales Federation and at Llwynapia and Llandwhern we were the guests of D. A. Thomas, the great coal baron, who put one of his huge colliery plants at our disposal and gave us an opportunity to see the life of the men who live two thousand feet below the surface. This was followed by a capacity-testing luncheon and the usual singsong and speechmaking efforts. On leaving Wales it was the unanimous verdict of the club that the "Wailers" were the best ever.

Everybody was anxious to get to London, and when our special coach labelled "Retained Toronto Glee Singers" rolled into Cardiff depot we were the most eager bunch of tourists seen in that city for a long time. We gave the old yells, sang "Victoria" and "Toronto" and after another farewell started on the three-hour trip to London.

Who can describe London? The authors of this sketch admit their incapability. We simply won't try! All we can say is, that to each man it seemed the greatest place in all the world. Some were disappointed in Paris, Berlin, Edinburgh, Brussels or Ostend, but no man failed to realize something of the greatness of this city of cities.

We visited London twice, staying about five days the first time and singing at London University, Centennial Hall (twice), Westbourne Park Church, and at Connaught Rooms at a reception and dinner given to the overseas ambassadors and representatives of the Empire.

After a long trip north during which we visited the Isle of Man and the Yorkshire and Lancashire districts, we returned to London for an engagement at Willesden Green and a reception by the Lord Mayor (Sir Vansittart Bowater) at the Mansion House.

This arrangement gave us considerable time to see the historic city and the boys certainly did their utmost to avail themselves of their opportunity. The usual round of sight-seeing was undertaken and we saw the great objects of historical and national interest for which the city is famous.

But we must refer briefly to the two greatest opportunities which came to the club, when it was tested and not found wanting.

On Tuesday June the twenty-fourth the club was asked to attend a large reception and dinner given in Connaught Rooms, by Capt. Boyd-Carpenter, (whose father, Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, preached in Convocation Hall two years ago,) in order to sing to the ambassadors and imperial representatives from the Overseas Dominions. This proved to be an affair of great magnificence and on arriving there and finding three thousand five hundred guests from every part of the Empire we realized that we had a rather large task before us.

As the long line of black gowns threaded its way through the magnificently dressed throng the Scots Guards band played the "Maple Leaf" and we felt we must do well for the sake of the people we represented. Each man was keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement and the numbers rendered were enthusiastically received. On leaving the hall for a second programme on the next floor so large a crowd followed the party that there was considerable discomfort caused in the room where the music was given.

But there was still another great event, during those busy, crowded days in the old city, which was destined to remain long in the memory of the men from Victoria. While we were spending a few days at Morecambe, a beautiful seaside resort in the north of England, a telegram was received stating that arrangements had been completed whereby a reception and official welcome would be tendered the club by the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House. What a sorting of wardrobes, pressing of suits, buying of collars, ties and gloves ensued. How anxious everyone was to display a sort of "sangfroid", as if visiting the Mansion House, and hob-nobbing with Lord Mayors of London were daily occurrences. But despite this very obvious bluff we were all very much excited when the afternoon of the reception (July 13th) actually arrived.

It was a very warm day and the streets seemed even more crowded than usual, with the result that the motor 'buses carrying the men were considerably delayed and we were a little late in arriving. However, after succeeding in passing some footmen and butlers, whose gorgeous apparel and awe-inspiring dignity were such that we were constantly in danger of addressing them as "my lord mayor" until we decided they couldn't all be that official and that he would very likely be dressed differently, so as to prevent just such a catastrophe, we came to the reception chambers. Here we were compelled to reconstruct our idea of English taste. The decorations were very costly but plain. The furnishings were serviceable rather than elaborate, and the whole atmosphere of the place implied the quiet taste of a real artist rather than any ostentatious magnificence.

The Lord Mayor *may* have concealed about his person a grand and terrible manner. It is possible upon occasion he can assume the fearsome rôle of London's first official, but on this occasion he had buried that part of his nature under several deep layers of good-fellowship. It is true he had a huge gold chain about his neck which was so heavy that we wondered how he could support the weight of it. It is true also that he wore several orders with which the king has been pleased to decorate him, but aside from a slight blindness caused by the flashing of some of the huge diamonds encrusted in his badges of honour we all came through unscathed.

The boys were expected to sing twice but after we had thus tested his Lordship's rugged physique, and he showed nothing but marks of appreciation, we consented to repeat the test and administered a few more selections. His Lordship expressed surprise at the quality of our work, and after a most cordial invitation to come again (Moyer said he had previously ascertained that we sailed the next day) we were given the freedom of the Mansion House and asked to inspect its treasures.

The next day we entrained for Bristol and spent one more glorious never-to-be-forgotten day in that historic

old city. After a most delightful luncheon at the Priory and a formal reception by the Lord Mayor we gave our last concert before a very large and most appreciative audience. The next day was spent in enjoying a most carefully planned motor picnic, in the course of which we visited some of the most famous and delightful spots within 40 miles of Bristol. The party, about fifty in number, were the guests of the estate of the Marquis of Bath. The beauties of this delightful old place were unsurpassed by anything seen on the whole trip. The return trip was made direct to the steamer, where our luggage had been sent earlier in the day. Tired, sleepy, but feeling that the English people must surely be the most wonderful hosts in all the world, we lined up along the rail yelling cheers for everyone including ourselves, waved goodbyes to the friends who had come from Bristol and London to see us off, and then with a gentle, almost imperceptible motion we slipped away from the pier and were off for Canada.

No official notice was taken of the club from that day until the day on which we stood trembling before the Customs officers at Montreal, and the official notice then recorded is found in the "duty paid books" of the department. If you look it up you will find this entry: "Duty free. July 24th, party of 18 men, 22 canes, 18 English accents and 18 bundles of paper clippings."

ACTA VICTORIANA

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EDITORIAL

Greetings

At the beginning of another College year ACTA extends greetings to all her friends, both to those who have lately gathered within the College halls and to those who are widely scattered throughout the land. To the latter we trust that ACTA may carry a message from the past, recalling the happy experiences of College days, and inviting their interest and sympathy in the work and play of those who are now treading the paths which they once trod. To the student body ACTA offers sincere good wishes for success during the coming year. That is our wish, but after all it is only a wish, and success, whether it be upon the football field or in the class-lists, has never been won by wishing. We can make the wish but its fulfilment lies with you. Therefore at the beginning of this College year let us all make a New Year's resolution that on campus or in classroom we will play the game and try to play it better than ever before.

To the Class of '18

As we pass around the halls of the College we are met by many unfamiliar faces, not so many, the Registrar tells us, as in some other years, but a great number for all that.

To all these newcomers we make haste to cry "welcome" and to invite you one and all to join us in that happy comradeship of college life, which has endeared the name of Victoria to all who claim her as their Alma Mater.

Permit us, however, to assert our editorial prerogative and give you a few words of warning and advice. Chief among the evils that will beset your path during your first few weeks at College will be your traditional enemy, the Sophomore. At every turn he will meet you with a malicious grin or a supercilious scowl, and many are the pitfalls he will spread for your unwary feet. He will spare no pains to make it apparent that your very existence is painful to him. Do not take him too seriously, however, for he is a tremendous bluffer and is really a very good sort of fellow. Listen, Freshmen, and we will disclose to you a secret. This same proud Sophomore, who now treats you with such haughty disdain, will presently come to you with a great show of deference and solicit your support in some branch of college activities, or perchance canvass your vote for his party in the "Lit". For it is your vote, Freshmen, which will decide the fate of the political parties of Victoria at the next election. This leads up to the word of advice we wish to offer. It is this; get into some of the extra-academical activities of the College with as little delay as possible. No matter what your tastes or talents may be, you will surely find among our multifarious student organizations some that will appeal and can be of service to you. Every man should give the "Lit." a trial. If you find it rather dull at first, you will not be the first who has done so. Our "Lit." is far from perfect. It is worth a little patience, however, and after you have chosen your party and have been given an opportunity to make your first speech upon the floor of the House, you will find it anything but dull. In our brief stay at College

we have heard a great many men of graduating classes express their regret that they had failed to avail themselves of the training offered by the "Lit." and kindred organizations.

This is the advice we have felt it incumbent upon ourselves to offer. Every new editor of ACTA, grimly determined to faithfully discharge the heavy responsibilities of his office, takes it upon himself to advise the Freshmen. In the past we have never observed that the Freshmen were greatly affected thereby either for weal or woe, and do not presume to think that the result will be different on this occasion. Of course, we believe you will do well to follow our advice, but whether you do or not, we bid you a hearty welcome to Victoria and wish you all success and happiness in the new experiences of College life.

The War

Since we parted last May a great calamity has befallen the world, and even at the present moment the mightiest nations of Europe are engaged in the most terrible conflict of all time. Only a few months ago a great pacifist was with us, and together we proved that war was an anachronism and that the monster of war was dead. Yet the impossible has happened and once again the monster has raised its head and is spreading devastation, ruin and misery throughout the world. "Who is to blame?" we ask. Dr. Horning has tried to explain in an article appearing in this issue. We are highly privileged in being able to print a statement from Dr. Horning, for he has made a life-long study of the European situation, and there are but few men on this continent who can speak with equal authority on the subject. Of one thing we are sure, Britain has played her part in a way that is worthy of the traditions of our race. Though bound by no obligations save those of honour and the right of the strong to help the weak, she did not hesitate to throw everything into the struggle.

We in Canada are doing our part at this time of national peril. Thousands of our young men are already on the way to the front and there are many more of us who are ready to go if greater need should arise. Here at home war means hard times; luxuries to be given up, sacrifices to be made. None but the very shallowest of superficial reasoners will deny that Canada must suffer a prolonged financial depression. In his first message to the students of Victoria, President Bowles this year counsels a "wise economy" and suggests a curtailment of receptions and other social functions. For some time there has been a feeling among the students that our receptions have become altogether too numerous. This would be a good year to make a change, and we would urge the various organizations of the College to take the matter under serious consideration.

Shall I Enlist?

Many of us to-day are face to face with a momentous question. Our country is at war. What are we going to do about it?

It is a question that comes home very sharply to college men, and calls for an immediate decision. While we are enjoying the best education that the state can give, we must not forget that true education is measured only by capacity to serve.

We hate war, but we hate injustice still more fiercely. We believe in democracy and free government, and we can serve their cause.

There may be terrible sacrifices involved in our decision, but there are tremendous issues. It is a hard thing to give up a promising career of intellectual service for a rifle in the trenches, but it would be harder yet to see all that we hold most valuable in life swept away in one vast cataclysm of democracy.

The following extract from a letter by G. L. Haggan, '13 (Rhodes Scholar) to a friend here in Victoria, may help some of us in making up our minds:

"I began with the intention of telling you what I considered my duty to be, and why. In the first place I am satisfied of the justness of our cause. We are engaged in a struggle for the maintenance not merely of the integrity of Belgium, but for the upholding of civilization. Everything that our nation stands for is at stake, we are at war for the sake of peace and liberty. It is just a question whether or not democracy is capable of meeting and overthrowing military autocracy. If it is not, then the progress of a century has come to naught. Enlightened, educated democracy alone can ensure the peace of the world.

"In the first place this war is a war against militarism, and force can only be met by force. Someone must fight, and if we are not to have conscription, which means enormous loss to the nation, those who are free and able to fight must step forward to take their places. It would indeed be a serious loss if men who were doing valuable work were to leave it and go to the front. They can be of more value at home than in the field. The secret of our strength lies in the fact that we can carry on our affairs almost as usual and at the same time conduct a great war. Now as far as I am concerned I think I am able to do my share, physically as well as in other ways. And apart from certain duties which must now take a secondary place I am free.

"Under the circumstances the way is obvious. I believe our Empire to be the greatest factor for good, actual and potential, in the world. That Empire is now in some danger. Someone, who will not be missed, must fight its battles. . . . In order, therefore, that I might do my little share, I went and volunteered about a fortnight ago."

The Glee Club

We are glad to welcome back the members of our Glee Club and to congratulate them upon the success of their summer tour of the British Isles. Their trip was unique, in that, so far as we can ascertain, they are the first choral organization from any Colonial University which has ever

carried to a successful issue a venture of this kind. Great credit is due to all the officers of the Club, and particularly to Mr. J. W. Moyer, upon whom fell the onus of the financial management. The value of the trip to the men themselves can scarcely be estimated. Their privilege of visiting the historic scenes of old England is one which we covet for every student, but of even greater value than this is the sympathy which they have learned to feel with the people of the Motherland. They have learned how trivial are the differences between us and how vast the common interests that unite us.

Musically the trip was a triumph. Even in Wales, the home of choral singing, the Club was received with enthusiastic approval. This may have been due to the fact that their style of singing was novel and the numbers chosen were of an unpretentious nature, and if this be true, the good judgment of the conductor must be highly commended. The kindly spirit which pervaded the newspaper criticisms is well illustrated by the following excerpt: "The choir is certain of a hearty welcome wherever they go, not only because they come from the Colonies, but also by reason of the fact that they present a musical programme that does them great credit."

We are constrained, therefore, to doff our editorial hat to the Victoria College Glee Club.

A Word about "Acta"

Former readers of ACTA will notice a number of changes in the appearance of the magazine this year. Through the kindness of Mr. A. P. McKenzie, M.A., we are enabled to present a new cover-design, which we believe will meet with general approval. A number of minor changes in the interior of the magazine will also be apparent, and are due to a change of publishers. The printing of ACTA this year will be done at the University Press. We also desire to call attention to two special features of the literary section of the magazine. The article on the poetry of Alfred Noyes, which appears in this

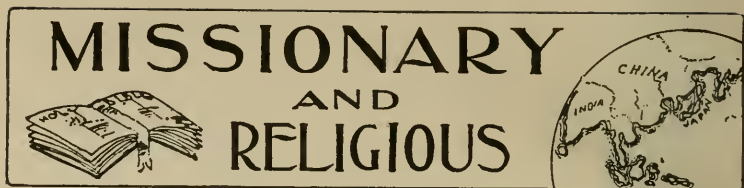
number, is the first of a series of criticisms of contemporary poets, which will be maintained throughout the year. These articles will be written by students of Victoria College, and, we believe, will hold the interest of every undergraduate.

The other special feature is one which will appeal to every lover of art. Instead of the unconnected pictures which have in the past appeared as frontispieces to the magazine, it is our intention to substitute this year a series of reproductions of the best work of our own Canadian artists. The picture which appears at the front of this issue was painted by William Brymner, President of the Royal Canadian Academy. This artist was born in 1855, and is a son of Douglas Brymner, the first Dominion archivist. He paints portraits as well as landscapes, and is particularly fond of purely Canadian scenes. His pictures are distinguished by naturalness and a remarkably fine treatment of light. "A Quebec Landscape", which we reproduce, is now hung in the Victoria Museum, Ottawa.

The College Staff

There are very few changes in the College Staff this year. Mr. Owen of the German department has left for the war, and his place is to be taken by Mr. J. D. Robins, B.A. ('13). We are always glad to welcome back a graduate of Victoria to a place upon the Faculty, but in the case of Mr. Robins we feel that it is our privilege to extend a double welcome, as Mr. Robins was formerly an Editor-in-Chief of this magazine.

Another addition to the staff has been made by the coming of Rev. Prof. A. J. Johnston, B.A. ('07). Since graduation Professor Johnston has kept up his study of philosophy and other scholarly pursuits, and has been prominent as a preacher and pastor in the London Conference. He returns to Victoria as Professor of Homiletics and Church History, and will undoubtedly do valuable work in his new position.



Y.M.C.A.

We are indebted to ACTA for this privilege of extending to its readers our kindest greetings, and of inviting the men of our College to join with us in the endeavour after the *best things* not only as a College but as individual men.

Y.M.C.A. work regularly stands for development along three lines—spiritual, intellectual, and physical; but in our College separate societies endeavour to meet each distinct requirement. The Literary Society in a general way seeks to train the mental faculties, the Athletic exists that we may develop our physical powers, while it may be said the Y. looks after the spiritual side.

However, the Y.M.C.A. stands for more than this. It stands as a principle ready to dominate every activity of our College life with the spirit of brotherliness, kindness and good cheer. To instil generosity into the classroom, consideration for the other fellow, dignity and seriousness into debate and real manliness into sport, or in other words to help a man to "stand four square to all the winds that blow," by permeating every phase of our fellowship with the rich sentiment of religion without ostentation or show.

To live as near as you can to your ideal you need the Y. and we need you.

Let it become a habit at the beginning of this year to attend all the meetings of the association, which is in session each Tuesday from 4 to 5 p.m.

Y.W.C.A.

To the students of Victoria, the executive of the Y.W.C.A. extends its most hearty greetings, and best wishes that this may be a most successful year. Again we are plunged into the excitement and pleasures of these first few weeks of college life. The new students are finding that there is much more to our College than time-tables, lectures, and book-bills, and that its interests and activities are very numerous—so numerous that it is impossible to take an active part in all, and so a choice must be made. In doing this, do not forget our Y.W.C.A. The very best and highest aspirations of every true woman may surely be summed up as the longing for the true, the good, and the beautiful. In these days of moral and social reform, what college girl does not determine to do her share in the service of womankind? If you will only do your share and give the Association a chance, it will reveal to you unthought-of possibilities, and opportunities for service. To do its best work the Y.W. needs you, and to do your best work you need it. Come and give it your heartiest support.

Elgin House Conference, 1914

There is so very much that can be said about the Young Women's Christian Association Convention at Elgin House, that one hardly knows where to begin or when to stop.

The place itself is so beautiful that it intensifies not only the enjoyment of the Conference but also its physical, mental and spiritual benefit. The kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Love in allowing us to meet there cannot be too deeply appreciated.

The evening of our arrival the first meeting was held in the open air chapel. Perhaps the most impressive time of the Conference was during the singing of the opening hymn. There were present leaders from China, India, Turkey, the United States, and of course many of the best men and women of Canada. Students were there from Acadia to

Michigan and Manitoba. City girls from the East to Nelson, B.C., brought us in touch with many phases of life. All these people, representing so many points of view, so many associations and friends, so many difficulties and privileges, all these joined together in singing that wonderful hymn "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name". As we sang all minor allegiance to Anglican, Presbyterian, Baptist or Methodist Church passed away and we were all the subjects of one King.

If nothing more had come out of the Conference than the help received from meeting the leaders, it would have been worth while. To meet such women as Mrs. McClure from India, Miss Hughes from the States and our own beloved Miss Jamieson raises one's ideal of womanhood. Men such as Doctor Mackenzie from China, Mr. Stillman from India and Mr. McLeod from St. Anne de Bellevieu cannot fail to influence one.

Those of us that were fortunate enough to study under Mr. Woodsworth of Winnipeg and Professor Hooke of our own College had really wonderful times. Probably the other classes were just as fortunate, but for them I cannot speak. The Bible Study Class under Professor Hooke was indeed splendid. Professor Hooke gave us several talks on prophecy and then some definite work on Amos, Hosea and Isaiah. Those books have indeed been closed books to most of us, but Professor Hooke opened them and made them of value to us. Not only did he make us understand in some slight degree the Prophets, but he threw new light on the Bible as a whole. The work with Mr. Woodsworth was just as wonderful in another way. He showed us our cities with all their inequality, their seaminess and their desperate struggles. He applied for us the principles which Professor Hooke taught, and as we listened to him we felt with Professor Hooke that all the Prophets are not dead.

The talks on fundamentals given by Mr. McLeod were perhaps the most constructive of any of the work at the Elgin House. In these talks Mr. McLeod sketched for us the growth of religious thought. He showed us how the human

conception of God has evolved from the most primitive groupings to the present Christian interpretation. Over and over again he assured us that we could only really understand this interpretation through experience.

There were many other addresses; wonderful missionary talks that thrilled us through and through; splendid talks on social conscience and many personal appeals for lives that follow the Master.

Canon Plumtre of Toronto gave us two thoughts that we must all remember in these troublesome and appalling times, if we are to do our best for our country, our king and our Master. These two thoughts were first, the love of Christ, and second, the joy of Christ. Just now it is hard to remember that a Loving Heart is ruling the world, but we must remember or the blackness of despair will settle upon us. Once we have learned that God is still love, the joy of Christ will come, even when the horror of the present and the awful anxiety and sorrow from the loss of loved ones seems to break one's heart.

If Elgin House can send out such messages to the girls of our cities and colleges may she endure for many years and may many girls have our privilege of attending there the Y.W.C.A. Conference.

Personals and Exchanges

It is our intention to make this column a source of interest and information to the students and graduates of our college. The items which will be presented, we hope, will keep the friends of ACTA in close touch with the students of Victoria and the activities of other leading educational institutions. The column will be open to the graduates, and material or suggestions will be gratefully received throughout the year.

We beg to attribute the absence of exchanges in this issue to the fact that no journals from sister colleges have come to hand at the date of writing.

In our next number we shall attempt to produce a complete list of the class of '14, together with their addresses and vocations.

Birth

SISSONS—At Glenolden, Pa., in June 1914, to Professor and Mrs. Sissons, a son. ACTA extends congratulations.

Marriages

GRAHAM—COOK—On June 10th at two o'clock, in Parkdale Methodist Church, Toronto, the marriage of Miss Ella Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Cook, of Toronto, and Rev. Wm. C. Graham, M.A., B.D., was solemnized, Rev. H. A. Graham, B.A., uncle of the groom, and Rev. H. Hull, B.A., pastor of the church, officiating. Miss Evelyn Graham, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Dufferin Slein, B.A., of Brantford, attended the groom. Messrs. W. W. Cook, J. P. Cook, Lincoln Rice, B.A., and Arthur Follett, acted as ushers.

"Bill" and his charming bride will have the best wishes of a host of Vic. friends who remember his genial presence in College Halls and behind the counter at the Book Bureau. His academic successes, together with his well deserved distinction as a debater and orator, brought much credit to Victoria, and give bright promise of a splendid career. ACTA wishes Mr. and Mrs. Graham every happiness.

ROBERTS—MCCRAE—The wedding of Miss Elizabeth McCrae, B.A., Toronto, and the Rev. Howard L. Roberts, M.A., B.D., St. Catharines, took place in the college chapel on the 8th of September, Rev. Dr. Clark of St. Catharines and Chancellor Bowles officiating. Mr. W. P. Henderson gave away the bride. The wedding march was played by H. S. Martindale, B.A. Eric Johnston, B.A., and C. E. C. Dyson were ushers. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Roberts left for points in western Ontario, and on their return they will reside at the Niagara Street Parsonage, St. Catharines.

Howard was for many years a very familiar figure around Victoria. His cheerful disposition and congeniality made him one of the most widely-known men in the college. The many positions of responsibility which he held in connection with our various organizations are evidence of the place he held in the esteem of his fellow students.

ACTA and the "Elysian Club" extend to Mr. and Mrs. Roberts their best wishes.

PHELPS—NICHOLLS—At a quiet wedding which took place on Friday evening, Sept. 18th, at the home of Rev. Leonard Phelps, Mark Street, Peterborough, Arthur L. Phelps, B.A., was married to Miss Lila Irene Nicholls, recently of Vancouver, B.C. Among those present was Mr. A. P. McKenzie, M.A., who acted as chief groomsman. The bride and groom left the following morning for Listowel, where they will remain for a few weeks before taking up their residence in Toronto.

Several other prominent graduates of Victoria have rushed into print in this unique way during the past summer, but we have not secured full information regarding them. We shall have this interesting material to brighten our next issue.

Deaths

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of one of our most esteemed students. Hubert J. Benedict, formerly of class '16, passed away very suddenly at the hospital in Calgary, early in June.

Hubert was one of the most promising members of his class. He took a prominent part in all college activities and was a great favourite in social circles. On the campus he was efficient in every line of sport and proved to be one of our best athletes.

His many friends at Victoria join in extending their sincerest sympathy to his bereaved parents.

We have pleasure in announcing that Mr. G. L. Haggen, B.A. '13, who is at present a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, was this year awarded the Cobden prize for an essay on the subject of the United States Tariff. Mr. Haggen was at one time the Literary Editor of ACTA, and it is therefore with considerable pride that this journal extends congratulations.

Victoria students will be interested to learn that the College is represented at Valcartier Camp in the persons of Lincoln Rice, B.A., and F. S. Dent, formerly of the Class of '15. Louis W. Moffit '15, who had offered his services as chaplain, was also summoned to the camp a few days before the opening of the term. Other students have volunteered for the second contingent and may be called upon at any time. "Vic." is proud of her first representatives and is ready to send many more if need should arise.

Athletics



Victoria stands at the beginning of a new athletic year. The success she shall attain rests not only with the senior teams but with every actively interested student. The man on the second team is as important for victory as the best athlete. Emphasis should be laid upon the fact that there is a plan for every student in some form of sport. If you don't know the game, get out and learn it; there is plenty of room. Freshmen on coming to College should endeavour to take an interest in some form of athletics. Inter-year games, a feature at Victoria, give all students a chance, and help to bring out and develop new material. There are many who have athletic ability but who never turn out, and one of the tasks of the Athletic Society is to arouse their interest. We want to make 1914-15 a record year, and if every student will give his support it can be done.

Rugby—The Mulock Cup

Victoria has not won the championship of the Interfaculty Rugby since 1909, but during the past four years she has figured in the finals twice and semi-finals once, a record that was not equalled by any other faculty. This year "Vic." has a good chance to win, but it will mean hard,

consistent work. It has been decided to begin practices early, and Capt. Jack Griffith wants every man to be on hand so that he may pick out the best material for a winning team. Early practices, inter-year games and a systematic organization of the first and second teams should go far towards bringing back the Mulock Cup.

Soccer

Soccer occupies a prominent place in Fall athletics. Last year our team won the Intermediate Championship from Knox, after two hard fought tie games. To retain the cup Manager Heuther requests a full turn-out. The campus is reserved two nights a week for practices.

Tennis

Victoria has always taken an active interest in tennis. Besides being well represented in the Varsity games, Victoria has her own tournament in which excellent tennis is played, and where every student has a chance either in the open or handicap events.

Water Polo

The interest in water polo has greatly increased of recent years. Last year "Vic." was beaten in the play-off of a three cornered tie for the Sir Henry Pellatt medals. The championship might easily be brought to the College if a greater number of swimmers would turn out for the team. Details as to practices will be announced later.

Handball

During the past few years the alley boards have not been sufficiently large to accommodate all the players. To overcome this difficulty a new alley-board has been erected which should stimulate an even greater interest in the game and help to bring back the cup from St. Michael's, the present holders.

Girls' Athletics

"If the joy of the game be your first and best aim
You can stand being beaten; for, after all, fame
Is a torch that you never can long keep aflame."

And there certainly is joy in the game!

It is this glorious play-spirit that brings back the strength and optimism for the study terms. It is just as necessary to an all-around college girl as is the study spirit. Every girl should possess it for her own proper development, whether she expects to make a team or not.

During the past year, Vic. girls have gained a great deal over the previous year in all the sports, but this year we hope to see Vic. much nearer the top. That depends on you, girls, and we hope you have come back from vacation ready to enter into athletics with real enthusiasm—the only way to get anything worth while out of it.

Of basket-ball and hockey, more will be said later; just now the chief interest is tennis, and judging from the way in which the girls entered that particular sport last year, there should be no difficulty in choosing a strong team for competition with the other colleges. The results of the Inter-collegiate games last year were very encouraging, but we should be able to do much better this Fall. The V.C.A.C. has four new cinder courts at Annesley Hall, which are in splendid shape. These courts are for the use of all Vic. girls.

V.C.A.C. wants every Vic. girl to be a member this year. The college needs the hearty support of every girl, and every girl needs the relaxation and fun to be obtained only from a whole-hearted interest in athletics.



GLEE CLUB GOSSIP.

Fent-n, '15 (second day out): "My kingdom for a horse—and dry land".

Hubert M-rtindale (in every speech): "We have been received with open arms".

We always did believe that Roy R-ck-rd, '15, was a brilliant conversationalist. While travelling in an Irish jaunting car, Roy, finding that the conversation was lagging, came to the rescue by remarking to the driver: "I've heard that you grow a great many potatoes here in Ireland".

"Sure," said the driver, "and they're not a very good crop this year, some as big as peas and some small ones".

When the Glee Club members were going over the pond, they had practices each day, until some of the boys began to feel a trifle sick. Bill Skilling, becoming whiter all the time, said: "Boys, let us make the best of our time, for I feel that this is going to be the last *full* practice."

At the Zoological Gardens, viewing the giraffes:

Fred Ma-nes: "My, but it must take a lot to feed those fellows."

McK-e '13 (philosophically): "Oh no, I don't think so. You see, a little goes a long way with them."

Old Lady (talking to Roy Rickard)—“Oh, you’re a Canadian. Well, I have a son in Canada. You know him, no doubt. Let me see, what part of Canada is he in? I am not quite sure, but I think it’s Missouri”.

Which reminds us that Jno. D. Robins, former Editor-in-Chief of this magazine, only escaped from Germany because he has a way of looking honest and was able to persuade the officials that Toronto was in the United States.

LONGFELLOW MODERNIZED.

A-spinning sat Priscilla fair,
John Alden came to woo her there;
So she put down the spinning wheel
While he put up the winning spiel.

Stranger (on train going from Hamilton to the Falls, indicating one of the many beautiful vineyards)—Pardon me, lady, but can you tell me what these are?

Miss Fl-and-rs, '14 (after a slight hesitation)—Why yes; hops.

AN ECHO FROM THE SPRING.

L. W. M-ff-t, '15 (after winning Lit. Election for President on a recount, by one vote)—“I think that I should go to prayers this morning”.

Freshies’ faults are many, Sophs have only two,—everything they say and everything they do.

Here is an unofficial estimate of the number of frenzied letters sent to the Registrar during the summer, regarding transfers to the General Course, “Stars”, more “Stars”, and other perplexities of students. No. of letters sent to the Registrar—502. Number of satisfactory replies received—02.

Thus does Queen’s grow!

FROM OUR WALKERTON CORRESPONDENT—"B-ssett, '17, has been around here selling books this summer. At a *shine* at which he was present, he was showing the *bunch* how to sit in a clothes basket suspended on a broom handle between two chairs, and then knock coins off the chairs with another broom handle. Another *stunt* he had was to sit on a crock and thread a needle". Such genius is only equalled by our correspondent's command of English.

Whatsoever a man seweth, that shall he also rip.

The following notice from an old issue of ACTA is brought to the attention of the members of Eighteen: "You will find the Theological Professors up above and the Arts Professors down below".

Miss Sh-ph-rd, '17—Oh, dear! how can I rise in the world.

Miss T—ck, '16—Borrow an alarm clock.

Miss Cr-w-, '16—Make use of your wings.

Miss Qu-ne, '16—Get a step ladder.

Miss R-b-ns-n, '15—Live on the top floor.

Miss B-sh-p, '16—When stuck go thro' the transom.

Sw-nn, '17 (preaching his first sermon)—Yes, friends, I'm trying to follow the divine injunction to cast out the sick, heal the dead and raise the devil.

Listen to the wise exhortations of the Athletics Editor, all ye athletes. And do not for a moment think he finds it hard to fill his space in this first issue and thus gives such good advice *gratis*.

From the first number of ACTA, 1899—"Don't fail to get in enough extra hours of sleep during the winter, that in the Spring Dr. Horning's sunrise lectures may not be missed".

LOST or STOLEN—One fine Angora goat. Finder please return to the President of the Class of '18 and receive his undying gratitude.

It is said that the first time Mr. Locals acted as usher in a city church he was much excited, and seeing a lady going into the wrong pew, he rushed up to her exclaiming, "Mardon me, padom, but this pie is occupewed. Let me sew you to a sheet."

[The Locals Editor indignantly repudiates this statement.—ED.]

"Be frank with me," the coy maid cooed
 With eyes that spoke rebuke.
 "I can't be Frank with you," he piped,
 "My name is Marmaduke."—*From Judge.*

The following wire was received too late to stop the insertion of the above:

Hamilton, America.

Locals Editor ACTA—

Please omit all references to me this year. I dislike the notoriety.
 D-ke P-rs-n.

Miss C-ws-y, '16 (getting interested in a discussion)—
 What is the difference between capital and labour.

Miss T-ck—Well if I loaned you 25 cents it would be capital and when I tried to get it back it would be labour.

SAFETY FIRST!—In the interests of safety the Ontario Safety League has caused the following jingle to be placed in city street cars:

"Ladies, when you leave the car,
 Be sure the left hand grasps the bar."

In the interests of long-suffering conductors, after watching a charming freshette rummage through her chatelaine, Locals offers these commanding lines:

“Ladies, when the car you enter,
Please start to get your fare together.”

Safety First!—Freshmen will do well not to tell confiding Sophomores their past history. It sounds queer in public.

Don't wear your new Fall suit to the Sophomore party on Alley Avenue.

When in doubt ask a Senior!

Answers to Correspondents

S. R. Gr-r, '16—Yes, there are several schools of dancing now open.

F. G. Sc-tt, '16—Yes, your picture in the '16 class group is the most graceful of all.

Z. Lang, '18—As you have gone to school in England, you should be quite at home in Victoria.

Fr-d H-nderson, '16—We regret to inform you that Miss Addison is very firm and refuses to make any change. The Sunday visiting hours will cease at 10.30 as heretofore.



BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

W. E. Atkinson

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XXXIX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1914.

No. 2.

Robert W. Service

R. P. STOUTER, B.A.

The poetry of Robert W. Service has been assigned for the second article on recent poetry. The subject may be enlarged into a study of the *verse* of Robert W. Service. And, since this writer is best known as "The Canadian Kipling", comparisons are in order, whether with apologies to Kipling or to Service or to both remains to be seen.

At the outset the spirit in which Canadians and university students approach Service's work is of moment. By some sensitive, cloistered students of poetry Service is criticized as the rhymester of the roughnecks,—to employ a term which he would not disdain. These critics will frown upon his confession, introductory to the "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone,"

"Ye gods, forgive my 'literary' sins—
The other kind don't matter."

Precisely because of the second line, and the kindred recklessness of the Cheechako and the Sourdough, many moralists omit Service himself from their lists of the elect. Summer missionaries, for example, relate with disgust that Service is a dog-eared favourite in the sub-Bohemian atmosphere of bank clerks' chambers in the West when the chips rattle and the siphon hisses.

Yet students returning from remote British Columbia and the Yukon affirm that to the wild, simple folk Service is a hero and a prophet, bringing tears to the eyes and noble desires to the life.

The reasons for such a variety of interesting opinions merit enquiry. But many readers will first find it wise to confess that they have judged Service hastily and carelessly, according to the fancy of the moment and without serious study. We should approach him neither with hands clasped nor with nostrils sniffing putrefaction from afar. Again, as Service is a young poet still, the basis of our study will be his third volume, "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone." Of Kipling only "The Seven Seas," the "Barrack Room Ballads" and "The Five Nations" will be examined.

Why will Kipling's work serve as a criterion? An excuse is found in the remarkable resemblances between Service and Kipling. Although K's place may not be too well fixed it is admitted that he still wears fading laurels as the poet of the British Empire of the passing generation. As none other has been able he has seized rapidly upon the peculiar features of each portion of the empire. His knowledge of certain features of the empire's life is unrivalled. In every case his simple interpretations are well connected with the whole body of his poetic writings by ardent convictions. His forceful and vivid presentations of his themes have challenged wide attention. Kipling has found success in introducing the British Empire to itself.

Service, too, has quickly gained a vogue equally wide, especially in America. He will be presented as a versifier who has introduced the pioneer life, incidental to northwestern Canada, to itself and to the world; as a poet with possibilities of development such as Kipling was thought to possess when success first flashed upon him.

The resemblances are apparent; although but few have been mentioned. It is frequently more profitable to compare two half-backs than to compare half-back with scrimmager. So it is not difficult to set Service and Kipling side by side.

But the differences must not be overlooked. It is important to note that Service does not treat of life that is typically or exclusively Canadian. There are dance halls and squaw-men and lungers in Reno and Ballarat and Kimberley as well as in Dawson City. A considerable portion of Canada

lives in quiet villages and established cities. Service's descriptions omit a goodly proportion of Canadian types. His work is lacking further in a national consciousness, akin to the imperial consciousness of Kipling. He has nothing to be placed in the same category with "Our Lady of the Snows."

Service then is not the Canadian Kipling. His appeal is not to Canadians as Canadians. In the central group of poems in our volume he appears rather as the poet of the pioneer and the frontier. Laying aside for the moment his disconnected verse let us estimate his presentation of the various phases of the pioneering life and spirit.

The keynote is struck in "A Rolling Stone" in the lines,

"My golden youth I'm squandering,
Sun-libertine am I;
A-wandering, a-wandering,
Until the day I die.

* * * *

I'll feel the vast Earth-call;
O body, heart and brain of me;
Praise Him who made it all!"

Nature's exhaustless wealth and prodigality fill the youth with an eternal, insatiable longing and touch him with awe and gratitude. This pioneering spirit is more directly related to the spiritual in the lines which close another piece, "The Land of Beyond."

"Thank God! there is always a Land of Beyond
For us who are true to the trail;
A vision to seek, a beckoning peak,
A farness that never will fail;
A pride in our soul that mocks at a goal,
A manhood that irks at a bond,
And try how we will, unattainable still,
Behold it, our Land of Beyond!"

In "The Rover" there is the thought which connects the wanderer remotely with the home "back east".

"Yet how good it is to come
Home at last, home,,home."

Vaguely and weakly the pioneer idea is repeated in "To Sunnysdale"; while the expression lapses badly in "The Wanderlust." Not Service surely, but the least careful of his frontiersmen speaks in the following lines,

"The Wanderlust has lured me to the seven lonely seas,
Has dumped me on the tailing-piles of dearth;
The Wanderlust has hailed me from the Morris chairs of
ease,

* * * * * *

And I've got to glut the Wanderlust again.

* * * * * *

For it's "all day" with you
When you answer the cue
Of the Wan-der-lust."

The introduction of Morris chairs into poetry is not to be welcomed; "Morris" reminds one of the rhyming advertisements for Sapolio. "I've got to glut," is an expression which gurgles, but does not ripple. If the choice of lines, or pieces, is thought unfair a reading of the volume is recommended.

The motive of greed behind much of the wandering reaches out in "The Dreamer," described as

"A gaunt and hairy man with wolfish eyes."

The pioneer's kinship with nature's spirit is well pictured in "The Mountain and the Lake," which closes with the stanza,

"My lake has dreamed and loved since time was born;
Will love and dream till time shall cease to be;
Gazing to her in worship half forlorn,
Who looks towards the stars and will not see—
My peerless mountain splendid in her scorn. . . .
Alas! poor little lake! Alas! poor me!"

Even this stanza must be marred by the stretching of "towards" into two syllables to rescue the metre. So often do technical faults obtrude when otherwise the spirit is lofty, the diction and sound satisfying.

The longing for rest and new natural beauties, for wealth and home, which rend the pioneer's bosom; the driving of the mysterious Wanderlust and of Ambition; all are portrayed in this group. The execution is of unequal merit. There seems to be no plan, but the pieces harmonize surprisingly well. The result is that never perhaps has pioneering been so fully or capably handled in verse. The faults are many; the workmanship is often slipshod and patchy, almost impudently so. But the work is realism, vivid and sincere; and it is not divorced from life.

While interest in the pioneering phase of the white man's history remains, or until some one with a better insight and power of expression shall appear, the best of these poems ought to maintain their hold. They have stormed large sections of that interesting quantity, the reading public. Many young men who fret and dream; middle-aged who sigh for what might have been instead of the humdrum round, fast or slow, of modern life; the men of the wild with throbbing heart and useless tongue—great numbers of the inarticulate find in Service's songs of the pioneer the message they would utter, the life they would experience. Regrets and tears are not to be counted out in estimating Service. His message affects men powerfully, and in this fact lies his greatest claim to recognition as a poet.

But Kipling has gone out of his path to give one poem of the pioneer in a Canadian setting and spirit. "The Explorer," together with the much-derided "Our Lady of the Snows" and some stanzas in "The Seven Seas," almost entitle him, if he so wills it, to be the Canadian Service. If Service at his best attains a correct and simple style, if he at times beholds the spiritual inheritance of the pioneer, if he usually describes frontier life graphically, Kipling, in one poem, has equalled the whole accomplishment. He maintains himself at the

highest of Service's levels and does more, reaching his climax in such words as these,

"Then He chose me for His whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your 'Never-never country'—yes, your 'edge of cultivation'

And 'no sense in going further'—till I crossed the range to see.

God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's present to our nation.

Anybody might have found it, but—His Whisper came to Me!"

As Macdougall heard the tramp of incoming millions to the grass-forested prairie, so Kipling's pioneer saw a nation in God's new-discovered wilderness. Service does not write of national responsibility, for he does not bother to write of nations. The bent of his group of poems is toward the individual.

And this characterization holds good largely of the remainder of his work, which is of narrative and reflective verse, dealing with picturesque individuals and types of western life. In Service the Tennysonian manner is absent, and the narrative reaches the extreme in subject and form. It seems fair now to judge Service and Kipling by their lesser work.

The distance from best to worst in either is great. Gazing from the swept heights of the "Recessional" into the abyss of certain Barrack Room Ballads is distressing. How great are the depths of Service's work let the reader judge from the "poems" "The Junior God" and "?". An indictment should not be directed against coarseness of dialogue but at the themes themselves. Then, who is Service's "Junior God"? The question is to the author, although with the hope that these are not personal utterances. Kipling leaves it to some Tommy Atkins to utter the sentiments which unhappily characterize some in the army. Less offensive than those

mentioned are "The Cow Juice Cure" and similar jingles and funny stories in dialect and rhyme.

Of the worst grammatically an example is taken at random. In the lines "While the Bannock Bakes" Service writes

"The 'doctor chap' . . . was me."

Kipling has many examples in his dialect poems, but with Service the fault is often intended as in the above, not to aid the dialogue but the rhyme and metre. The device adds a touch of reality to the poems, and where not overdone is condoned by some critics. But in both authors it is overdone, being made to do duty as a stimulant and labour-saving device. It shocks the readers and relieves the poets of troubles with rhyme or rhythm or vocabulary.

There are two sides to Service's strange treatment of the English language. At one moment he coins pregnant epithets, such as "the sky star-spawned", or sends forth brilliant lines such as

"Proudly patrician, passionless, serene;
Soaring in silvered steeps where cloud-surfs break."

At the next line the metre may stumble or drag, the expression become cold and dull, the phrasing may make up in slangy carelessness what it lacks in accuracy and conciseness. It becomes possible to take from almost any poem enough atrocious portions to condemn the author without troubling the jury to leave the court.

What decision must be reached, having regard to the technique of his work as a whole? Other poets are scored for one or two imperfections in a stanza. Why should there be unlimited license for poets of the frontier, even though they trade in dialect? It may seem too mathematical to demand that Service should write nine-tenths correct verse and the remainder what he pleases or what he thinks will please. But when readers have wearied of seeking for the wheat among the sawdust and other material which had no right to be there, then Service's possibilities may, by toil, become realities.

Dealing with questions of composition and tone it may be noted that Service's nearest approach to the concise vigor and lofty authority of the "Recessional" is "The Soldier of Fortune." The Service poem also compares unfavourably with Newbolt's swift powerful lines ending,

"Play up, play up and play the game."

"The Soldier of Fortune" is bold and graphic, but the access of strength which a little subtlety may give is lacking. Compare the clever use of dialogue and repetition and dialect to heighten the effect of the Colour-Sergeant's lines in Kipling's "Danny Deeever."

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard," said Files-on-Parade.

'It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold,' the Colour-Sergeant said.
'What makes that front-rank man fall down?' says Files-on-Parade.

'A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun,' the Colour-Sergeant said.
They're hangin' Danny Deeever."

If it were worth while for Kipling to change the tense of the verb in the question of the Files to add vividness to his dialect verse what care do Service's more serious attempts at poetry demand? It is true that the plain unvarnished tale with a burden of human passion, told in dialect with rhythm and rhyme to assist the reciter, will find its destination and do good among the strong-emotioned, uncultured folk. In Service the Yukon has found its voice, in spite of his rambling and slackness, in spite of his apparent attempt to go Kipling one better where Kipling has regarded least the canons of his art. But a more correct art would surely be more effective if Service is to be more than a "dialect" poet.

The conclusion is inevitable that the "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" abounds in writing which is inferior in form, and unfit for poetry. At the same time that Service has shown an intimate knowledge of the seamy side of the low ideals of frontier life, he has shown, it must be admitted, a grasp of the finer side of his main subject.

Kipling with an equally varied understanding of Indian and military life possesses an additional power of appreciating various conditions and ideals. He has a more careful technique than the other. And the "Recessional" is his.

The point to be emphasized is not that Service is too narrow in range of subject. Pioneering offers, as Service himself is proof, a big field for the poet. But to occupy the field he must look beyond it understandingly. He need not write of older Canada or of stable community life. That would be asking too much of one man. He should, however, recognize that for every "out west" there is a "back east".

His faults may be merely analogous to the crudities and incompletenesses of a land in the making. To ford a stream instead of bridging it, to use the handiest rhyme and phrase instead of seeking the one correct phrase—these are analogous shortcomings. But the phrase startlingly vivid, because crude and incorrect, will come to pall even though a worthy poetic idea may be contained. The strange jumble of ideas and suggestions on religious things which now charms, because it bewilders and shocks, will cease to charm. The "slices cut bleeding from life" will be found not the only interesting things in poetry; and readers will turn for rest and gentle stimulation to life smoothed and rounded with a little moss.

Then it is hoped Service will perceive that a readjustment of outlook and a new devotion to his art are necessary if he is to be more than a poet of partial performances. He is in the old world, in Paris, in the midst of "the" war, and may yet give Canada a greater than the "Recessional." He may yet multiply his powers in his chosen realm and see new worlds to conquer.

Evolution

When Juliet Henshawe entered Freshman year, her assets were a buoyant faith in human nature and a wide, wide smile. That was all. When Judy entered Second Year, the faith was there—what was left of it—and the smile was there, but shade of a Soph! how much besides! The guile, the assurance, the superiority of the Second Year were hers. But at what cost! A year of painful ignorance, followed by even more painful enlightenment! For Judy learned by the sweat of her brow!

As was intimated, though Judy's smile remained, her faith was dampened. Credulous in October, she was subtlety itself in May. The reconstructive forces were from without, not within—or her progress might not have been so swift. It was in this wise.

Judy, wandering aimlessly about the Collège with a letter in her hand, was taken under someone's wing—someone told Judy that there were slots in the doors of certain rooms. So Judy mailed her letter—and later spent an unhappy hour on her knees, recovering that letter with a hatpin. Some noble soul had explained that the slots were for essays and exercises, not for letters home.

That little misunderstanding benefited no one, so Judy doesn't care. But to this day, she writhes when she recalls the four rooms she swept and dusted for two weeks. Warned confidentially that, as a Freshie, she would be expected to carve at dinner, her misery was acute. Seeing this, the same kind friends racked their brains for her relief. The outcome was their offer to cajole a certain Senior into serving in Judy's place. Judy's gratitude was pathetic—and practical. When, with the utmost delicacy, the four friends suggested that Judy relieve them of "housekeeping" for the next two weeks, Judy joyfully agreed. For twelve days, Judy swept and dusted those four rooms—to discover later that it was always a Senior who served.

But Judy had troubles abroad, as well as at home. The University might have been on Yonge Street, for all she knew to the contrary. Explicit directions conveyed nothing to her—and she had to learn the city, before she could understand the map. The city was a wilderness, and she was the pelican. She didn't understand the streets, and she didn't understand the cars, so she confined her peregrinations to those which were absolutely necessary—and then she managed to "arrive", in her own peculiar fashion. The walk over to breakfast—for she roomed at the annex—was an undertaking not to be attempted lightly. Judy's advance was slow and majestic—for unless she saw the painted warning, "Keep off the Grass", and a birch tree, and the sign, "Madame Batoche, Modiste", she was on the wrong street. But when, on a corner lot, she read "Tamblyn's Cigars", she breathed relief. It was here that she turned her back to the sign, and reached the gate of Annesley Hall. The corner of Bloor and Avenue Road meant nothing to her—but the huge cigar sign stood for triumph, and breakfast.

Expeditions to the Main Building required the same caution. Judy didn't know the way. But if she waited until the last minute, and then hurried, she usually saw a hat ahead that she could follow—Judy's distracted eye could always distinguish a lecture-going hat. Then, by walking very fast to keep that hat in sight, with frequent surveys for the band-stand, Judy would reach the little gate. From there to the building it was comparatively clear sailing.

But inside the building! So many doors, so many halls, so many ways that wound and wound! When she asked for "the professor's room", everyone said upstairs, upstairs. Excelsior! She finally emerged, breathless, on a little landing. They had said "up", and she had gone "up", as far as she could go—but this little tower was not the place. She had never attended a lecture in this rarefied atmosphere. So she descended. Reaching the ground-floor at last, she went outside to come in, and begin afresh. This time, she stumbled on the room. But the lecture had begun. When you journey

from the basement to the tower, and back, it takes time—especially the initial trip.

Judy's education was not of the kind that slackens on Sunday. One morning, late for Convocation, she hurried back to the Annex for collection. Up the walk, through the vestibule, upstairs, she burst into her room to find a man there—a man with a cigarette, who looked up from his paper inquiringly, as she rushed in. Her exit was as sudden as her entry—and her apology made on the stairs, as with flying leaps she reached the door, and closed it. Above the ringing in her ears, she had heard his polite assurance that "it was quite all right". When an annex is one of three houses, all in a row, all built exactly alike, confusion results.

So Judy acquired prudence. In leaving Victoria College after a lecture, she took extreme care to go out by the same door she came in. Otherwise, it was with difficulty she found her way to Annesley. And the janitor had been crusty, the third time she had asked him to direct her. "*There's the walk*", he said—as if there weren't a choice of three walks, and the Hall nowhere in sight.

Judy learned. Judy found that she should mail her letters in the little red box on the post—not in the big box that stood on the pavement. For one thing, the bystanders smiled, and for another, the big box had no slot—above, or below, or in the sides. She had examined it carefully, and there was not a crack her letter would slip through. It was for parcels, the policeman said.

Now Judy knows that often things are not what they seem—and every little button on the wall may not be an electric switch. Unfortunately, it sometimes was a bell. It wasn't easy to look unconscious when the maid appeared. Judy's face was buried in a magazine, but the "*Missionary Outlook*" could not explain the colour of her ears.

To her relief, Judy learned that at breakfast and lunch she might leave the table when she wished. It wasn't necessary to sit in her place until the last girl had finished. It had been such a tedious wait! And she no longer rose at six for breakfast served at eight. And after awhile she understood

why people had looked at her when she sat on a bench in the park. They must have known that it was breaking college rules, though she didn't, until she heard a chance remark. And she learned that when girls came to her room, as long as the couch held out, it was inhospitable to offer chairs. It wasn't being cordial. Judy sent her laundry home, but she no longer marked it C.O.D. Her father remonstrated. It appeared that boxes marked C.O.D. meant the payment of more than the express charges. The expressman had demanded "the value of the goods received"—Judy hadn't intended that. All these things Judy discovered, in time.

But the great thing Judy learned was this—that Observation was better than Inquiry, and less apt to cause a laugh. When the professor announced as the topic for the next essay, "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all," she had wondered, naturally, how he expected the subject to be treated. She wondered if he wanted a concrete example, and when she inquired, the men stamped. She learned never to ask why a Freshie was so easily distinguished—she had asked once, and he replied that there was "a simplicity . . ." She has never forgiven that man. During promenades, when the conversation flags, she never wonders audibly what year the man is in—she asks him casually when he graduated, and then works down. Once she had worked up, and he was affronted, being a Sophomore.

At the Senior Reception, Judy stood between "proms". The next man was so apt to lose one, she had found—especially if the search lacked enthusiasm. No one who ever sat alone through a "refreshment prom.", ever sits again! It was an experience that seared the very soul of Judy. It was not the dearth of ices, but her dependence, that left the scar. To be so dependent on a man! There, under "China", Juliet Henshawe vowed that she would fight for equal rights, for the time when woman could get her own ice.

Judy missed her father, when she had to telephone. It was in answer to an invitation. The experience was so new, and so terrifying, that when she stumbled out of the booth,

she was at a loss to know whether she had been invited to luncheon or dinner, on Saturday or Sunday. However, following the advice of a friend, she called on Sunday afternoon. If Judy saw that she came as a surprise, Saturday must have been the day—and she was to leave as expeditiously as possible. She was to explain that it was “such a beautiful afternoon, she thought she would take a walk—” or, “such a dismal day, it was too lonely to stay in one’s room” (whichever remark the weather warranted). Judy called. The advice was excellent—as far as it went. But Catherine had not provided for the question “was it dinner, or was it lunch?” So there Judy sat, smothered in her furs. Neither host nor hostess could persuade her to take them off—she couldn’t stay, she had to go. And she went.

Judy missed her mother, too. She found things just where she had dropped them—and the top-drawer of her dresser was a sight for men and gods. No one knew where she had left her racket—and no one particularly cared. And as for her favourite dessert, no one cared about that either! And no one knew that, no matter what queer thing she did, her intentions were good. They took her for what she was, not for what she meant to be. It was a school of learning.

When Judy entered college, every preconceived opinion left her. Her mind became a perfect blank—with due apology to Judy. Then it absorbed so much, so fast, that the result was a heterogeneous collection of ideas which drove poor Judy to distraction. She had no time to arrange the motley horde—she was kept too busy receiving. When she had ticked off the four-hundred-and-seventy-third impression, Judy’s head was in a whirl. The thought that everyone had to live her own life, hobnobbing with the discovery that Spadina and Yonge were parallel! Judy’s former ideas crumpled and vanished, for the time. She was in the making, as it were—a phase most trying to her confidantes.

But she emerged, triumphant, with views on everything from corporal punishment to co-education! Judy was a Sophomore. Her Freshman Year a hazy dream, she filled her

position with becoming modesty. Jealous of her dignity!
Distant upon occasion! On a footing of equality with every
year but First! To it she stooped with pretty condescension.
Thus have we traced the development of Juliet Henshawe.
From simplicity to complexity! From a Freshie to a "Soph!"

S. E. B. '18.

ON THE EVE OF ALL HALLOWS'

For gray folk in the falling leaves
My eyes are tender now,
For People of the dusky wood,
Beneath the beechen bough.

My eyes have seeing power this night;
It is All Hallows Eve.
I'm out into the chilly lanes,
An old man, by your leave.

Once more I hear the crying wind,
And feel the Shapes go by;
Once more I see Folk in the wood,
Under the autumn sky.

I have not let my old eyes shine,
But they are shining now,
To see the Folk in the dim wood
Beneath the beechen bough.

My back is bent upon my beard,
My splintered staff is old;
But I can stand beside the wood
And be warm in the cold.

ARTHUR L. PHELPS, B.A.

The Canadian and Oxford

Many people still believe, though some it seems do not, that the most important work which a university does is its actual teaching. Such persons cannot fail to be favourably impressed by a sojourn at Oxford. It is in its methods of teaching I think that the old university most clearly demonstrates its superiority over the younger universities beyond the seas. Toronto has profited to a very real extent by the adoption of Oxford methods, but even the Toronto man when he begins his work at Oxford becomes immediately aware of a change in the atmosphere. He feels it first of all when he finds himself in the presence of his tutor upon making his preliminary call. There is a paternal kindliness about the man not quite like anything you have been used to, and it gives you confidence. You feel the advantage of having some one who is directly responsible for your individual instruction, who is not a mere lecturer with far more students under him than he can possibly get to know or understand. The Oxford tutor often takes an interest in your work; at any rate he finds out before very long just how hard you are working and sometimes sees to it that you do a little more. These things indeed seem to me to be the outstanding advantages of the Oxford system, the personal contact between teacher and pupil and the more or less close supervision to which the latter is subjected.

This idea of making the contact between teacher and pupil of the closest possible kind lies of course at the root of the whole Oxford system. It is because of this root idea that Oxford is a university of colleges. The teacher cannot really get to know his men if there are too many of them; his influence cannot prevail unless they are constantly subjected to it and to it alone. And so we have the student body divided into many groups the members of each group living together in a small community of which their teachers form

a part. The student cannot for a moment lose sight of the fact that he is an active member of this community and that something is expected of him. It has its traditions which he must remember; its rules and customs which he must respect. During the period of his residence he is constantly subjected to the influences of his College; from all others he is cut off. Now it is evident that no man can long remain a member of such a community and fail to be profoundly affected by it. The man who comes out is not the same as the man who went in. He may be better or he may be worse, but he is bound to be different. The Oxford man very often conforms to a type the mere existence of which is a great tribute to the moulding power of the University.

It is clear then that Oxford trains her men; what is not so clear is the value of her training particularly to Canadians. Even if we could settle this to our own satisfaction a further question would still confront us, the question of how far it is practicable, even if desirable, to adopt Oxford methods in Canadian universities.

A word first about Oxford teaching. I have tried to suggest what seem to me to be its strong points. The closer the personal contact between teacher and student, the freer the opportunities for discussion between them, the more likely the student is to learn the art of thinking; and the closer the supervision which is kept over him the more likely he is to exercise it. If the aim of our teaching is to train men to think for themselves, as I believe it is, there is then some reason for us to adopt Oxford methods so far as circumstances will permit us to apply them.

The question of social training is a far more difficult one. We cannot go into it, but neither can we afford to pass it over. If there is one thing more than another for which Oxford is held up to us as a laudable example it is for its system of social training. Oxford, we are told, imparts culture. Now none of us would for a moment dispute it, but if it were suggested that Oxford imparts a truer culture than Toronto then immediately some would dissent. There are varieties even of culture. The man of flawless manners who knows

what to do and what to say under any given set of circumstances you like to mention, the man who knows which glass to use for port and which for sherry, who tries to understand what is best in art and music and literature, this man is a living exponent of one kind, the Oxford kind of culture. The man who does not know these things, who is just rough and ready, but who is as true as steel to his friends, will devote his life to the cause of truth and enlightenment, goes into the Church for the good he can do and not for a living, who does in short think of others even before himself, this man is a living exponent of the other kind of culture. Certainly there is a great difference between the two; the one is varnished, polished if you like; the other is not. The substance of each may be the same. If so then the advantage undoubtedly lies with the varnished. On the whole, however, I am inclined to believe that the substance is usually better where the varnish is not found.

There is after all a sincerity about Canadian students which their Oxford counterparts share only to a very small extent. This sincerity has sometimes unfortunate results, evident perhaps at most Senior Dinners, but even if a man does think himself destined to save the world he is not likely to think so long. Experience will temper sincerity and turn it into practical channels outside of which it can avail nothing. But we must have sincerity to begin with, for if a man is ever to be earnest he must be earnest in the years of his youthful enthusiasm. At Oxford earnestness is discouraged, in fact probably the most striking feature of Oxford life is its air of utter irresponsibility. There is, indeed, a something refreshing about it which one feels at first, but there is nothing more dreary than flippancy overdone, and at Oxford it is overdone. This is responsible for the hopeless condition of Oxford debating, but that we have not the time to discuss. The point is that we need earnest men, and Oxford is not giving us nearly so many as she ought, not nearly so many, I believe, as Toronto is giving us.

Canada, with her entirely new conditions and problems, needs above all things men of resource and of action, men

fitted not only to think clearly but also to act promptly, men who can see things as they are, can make the most of the materials and the tools which lie to their hands, who can do their work roughly, if need be, but well. The Oxford system is not calculated to produce such men. Men shut off from the world in Oxford colleges are not unlikely to become unpractical. Everything is done for them; they must be guided by learned dons, who as Cecil Rhodes said, are children in the affairs of the world. Now there can be no doubt that such training as this is not the best thing for Canadians. They fall into a way of ease such as they have not enjoyed before and are not likely to enjoy again. They live for a time a life which can have no counterpart in Canada because it depends upon the maintenance of social barriers such as have no present existence in the colonies. This no doubt was in the mind of Goldwin Smith when he expressed his disapproval of the sending of colonials to Oxford, where they could be of benefit neither to themselves nor to the University. The training which is best suited to the needs of an Englishman is hardly likely to be the best suited to the needs of a Canadian since the conditions of life on either side of the Atlantic are wholly different.

Let us then beware of the adoption of the Oxford system on any grand scale; it is not free enough for us, it is unsuited to our conditions. Let us if you like have the residential system in our colleges, for it has many and great advantages which any one can appreciate. But even residential life in Canada must be free; we must not go upon the principles which govern Oxford residences and schools for young ladies.

Just a word too about customs and traditions. Oxford has many of them, and for that she is undoubtedly the richer. Customs in themselves are nothing, but they have a real value which lies wholly in their origins and their associations. Take them from their native surroundings and they testify to nothing more than a bankruptcy of inspiration on the part of those who transplant them. Our customs and traditions have yet to grow up, but grow up they will, and generations of the future will reverence them as links with perhaps

the present age when it has almost vanished into the past. Victoria College has already made a good beginning in the "Bob". How much better it will be than any poor imported thing.

Then again between us and the new Oxford there lie practical difficulties, chiefly connected with the problem of university finance. Into these we cannot now go. Suffice it to say that while we may profit by the adoption of some of the principles which underlie the Oxford system, we must furnish the details for ourselves. Here then is a chance for us. We are laying the foundations and we must lay them with a view to the structure which some day will be built upon them. Canadian universities have their contribution to make to the intellectual life of the world; when the time comes the world will decide whether or not they have made it. They must grow up in harmony with the young nation and in their own sphere give expression to its genius. Canada will contribute much, through the great Empire of which she is a part, to the progress and civilization of the human race. If we are not mistaken her contribution will be valuable and unique. She will give that which is her own and not what she has borrowed from her mother.

It is the creepers which cling upon the ancient University that give to it its picturesqueness and its beauty. Remember, however, that they only began to flourish when the stone began to crumble. We must plant our creepers now, satisfying ourselves with such as spring up on our own soil and may be expected in good time to flourish there. At some distant day they in their turn will add beauty to our crumbled walls. And there will be a distinctiveness about that beauty which will gather to it admirers from the ends of the earth, people who will be able to say, let us hope, that we builded better than we knew and who will realize the vanity of imitation if they have but read aright the story of our crumbled walls.

The Bob

When we are hunting around for traditions with which to enrich our college life, we find rich material in the Bob, the foremost of our native traditions. An institution of such hoary antiquity (for the Bob is as old as the German Empire—and may it long outlive the European Juggernaut) must possess considerable inherent strength to have withstood the hacking, hewing, grafting, and transplanting to which passing generations have subjected it. Its strength has rested on the fact that it met to a remarkable degree two great needs of the college, met them in such a unique manner that it may claim to be one of the most important of Victoria's contributions to the science of college life.

The two requirements which the Bob fulfilled are these: first, the initiation of the Freshmen; second, a bond of union for the family of Alma Mater—graduates, undergraduates, and professors. These are the primary functions of the Bob, these are the elements which have made it a living tradition from 1871 to 1914, have made it survive the death of its godfather, Robert Beare, and like the Phoenix rise triumphant from the ashes of faculty regulations.

The class of '18 are now the immediate trustees for the traditions of the Bob, but the rest of the college no less than they are interested in this most popular of institutions. Naturally our interest at present focuses upon the recent Bob, the "Superbob" as the chairman described it, and the question inevitably before us is how well it carried on the best Bob traditions and fulfilled the double requirements of initiation and good fellowship.

For the purpose of initiation, personalities have from of old been the essence of the Bob. The principle on which they were based was twofold: *First*, the Freshman should be made to laugh at himself, because there is no surer way of opening the windows of his soul. Many a Freshman has been

helped to see the true proportions of the universe by hearing his name taken in vain. The present war might have been avoided if Kaiser Wilhelm had been bobbed in his youth. *Secondly*, the Freshman should be thus personally taken into the college life. While joining with the rest of the college in a good laugh (one of the strongest bonds of sympathy) he sees that the college is sufficiently interested in him to find out his name and even his personal characteristics. At once he ceases to feel himself a stranger. Some of us hardly realise what it means to a diffident Freshie to see that he is not lost in the crowd, to realise that people take enough interest in him to treat him to a little caricature. The Freshman is like a dog—he doesn't mind being kicked about when it shows that somebody is at least aware of his presence.

Owing to the increasing numbers of the Freshmen, it has become every year more and more difficult to administer personal treatment to all newcomers, especially since the demise of the late lamented Bob-song. But it seems unfortunate that this year, when a new weapon had been discovered which might have made a universal bobbing possible, no attempt whatever was made on the stage to bob Freshmen personally. Of course circumstances are peculiar. The war has made everybody decidedly serious, and it may have been considered wise to produce a Bob more in harmony with the external world than its local nature usually warrants. Though it was not bobbing, it was certainly good recruiting, and we do not feel inclined to quarrel with its unusual nature in view of the extraordinary situation it was meant to satisfy. We do hope, however, that the elimination of humorous personalities, in other words of bobbing, will not be a precedent for the future. The new weapon, the magic lantern, offers possibilities for auxiliary bobbing which should make it possible in future to give every Freshman omitted from the stage caste the love-tap which his nature demands.

As a rallying ground for everybody in college and out of it, graduates as well as undergraduates, there is no institution to compete with the Bob. And that is not merely because the Bob is a tradition, but because the tradition

contains a certain substance which is an irresistible magnet—laughter. Nothing else will take its place—"except tears," remarks the poet. But the poet is wrong as usual. You can't get the whole college together for a good cry once a year, but you *can* get them together for a good laugh. You can't rally them around a prayer meeting or a society for the distribution of moral tracts, because there are plenty of organizations which will look after these sides of man's nature a great deal better than the Bob can ever hope to do, whatever its complexion; but you can get the college together to chat over old times and laugh uproariously over new ones, and it is the business of the Bob to do it.

We had a good laugh at this year's Bob, particularly at the Registration Scene—perhaps the most original Registration Scene ever produced—and at the Belgian Boundary Scene, which gave Mr. Robins as good an initiation into the faculty as has been within the memory of man. But we had an uncomfortable feeling, even during some of the funny scenes, that laughter was being relegated to an inferior place, and that the humor when it did appear was not being taken quite seriously enough. A mere romp can never take the place of real wit, and wit can never be effective without a pretty careful English style. Few jokes are good enough to stand alone; they are just as much in need of careful handling as the most didactic of dialogues, and just as worthy of it.

Undoubtedly the didactic element did predominate over all others in the Bob this year. The moral teaching of which the Bob was made the vehicle, was in itself a noble one and highly commendable, but that it should have been allowed actually to supersede the real spirit of the Bob was unfortunate, for social service may be preached from many platforms, but bobbing has only one chance a year.

The literary qualities of the Bob were excellent. The theme, however unsuitable as a *motif* for a Bob, was full of suggestive thought for the contemplative. It was carried out very effectively in some scenes and with the achievement of great dramatic unity throughout. This latter point we believe to be the great contribution of this year to the evolu-

tion of the Bob. Since 1912, dramatic unity has been an acknowledged principle of the Bob, but never before was the principle so closely adhered to. It is a development to be welcomed, provided dramatic unity is not allowed to override the more essential features already referred to. One mundane law which art should not neglect was overlooked: things must not be allowed to drag after eleven p.m., for the audience needs something lively to keep it awake. A good Bob motto is: "He laughs best who laughs last".

We were glad to see the reappearance of the Registration Scene, which always contains great possibilities. It is particularly welcome because it lets the faculty appear at large during the main action, instead of being hived off by themselves in the Faculty Scene. The introduction of the professors into the main body of the action adds variety and freedom to the whole, and is especially attractive to graduates and men of the upper years, who can best appreciate caricature of those they know so well.

Though the English style employed throughout was heavy, it was real literature and another valuable feature for future Bob Committees to emulate. The acting was also good—as indeed it had to be if such an ambitious theme was not to fall flat. The scene painting was a brilliant piece of original work which did very much to support the action during some of the longer dialogues.

We missed the customary posters along the wall—the skull and cross-bones which had become so identified with the festivities of the Bob. Probably this omission was another concession to dramatic unity, and at any rate the magic lantern largely took its place. The latter proved itself useful in bridging the gaps between scenes. The institution of Herald was a great help in arranging suitable places for songs of the various years and old Bob Committees, and generally stirring things up. The seating arrangements and the issuing of tickets were superior to anything in the past. Ticket holders were guaranteed seats until 7.45. By this means much confusion, disappointment, and injustice was avoided and the usual preliminary jam greatly mitigated.

It was a great Bob, and despite its moralistic tendencies will probably be known in history as the War Bob or the John Robins Bob. Mr. Massey described it as a Superbob. Perhaps some would call it an Anti-Bob in virtue of its violation of the cardinal principles of bobbing. By way of contrast it has helped us more clearly to see the real principles of the Bob-in-itself and to appreciate both the traditions of the Bob as they have come down to us from the past, and the possibilities offered for development in the future by this home-grown institution.

P. W. W.

MOODS.

Here's the world—
 And in the world a mob, that toils
 For self, mocks love and God, and soils
 Its hard hands as it grubs and toils.
 Is it so? Or—

Here's the world—
 And a world of souls that throb and move,
 Seeking God and finding love,
 And making earth the "Heaven above".—
 Is it so? Or—

W. F. B.

Studies in Camp Color

Seven plucky campers, we were self-christened, but suffered uncomplainingly under various other names from back in civilization. There was Daddy-Captain,—much disgusted with his title. He and the Sedate Girl paddled one canoe. Then came the Funny Boy and the Serious Boy in the “grub” canoe; and lastly, we three, the Merry Girl, the Clever Boy and I.

All day we paddled through tiny, nameless streams and lakes, ever impelled by the thrill of the lonely north, until we have come to the last portage. Daddy-Captain has described it to us as a cool, wide path on pine-needles, through a forest of lofty trees.

Our canoes round a point of rock one by one, and grate on the shore of the portage cove. We gaze eagerly, then indignantly, and exclaim in our wrath. Ahead is a forest of blackened trunks, a tangle of fire-weed, goldenrod, and asters, persistent upspringing poplars, and gigantic bosses of seared and blistered granite. The bush-fires have wrought unspeakable havoc. The old forest is silent and dead. Through the charred earth a tiny new forest is bravely beginning, though years will pass before it can cover the ruin.

Swiftly the men-folk shoulder their loads, and we girls seek out our lighter stuff. Daddy-Captain picks our trail into the thicket.

It is not too bad after all, this trail. Light-heartedly we step along, trampling the shoulder-high asters, and crunching the blackened needles underfoot. We laugh at each other, at the Merry Girl's disgust at her tangled rods, at the Sedate Girl's horror as her frog-pail comes open and the Funny Boy has a scramble for his precious bait, and at the grim determination of the canoe-carriers as they sprawl under and over huge blackened logs. Our faces and arms are charcoal smeared. The Clever Boy vouches for the health-giving properties of charcoal in hollow tones from beneath a canoe.

Thus steadily we forge ahead, until rocks shut out the breezes, and reflect the glare of the sun. Our bundles become so awkward and heavy. Canoes begin to cut into unprotected shoulders. Mosquitoes set about to torment. We come upon the Funny Boy worming under a bigger log than ever, and groan our sympathy. The Sedate Girl is chased by a bumble-bee. We have to rescue the Merry Girl whose fish-hook has climbed a tree. Doggedly we trudge, ache and perspire in silence. Branches whip our faces. Unseen brambles vie to clutch us. We gasp with relief at the clear call from the shore, as the first canoe splashes in the water. One by one we break through to the lake, rippling in the breeze that comes to refresh us.

Gratefully the word passes, "Now for camp,—and supper."

Soon there is the drip of paddles, the music of feathered water, and the wind in our hair. The weariness is forgotten. Again comes the thrill of the undiscovered, the mystery of the unknown spaces beyond.

* * * * *

Dark figures move to and fro across the dancing path of the moon on the island. The little tents gleam gray and ghostly in the inky shade of the trees. Voices are heard, and the crackling of boughs and roots and branches. The Serious Boy is fanning a tiny blaze in the pile of brush below the bank and trudging into view across the silver path, as he gathers birch-bark and kindling. Daddy-Captain and the Clever Boy are smashing through the darkness with wood for the fire, engaged in a discussion of soundless depth. The Funny Boy, possessed with the idea that the firelight will lure the kings of all the bass to his well-baited hook, is balancing upon a trembling log.

The fire explodes through the dry needles with a splutter and hiss. The Serious Boy feeds it coaxingly, and scrambles back in undignified haste at the answering flames. The Merry Girl squeals with delight. Arms akimbo, the men-folk grunt contentedly at the success of their achievement. The fire, intensifying the gloom around, is reflected cosily on the tents, and the soft golden grass inside. I prudently arrange

our blankets, while the Sedate Girl contents herself that the provision kits are safe from marauding ants and curious porcupines. Such merry sallies, such laughing, and such fun!

Story-telling time has come. We scramble for comfortable places on the wide fire-lit ledge. The Clever Boy still ranges for the boughs that are to make the "best blaze ever". The Funny Boy actually swings in a fish, such a beauty, for our breakfast. And Daddy-Captain tells a wonderful tale of when he was camping in days of old. The Funny Boy gives up his fishing, as the Serious Boy unbends with a bear story of this very island, and interjects mischievous thrilling touches, till the Merry Girl lets a mosquito bite the end of her nose in her wide-eyed excitement.

"You can't make *me* afraid," she exclaims in disdain. We all laugh away the creepy feeling.

The fire dies low, and glows away slowly in two old logs. The moon shines big and red, low behind the distant pines. Thoughts come, born of the quiet, the mistiness, the all-pervading strength of the indomitable spirit of the northland, infinite longings for the simplest, the noblest and best. Long we gaze, loth to dispel the charm, till the Merry Girl's golden head leans drowsily on Daddy-Captain's arm.

We tumble into our tents. "If the bear comes," calls the Funny Boy, "just climb the tent-pole, and scream for us".

And the Merry Girl yawns sleepily, "But it's so slippery".

* * * * *

Again it is night, and the stars gleam clear and cool in the dark water. Like shadow-folk we silently glide in our loved canoes by the familiar, shadowy shores and misty islands of our dear home lake. The darkness and quiet fold around like something tangible, full of sound though silent. Now there is the hoarse scream of a hawk, now the faint far-away lament of a loon,—then again, the silence.

Hearken! Far through the gray gloom comes a clear note,—then another,—and a whole chorus of voices, faintly singing. With a vim we bound forward to the time of our

camp hail. Then, silent again, with paddles poised, we listen for the air,—and joyfully chime in to the closing bars of "Bonnie Doon".

How strongly we paddle,—not tired we! why we are fit for hours more! But a loon laughs mockingly across the path of the moon.

One by one come the misty crafts to meet us, filled with laughing, calling camp-folk. How close they are! "Is everybody safe?" come the questions, half-gay, half-anxious. "All safe," we answer, and rest our paddles, as we come among the people.

E. M. McLAUGHLIN.



AFTER THE BATTLE. THE SOPHOMORES.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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EDITORIAL

The Bob

Among university men the world over there is nothing held dearer or guarded more jealously than the traditions of their Alma Mater. At Victoria we have as yet practically no established traditions; our traditions-to-be are in the making. We are building for the centuries to come, and it behoves us to build well. That is our excuse for adding this short editorial note to the excellent and thorough criticism of the Bob, which appears in the present issue. The Bob of this year was quite different from anything that has gone before, and if the next committee should see fit to use it as a model the Bob tradition will be fairly started on an entirely changed career.

In the good old days the main idea of the Bob was to make everybody laugh, freshmen, seniors, grads. and professors, for there is nothing that can more quickly break down all the barriers between College classes than a good hearty laugh together. This year, however, the Bob was an

intellectual feast, at which that sad old dog, Mere Fun, was kicked under the table. Yet, strangely enough, the guests enjoyed the occasional howls of that unhappy canine more than all the dainties of the feast. In saying this we believe we are voicing the consensus of student opinion, for we have gone to some pains to ascertain it. Personal bobbing and rollicking songs,—two features which have carried many a Bob to hilarious success in the past, were this year crowded out by didactic allegory and solemn platitudes. A sermon is a very fine thing in its proper place, but surely its proper place is not upon the Bob platform.

In spite of this the Bob was a success, and great credit is due to the Committee for the skilful way in which they handled an extremely difficult subject. The innovation in the Bobbing of the Faculty was a decided advance over recent years.

Some day perhaps we shall have a perfect Bob. If that is ever realized it will be the result of a process of evolution, carried forward by each successive Committee seizing upon the good and rejecting the bad in preceding attempts. The task which confronts the class of '18 is particularly difficult. A new type of Bob has been presented; they must pass judgment on its merits and deficiencies. We would urge every man of this class to read the review and criticism appearing in this issue. Then let them consider thoughtfully and decide carefully, for the future of Victoria's most unique tradition is now in their hands.

The Military Activities

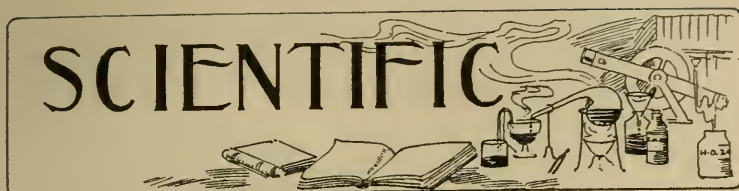
Company C, Toronto Contingent, Canadian Officers' Training Corps, continues to hold the predominating interest in student activities at Victoria. Practically all the men of Burwash Hall, as well as a great many non-resident students, parade for drill four mornings each week, while practice at the rifle ranges continues with unabated enthusiasm. The question naturally arises, "What are all these preparations for? Do all these men intend to offer themselves for active

service when the proper time comes?" We believe that the great majority are thoroughly in earnest and will not be found wanting when they are called upon to make the decision. A few of the men who have had previous training have already applied for commissions in the second Canadian contingent, which is to leave in December. A number of others were anxious to volunteer, provided any kind of unit could be formed of University men, but such a unit is not likely to be formed at the present time. Most of the students require a great deal more training, and it is probable that these will not be encouraged to volunteer for active service until the spring. At that time it is expected a battalion will be formed consisting entirely of Canadian University men from Toronto, McGill and Queen's. If war conditions at that time warrant it, they will proceed as a unit to the front.

We believe that the great majority of students will be well advised to wait until that time. There is not likely to be any lack of men for the second contingent, and an efficient officer or trained soldier in the spring will almost certainly be worth more to his country than a raw recruit now. While we are waiting, however, we should never lose sight of the serious purpose which lies before us, but should see to it that we prepare ourselves for the highest degree of efficiency when the time comes for us to serve.

The Frontispiece

The frontispiece to this issue is the second in a series of reproductions of the work of Canadian artists. The picture which we print this month was painted by Mr. E. W. Atkinson, who was born in Toronto in 1862, and is now among the foremost Canadian painters of pastoral scenes. This artist delights in peaceful scenes wherein sheep figure, and "lingers with much tenderness over the old mill, the hazy moonlight and the tumbling stream". His work is not virile, but it has a strong appeal for the lover of simple beauty and always contains a tenderly expressed suggestion of the quiet loveliness of the fields and the hills.



War Within

From the earliest times in the history of man, as far as we can learn, it has always been necessary for him to fight. He has had to defend himself against a great variety of hostile conditions. He had to be constantly on the alert against storm, or flood or fire. His foes were very numerous in the form of dangerous beasts. Man had to match himself against the superior strength and fleetness of the lion, as well as against the deadly poison of the serpent. In addition to fighting against the elements and against wild beasts, it has always seemed necessary for him to fight his fellow man; at least he has always done so. The primitive savage fought his fellow for some coveted possession, or to avenge some wrong or outrage. For the same reason, tribe fought tribe and nation has always warred against nation. Man has had constantly to fight against dangers and foes about him which threaten his existence.

Not only does man have to wage war against "foes without", but he must also be continually battling against subtle invisible "foes within". Far more dangerous than the lion, and far more deadly than the poisonous snake are those minute parasites which inhabit the body of man, and bring to him disease and death. They are so small that millions of them may move about in a drop of water, and so light that they may be wafted about in the air, invisible, but nevertheless powerful, causing suffering and death. Their victims number more than all the victims of tempest,

wild beast or war. Cities have been emptied, and entire races removed from the face of the earth by these destructive bacteria, for to these are due almost all of the serious diseases, diphtheria, typhoid fever, cholera, the plague and tuberculosis.

Man by means of his superior intellect has been able to protect himself to a great extent against the fury of the elements, and he no longer fears destruction by wild beasts. He still fights his fellowman, however, even in this present day. In spite of the high state of civilization which man has reached, we find the most highly civilized nations of the world to-day engaged in one of the biggest and most destructive wars in history. Nevertheless, it is generally believed that in the future, not very distant, man will cease to fight his fellow man. When that time comes, these "foes without", against which man has always fought, will be practically a thing of the past. This is not the condition of things in the case of the "foes within". Medical science has greatly checked the ravages of the bacteria of various kinds, and eventually will get them under control, but man must forever wage this "war within" against these invisible enemies which so persistently attack him.

Against these tiny foes, which wage so great a war, the body has three chief methods of defense, the physical, the vital and the chemical.

The first line of defense is the skin, which is continuous with the mucous membranes which cover the internal surfaces. This continuous coat of armour is impenetrable by bacteria or any micro-organism, but let the smallest opening be made in this armour, the merest scratch or abrasion, even though invisible to the eye, and the entrance of bacteria is possible, and only too probable.

If the first line of defense be passed, the bacteria must encounter a different sort of opposition, that afforded by the vital means of defense. The skin formed an almost passive barrier, but this line of defense consists of an army of living, active bodies which are found in the blood. These are the leucocytes or white cells of the blood. They appear to

be very sensitive to the presence of bacteria, for they swarm out from the blood capillaries soon after the bacteria have invaded the neighbouring tissues. They swiftly attack the invaders, swallow and digest them, thus ending their fighting activities. This is a very effective method of defense unless the bacteria prove too poisonous, for if such be the case, the leucocytes which have swallowed them, die; and if more and more of the bacteria come into the fight, the leucocytes may be killed off to a great extent, and the second line of defense is rendered weak and ineffective.

The body, however, has a third mode of defense, namely, the chemical. Since the bacteria are fighting by chemical agencies, poisoning the leucocytes and tissue cells, the body has developed chemical methods of opposing them. The body cells have the power of manufacturing certain chemical substances which neutralize the poison of the invaders. The poison, or toxin, of the bacteria appears to stimulate the body cells to produce this chemical substance, appropriately called antitoxin. If the body cells can manufacture enough of the antitoxin to neutralize all the toxin, the individual gets better, and not only that, but he will remain immune for a long time against that particular form of bacteria.

From this superficial account of the manner of fighting our bacterial foes, it will be seen that the battle is ordered much after the fashion of an ordinary battle. Behind the walls (the skin) is stationed the garrison (millions of leucocytes) which is always on the alert against the invading foe. If the foe use chemical methods of attack, the defenders oppose with chemical methods. This "war within" our body is carried on with greater skill, with greater numbers of combatants, and with greater loss of human life than any other war ever fought.

R. C. M.

Personals and Exchanges

In this issue we are glad to submit a list of the men of class '14 and acknowledge our indebtedness to W. F. Bowles, B.A., permanent secretary of that class, for his untiring efforts in trying to make the list complete.

The list of ladies of this class has not reached us in time for this issue, but will be published next month. There are also a few men whose present vocation we have been unable to learn. We shall try to have this information before the next issue.

Members of Arts Class, 1914

The following men are in attendance at Victoria, in Theology and Post Graduate work: E. D. Beynon, W. F. Bowles, R. C. Copeland, A. E. Hopper, P. E. James, R. W. McFadden, W. R. McWilliams, F. J. T. Maines, R. T. Richards, C. B. Wood, R. E. Zimmerman.

The following men are in attendance at Faculty: O. L. Clipperton, H. J. Heath, W. R. McCamus, W. J. Southcombe, W. E. Staples.

In attendance at Osgoode Hall: J. B. Allen, J. E. Brett, H. S. Brewster, N. S. Chisholm, J. A. R. Mason, G. L. Rodd, R. S. Rodd, W. M. Smith.

L. S. Albright, Preaching in Victoria, B.C.

F. A. Armstrong, Teaching in North Bend, B.C.

F. S. Brown, In business at his home, Lakefield, Ont.

J. E. Bishop, Teaching on Indian Reserve, Brantford.

J. G. Burns, Demonstrator, Dept. of Chemistry.

A. W. Burt, In business in Toronto. Home address, 197 Dunn Ave.

T. W. Cornett, School Principal and Supt. in Penticton, B.C.

W. M. Houghton, Teaching in Yeomans, Sask., and preaching in Presbyterian Church.

H. D. Howell, Mgr. Toronto Canadian Bldg. Co., 41 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

G. D. Jeffs, Faculty of Medicine.

C. W. Lawrence, In business at Sarnia, Ont.

T. W. McDowell, Temporarily in City at Chi Delta Psi Fraty., 55 Madison Ave.

H. S. Martindale, Studio in Heintzman Bldg., Organist and Choirmaster, Carlton St. Methodist Church.

J. C. Millian, Preaching at Jeanette's Creek, near Chatham, Ont.

J. W. Moyer, Temporarily at home in St. Catharines, Ont., before going West.

J. S. Reid, Faculty of Medicine.

G. D. L. Rice, First Canadian Contingent in England.

H. G. Robertson, Post-Graduate studies in Chicago University.

A. E. Rosborough, On Staff at Mount Royal College, Calgary.

A. B. Sifton, Fellow in Dept. of Botany.

C. W. Smyth, In lumber business at Fort Frances, Ont.

R. P. Stafford, Theological studies at Wesleyan College, Montreal.

R. P. Stouffer, On Staff of *Evening Telegram*, Toronto.

J. W. Taylor, On Staff at Albert College, Belleville.

C. L. Treleaven, Demonstrator in Dept. of Physics.

C. E. Willows, Actuarial Dept., Brit. North Am. Life Ins. Co., Toronto.

H. O. Hutcheson, B.A., is taking up studies at Edinburgh, Glasgow and other universities in Systematic Theology and Sociology.

We are glad to learn that *L. C. Cox*, B.A., '13, a graduate in Classics, has obtained a fellowship at Johns Hopkins University, where he is now continuing his studies.

Miss Hazel Farley, B.A. '13, is teaching at Swann River, Man.

Miss Alta Lind Cook, B.A. '13, is teaching Moderns in the Meaford High School.

The Bankers' Scholarship has recently been awarded to R. L. Whitney of class '17. For three years in succession this scholarship has been held by Vic. students. L. W. Moffat of class '15 and M. Kerruish of class '16 succeeded in obtaining it on entering their second year.

Victoria students will be glad to learn that they have another representative in active military service. J. Bassett of class '17 has been sent to Bermuda to do garrison duty, from which place he expects to be sent to the front within a short time. In our first issue we omitted to state that Harry Frost, B.A., had gone with the first contingent as chaplain. Victoria has now five representatives in active military service.

Birth

HUNTER—At the General Hospital, Belleville, on Monday, September 21st, to Rev. and Mrs. Bruce Hunter of Brampton, a son, Angus Pringle.

Marriages

SMITH—LOVEYS—At "Inglenook" Farm, Hickson, Ont., on September 9th, was solemnized the marriage of Mary Winifred, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Loveys, and Rev. M. P. Smith, B.A., B.D. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. W. G. Bull, B.A., B.D., assisted by Rev. Walter M. Kitley of Florence, Ont. Mr. and Mrs. Smith sail on October 24th from San Francisco for China, where they will take up their life work on the Methodist Mission field.

POUND—HYATT—A marriage which is of interest to both U.C. and Victoria students took place on Wednesday, September 30th, at Fargo, North Dakota, when Mary R. Hyatt, B.A. '14 (U.), and Rev. Allan N. C. Pound, M.A. '11 (V.), of Vernon, B.C., were united in holy matrimony. After a dainty luncheon the bridal couple left for Hartford, Conn., where they will spend one year at the Kennedy School of Missions in preparation for missionary work in China.

EDMONDS—HENRY—At St. Catharines, on July 22nd, Miss Helena Henry of that city and Rev. Theo. B. Edmonds, M.A., were united in marriage by Rev. Dr. Henderson, Welland Ave. Meth. Church, assisted by Rev. H. L. Roberts, M.A., B.D., Niagara St. Church. On the return from their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds settled in the parsonage at Newport, Ont., Mr. Edmonds being superintendent of the Grand River Mission.

DOWNING—HORNING—At "Coldblow" Cottage, Cobourg, Ont., on September 7th, at high noon, was solemnized the marriage of Elsa Lillian Horning, B.A. '11, daughter of Prof. L. E. Horning, and Fred. Hale Downing, S.P.S. '11. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Reynar, in the presence of the immediate friends. Mr. and Mrs. Downing are now residing at their home in Camrose, Alta., where Mr. Downing is a member of the Manitoba Steel and Iron Co., and is also interested in ranching.

REAMAN—GREEN—On July 22nd, at Toronto, the marriage of Miss Flora Josephine Green and Prof. George Elmore Reaman, M.A., of Richmond Hill was solemnized. Rev. F. T. Graham, B.A., Burwash Hall, acted as groomsman. Prof. Reaman is an honour graduate of Victoria belonging to class '11. He travelled in Europe for a year and returned to take his M.A. degree at Victoria in 1913. He has since been appointed Professor of Modern Languages in Moose Jaw College, Saskatchewan.

JONES—GERMAN—On August 30th, at Karnizawa, Japan, by Rev. W. Saunby, B.A., formerly of London, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Clara Ella German, B.A., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. German, London, Ont., and Rev. Gordon R. Jones, B.Sc., of Chungchow, China, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Harry Jones of Brantford.

DAWSON—BIGGER—The marriage of Miss Hazel Amelia Bigger, B.A. '07, and John Alexander Dawson, B.A. '05, Toronto, took place on October 4th, in Dominion Church,

Ottawa, the Rev. William Sparling, D.D., officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson will live in Ottawa for a short time, after which they will move to their new home in Vancouver, B.C.

MACNIVEN—MITTON—A host of friends will be pleased to learn of the marriage of Miss Beulah L. Mitton and Rev. William Edgar MacNiven, which was solemnized at Ridgetown, Ont., on September 30th. A pleasant feature of the ceremony was that it was performed by Rev. A. J. Snyder of Brantford, who married the bride's parents. Miss Mitton was an undergraduate of Victoria College and Mr. MacNiven was a worthy member of class '11 and Editor-in-Chief of ACTA during his senior year. Mr. and Mrs. MacNiven will reside at Edmonton, Alta.

STAPLEFORD—COLLVER—On June 16th, the wedding of Miss Lulu Collver, B.A., Toronto, and Rev. F. N. Stapleford, M.A., B.D., took place in Trinity Methodist Church, Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Hincks officiating. After a short trip, Mr. and Mrs. Stapleford left for Victoria, B.C., where they are residing at 117 Menzies St., Mr. Stapleford being pastor of James Bay Methodist Church in that city.

To all the above ACTA extends best wishes.

Death

At her home in Ottawa, on the morning of October 4th, there occurred the death of Julia F. Darling, beloved wife of Dr. Eugene Haanel, director of mines for Canada, who was from 1873 to 1891 a member of the Faculty of Victoria. She was born in the State of Michigan and came to Canada when thirteen years of age. Her studies were continued at Victoria, from which she graduated in Science, taking her B.Sc. degree in 1884. Besides her husband she leaves three daughters and two sons to mourn her loss. ACTA expresses the deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

Athletics



Rugby

Victoria opened the Rugby season by decisively defeating St. Mikes, 23 to 0. St. Mikes were light, but fought hard all the way, and deserve a lot of credit for the clean, square game they put up. For Victoria, Griffith and Harris usually made a hole big enough for the whole team to walk through. Lumsden and Harris bucked well, while Zimmerman and MacClean showed some fine tackling. Victoria made big gains by end runs, working the ball down to the St. Mikes line and then bucking over. Cheney converted two touches, one from a very difficult angle.

Line-up for Victoria—Halves: Cheney, L. Pearson, Huycke; flying wing: H. Brown; quarter: Bowles; outside wings: M. Pearson, Magwood; middle wings: Harris, Lumsden; inside wings: Griffith, Zimmerman; scrumage: Bennett, Crocker, MacClean.

VICTORIA 3, DENTS 0.

Victoria defeated Dents by the close score of 3 to 0. The game was hard and exciting all the way, Victoria scoring on two rouges and a deadline. Horning made a fine attempt at a drop from forty yards out, but missed by inches, as the wind caused the ball to veer just at the posts. In the second quarter Dents for a time made things interesting with their

heavy bucks, but hard tackling by Zimmerman, Lumsden and Harris held them from any scoring. Brown, as usual, starred at flying wing, getting away for a run of half the field and giving Victoria an easy chance to score, but at that moment the whistle blew for half time. In the second half, Harris managed to get clean away, but dropped the ball when tackled from behind. The game ended with Victoria in possession at the centre.

Line up—Halves: Cheney, L. Pearson, Horning; flying wing: H. Brown; quarter: Huycke; outside wings: M. Pearson, Magwood; middle wings: Harris, Lumsden; inside wings: Griffith, Zimmerman; scrimage: MacClean, Blatz, Bennett.

VICTORIA 4, JUNIOR MEDS 9.

Victoria met Junior Meds. in the semi-final game for the Mulock Cup, and were defeated by the score of 9 to 4 on a wet field. The slippery going no doubt favoured Meds., but even so Vic. had her share of the bucking. The way Lumsden and Griffith tackled bucks was the best seen around here for a good many years. "Duke" Pearson played the game of his life, tackling hard and sure every time. The halves handled the slippery ball to perfection, Huycke getting away for some fast end runs. Lester Pearson's kicking was responsible for three of Vic's four points; unfortunately he was forced to retire in the last quarter through an injured shoulder, Magwood filling in. Vic., even if she came out with the small end of the score, seemed to have the edge on Meds. both in bucking and running while the tackling was always low and hard. Victoria led at quarter time by 3 to 0, and at half time by 4 to 3. An inside buck was tried by Vic., Brown taking the ball and going over for what looked like a sure touchdown, but the try was not allowed. In the third quarter Vic. halves made their only fumble, and in the scramble a Med. fell on the ball for a try which was not converted. The fourth quarter was all Vic's, the play being inside Med's quarter line, but Victoria was unable to score. The game closed with Meds. leading by 9 to 4.

Soccer

Owing to the fact that the front campus has been handed over to the military authorities for purposes of drill our soccer schedule has been late in starting this year. However, when this article reaches you we will no doubt be in the midst of our games and we are going to make it a successful year if you will do your part. For full information watch the notice boards.

Our men have been working well and we have had exhibition games with McMaster, Wycliffe, Varsity, and the Lancashires of the City League. Although we have lost half of last year's players the team looks as if it would again land the championship.

We have made a beginning in our interyear series and the management hopes to run them off in the near future. On October the 13th the freshmen defeated the juniors by the score of 2 to 1.

A.L.H.

Field Day

Victoria held the annual field day on October 17th and as usual it rained. Magwood won the championship with Hukins second, Hewson third and Horning fourth.

Individual standing: 1st Magwood, '17, 17 points; 2nd Hukins, '17, 15 points; 3rd Hewson, '17, 14 points; 4th Horning, '15, 10 points.

Standing by years: 1st '17, 47 points; 2nd '15, 22 points; 3rd '18, 10 points; 4th '16, 8 points; 5th C.T., 3 points.

Class '15 won the tug-of-war with Ansley, Oliver, Griffith, Horning, Wilson, White.

EVENTS

Running High Jump: 1. Hewson '17, 5' 3"; 2. Downham '18, 5' 2"; 3. Horning '15, 5' 2".

Downham and Horning tied and tossed up for second place.

Shot Put: 1. Horner '16, 35' 4"; 2. Oliver '15, 33' 11³/₄"; 3. Horning '15, 33' 11".

100 Yards:

The 100 yards was run off in heats; the time for the first heat was 11 1/5, the second heat 11 4/5, and the final 11 1/5: 1. Hukins '17; 2. Vandervoort '15; 3. Hewson '17.

Broad Jump: 1. Hewson '17, 17' 10 1/2"; 2. Magwood '17, 17' 6 1/2"; 3. Huycke '17, 16' 10".

Pole Vault: 1. Horning '15, 9' 1"; 2. Musgrove '16, 8' 11"; 3. Hewson '17, 8' 8".

220 Yards, time 23 4/5 seconds: 1. Hukins '17; 2. Magwood '17; 3. Vandervoort '15.

Hop, Step and Jump: 1. Magwood '17, 39' 9"; 2. Horning '15, 38' 5"; 3. Hewson '17, 36' 6".

Hurdle Race, time 14 3/5 secs.: 1. Ochs '18; 2. Magwood '17; 3. Hewson '17.

Half-mile, time 2.12 3/5: 1. Hukins '17; 2. Magwood '17; 3. Raulston '18.

Tennis Tournament

The large number of entries and the general enthusiasm shown in the Tournament this Fall gives evidence of a rapidly growing interest in this line of college sport.

A new event this year was the Men's Novice Singles to replace the old "Handicap". By eliminating the first half-dozen best men including A. P. McKenzie, Jim Wear and Courtice, an opportunity was given to the average player to make a showing.

All four events produced some close sets. A few surprises sprung on the favourites by "ye dark horse" kept up the interest among those who failed to get their "shilling's worth" by losing in the first round.

As shown by the final results, below, the lion's share of the honours fell a prey to the college tennis fiend Roy Courtice.

However, cheer up ye novice men, all these tennis "sharks" are seniors. Your chance next year.

THE FINAL RESULTS

Men's Open Singles—R. Courtice *vs.* Geo. Brown 6-1, 6-1,
6-1. Men's Novice—M. L. Schultz *vs.* Reg. Adams 7-5, 3-6,

6-2. Men's Doubles—R. Courtice, A. P. McKenzie *vs.* G. Brown, H. Bennett 3-6, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-4. Mixed Doubles—R. Courtice, Miss A. Jenner *vs.* Geo. Brown, Miss Kenny 12-10, 9-11, 6-4.

Girls' Athletics

TENNIS NOTES.

Tennis has been unusually successful this fall, due to the interest shown by most of the girls, not a few of whom were freshettes. Of the forty-one girls who signed up for the tournament, Miss Ochs came out as champion. The game between Miss Kerby and Miss Ochs, for championship of the college, resulted in favour of Miss Kerby. The results of the doubles will appear next month.

In the University tournament the girls' doubles was won by Miss Kerby and Miss E. Patrick. The girls entering the singles were all defeated in the third and fourth rounds.

BASKETBALL NOTES.

The girls are to be congratulated on the splendid enthusiasm they are showing at the very beginning of the year. The freshettes are playing up well and will be able to hold their own in the inter-year games which are to be started soon. Mr. W. Zimmerman is again coaching the girls, and although most of last year's team have graduated, the prospects are not at all hopeless. The first game of the Inter-collegiate series is to be on November 9th, between University College and Victoria, at the Household Science Gymnasium. Come out and show the girls you are interested in Basketball.



No wonder Mr. Locals was cast down. After frequenting the haunts of the Freshmen and the resting places of the Sophomores (the library) all day long, he could only secure two poor little jokes. No wonder that he went to sleep with troubled mind and that he dreamed a strange dream. And the dream was that some kindly genius had provided one hundred exactly suitable Locals, calculated to raise a smile even upon the most gloomy countenance. Whereat the Dwellers within the Halls were so pleased that they caused a celebration to be made, and a trumpet to be sounded, in honour of the achievement. But Mr. Locals turned uneasily at the sound for it was a familiar one, and was like unto the reveille of the bugle, calling men to arms, long before the break of day. And, alas! thus was it proven to be. Whereupon the kindly genius with his one hundred exactly suitable jokes melted away into the cold morning air and Mr. Locals rushed for the parade-ground, realizing that drill, even "with arms," is certainly no joke.

Prof. Sissons—"Distinguish between *rex* and *regulus*, Mr. S-mm-rs."

B. S. S-mm-rs '17—

Prof. Sissons—"Well, what does *umbra* mean?"

B. S. S-mm-rs—"A shade".

Prof. Sissons—"And what does *umbrella* mean?"

B. S. S-mm-rs (thinking of the reception that night)—"A two shade."

Prof. Auger (in third year English)—“The household Science contingent has evidently not yet arrived”. Next instant, enter Messrs. Church, Cullis, Hunnisett, McLean and Seaman.

Fashion Note—Green was the prevailing colour until the “Bob” took place, after which subdued tints of red and yellow gradually replaced the garish shade so noticeable early in the term. And now the red and yellow has become a brilliant scarlet and gold which will remain in vogue for four years, except in the case of prominent society leaders and fashionable men-about-college, who often wear green a second season.

C-rmich-l, C. T.—“Say who has that synopsis of Christian Ethics?”

Wh-ley, C. T.—“Why man read the book”.

C-rmich-l, C. T.—“Gee whiz, there is no use reading all that stuff, when you can get it *congested*”.

E. C. McL- -n '16 (while passing through Queen's Park)—“I know something about Psychology and I know something about Physiology, but I am perfectly innocent of Theology.”

Prof. Stanley (criticizing J. E. Mitchell's English Essay)—“You lack weight!”

SPARKS FROM THE “BOB”.

“A freshman in the home is worth two in his seat.”

“Kaiser's a theolog; if he hits his finger somebody else swear.”

“Life is just one girl after another.”

"Prof. Stanley just thinks out loud, but not loud enough."

"I once made a vow never to travel on street cars and it has been a source of great comfort to my *sole*."

"Can the coal scuttle? No, but the tomato can. Raymond Massey, take notice."

As an example of what caused great mirth among the Sophomores, the last example is very interesting.

Two Freshettes presented Sermon tickets to witness the Bob. Discerning innocence!

Freshman (at Registrar's office)—"I should like to see someone about Chapel."

Registrar—"So would Dean Wallace."

H. J. G--dy-ar, B.A. (in explaining the warning tap with the gavel, one minute before a debater's time is up)—"Sometimes however this tap causes the idea to disappear over the hills of forgetfulness."

K-rr-sh, '16 (in speech on the formation of the army)—
"The smallest unit is a single man."

Literary Society Announcement—The leaders of the Independent party this session are the hon. member for Ansley and the hon. member for Hall. Such a coalition is bound to boost Woman Suffrage.

Mr. Stanley (having lectured to a fourth year class for twenty minutes): "Now I am about to say something."

Miss Ch-sh-lm, '16 (on Introduction Committee at the last reception, to a Freshman)—“Is your programme full?”
Freshman—“No, which one do you want?”

H. M. Sm-th, '18 (buying a new hat)—“I'd like a hat to suit my head.”

Clerk—“How would a soft green one do?”

Miss Y-ng, '15 (President of the Women's Literary Society, at a meeting of the Lit. Cabinet)—“Let me see, sixteen from fifty-five leaves forty-four.”

Miss H-y, '15 (leader of the government)—“No it doesn't; it leaves forty-nine.”

The members of the Literary Society are anxiously awaiting the decision of the treasurer.

Miss M--rs, '18 (coming out of a French dictation lesson given by Professor De Beaumont)—“Isn't his pronunciation awful! I couldn't make out anything he said. I wish he'd let me give the dictation.”

Fair Haven Island, Muskoka, resounded for ten brief days this summer with the merry-making of the fair ones of the noble class of '13. Whether swimming in the bay; taking, by sail-boat, skiff, canoe, or launch, delightfully impromptu excursions; reading or chatting on the wide veranda; responding with sharpened appetite to the call of the “dinner shift”; or, from canoe or crag, watching the glorious sunset, later to join in mysterious witchcraft in the darkness; all felt that time was indeed speeding on lightning wings. And when, after the last “good-bye” to the kind hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Kettlewell, 1T3 was again scattered, others said, “Half the island seems dead”.

When you meet a cane out walking with Mr. G---r or Mr. Wr-ght, do not make a jest of the matter. The responsibilities of being a Junior are serious enough without being subjected to the annoyance of impertinent remarks.

Mr. H. S. Hayes (Secretary of the University Students' Council, at Lit.)—"I should like to get the names of the Victoria representatives on the Council."

M. A. W-l-n—"If the gentleman will wait till after the meeting I will give him the names of the men who have been appointed to sit upon the body of which he is the head."

OBSTRUCTIONIST FINED—For obstructing traffic Vincent Massey, 519 Jarvis Street, was fined \$3.00.—"*Star*" *Sporting Extra*.

Locals expresses sympathy. We know how hard these unexpected expenses come.



AFTER THE BATTLE. THE FRESHMEN.



A MADONNA

Laura Muntz

ACTA VICTORIANA

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TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1914.

NO. 3.

MY WISH.

THAT you may have sound health and dreamless sleep; clear spaces every day in which to work; kind friends to sympathise and say "well done"—but failing any of these, or all, that you may still be brave and do your work with cheerfulness.

That you may know the sweet surprises God has placed for you along life's thorny road,—the sudden burst of sunshine through the cloud; the little lilt of song that stirs your heart; the keen delight of tree and flower, and moonlight on the snow; the unexpected meeting with old friends, who've known you long, yet love you.

That you may have one honest enemy who knows your faults and affectations, and who never spares and so shall save you from the smug complacency of those whom all call "friend".

That you may be saved from temptation in your weakest hour; the sting of poverty; corroding power of wealth which whispers "What's the use?"; the weary boredom of the idle folk who hinder honest work; and lonely, bitter thoughts in cold, black nights.

Nellie L. McBlung

A Study in Faces

G. W. KERBY, '88.

The palmist claims to read character and determine destiny by the shape of the hand and the lines across the palm. The phrenologist undertakes to do the same thing by the shape of the head and the bumps on the cranium. The physiognomist reads character by the lines on the face and the expression of the countenance. There is a grain of truth in palmistry, though for the most part it is a fake science and a humbug. There is more truth in phrenology, though not as much as some suppose, for many men, whose heads do not conform to the phrenological chart, have risen to fame and fortune. But there is a great deal of truth in physiognomy and this because the face, more than any other part of the body, reveals the character. Inmost thoughts and secret vices write themselves on the countenance. The hand and head may give some hint as to a man's predilections, but the face reveals, not simply what a man may become, but what he is and what he has been. The very soul of the man finds expression in the face.

While away during the summer of the Alaskan Exposition, on the streets of the cities of the coast, on steamer and train, and at great Conventions, I saw many thousand faces. Faces of all conditions, ages, colours and nationalities; Canadian, American, Indian, Hindoo, Jew, Russian, Italian, Japanese, Chinese. Faces painted, powdered and gay. Faces sordid, sorrowful and sombre. Faces portraying national traits. Faces revealing moral and social conditions too awful for words. Out of all these faces, there are two that stand before me clear and well defined, that are photographed on my mind in a way I cannot forget. The others, the many thousands, have come and gone, like "Ships that pass in the night". These two follow me, haunt me. I see



UNION LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM, 1914.

Fourth Row: J. G. LUMSDEN, '16, Minister of War; H. H. McLAUGHLIN, '16, Min. Public Works; H. D. TAYLOR, B.A., Min. of Programmes (Drama and Art); R. H. RICKARD, '15, Minister of Publicity.
Third Row: N. E. LUCK, '17, Min. of Programmes (Science and Politics); H. P. HERINGTON, '16, Min. of Interior; M. A. WILSON, '15, Min. of Programmes (Lit. and Music); J. T. WHIRE, B.A., Ass't Critic; R. R. FLEMING, '15, Min. of Debates; W. G. MARTIN, C.T., Min. of Programmes (Religion and Sociology); S. R. GREER, '16, Min. of Finance.
Second Row: H. F. SWANN, '17, Secretary of State; N. V. BOCHANAN, '15, Leader of Government; L. G. HUTTON, '15, President; CHANCELLOR BOWLES, Honorary Pres.; H. L. CULLIS, '16, Vice-President; J. W. ANSLEY, '15, Leader of Opposition; W. F. BOWLES, B.A., Critic.
First Row: B. C. BEASLEY, '17, Assist. Pianist; J. H. KERR, '18, Min. without Portfolio; F. J. REED, '17, Assist. Secretary.

them in my waking moments and in my sleep they do not fade away.

We were gliding into one of the little coves one evening, along the Sound, out from Vancouver, wherein was a small fishing village, consisting of a long row of weather-beaten shacks. On the sands were a few children scantily clad, the off-spring of an effete race—amusing themselves in the surf. In one of the blackened, desolate looking shacks and filling the square hole meant for a window, was the face of a man—and such a face. Old, prematurely old. Sad, unspeakably sad. Shrinking from our gaze, like a frightened criminal. Bronzed and battered by the snows of numerous winters. Ploughed with the furrows of pain. Down-cast with the weight of endless disappointments. Scarred with the blows of oft repeated sin. The face of a dying race and a savage past. Pitiably pathetic, it peered through the hole in the wall. Hope had fled and grim, stolid despair had settled down upon its rigid features. This is one of the faces. What of the other?

We were sitting in the large dining hall of the Banff Hotel, where there were many guests. Tourists, travellers, educationists, students, people of leisure, society women and millionaire men. Some were eating in silence. Some were engaged in animated conversation on the merits of the Alaskan Exposition. Some were discussing the grandeur of the Rockies, contrasting them with the Alps and Apennines. One lady in a rhapsody of delight said when she awoke in the morning she could hardly take time to dress lest the mountains would be gone ere she came forth from her room. And, indeed, if the mountains had been made of snow, that hot summer's day, they might easily have melted away before some had finished with the finery and fashion of their morning toilet. Some were chattering and chattering about everything in general and nothing in particular. The vapid vapourings of an empty brain. There was a hum of voices and a rattling of dishes. A hurrying to and fro of pretty waitresses, all in white. Lifting my head and looking across the spacious room I saw a face. A strangely fascinating face,

filling the very atmosphere with its quivering, sparkling merriment and laughter. A face perfect in its features. Dimpled chin, soft blue eyes and golden curls, tumbling and tossing and twisted over the side of the head—the resting place of innocence and purity. At first I could only think of some cherubic face of one of the grand old masters that I had seen in a far away gallery in Europe. Sweetest, loveliest, purest of all God's creations. Lit up with a thousand smiles. Sincere, confiding, happy in a mother's love. A bit of Heaven's glory come down to earth. The face of a little child. The progeny of a mighty race, whose path "shines more and more unto the Perfect Day". These are the two faces. I cannot forget them. Can you? The face of an old man, representing a passing race. The face of a little child, promise of a race just coming on—a race that shall one day fill mountain and prairie with a grander people than has been.

The face of the little child is a prophecy. The face of the old man is a history. Change the figure for a moment. The one is an open book, its pages filled with the life story of a human soul, written with an indelible pen that can never be erased. The other is a closed book. Its pages are clean and white, unmarked, unwritten, without blot or blur. The one is a book of history, the other is a book of prophecy. One is a life lived and lost. The other is a life to live. These two faces reveal the possibility of life. Life may be good or evil. It may be ugly. It may be inviting and attractive. It may be repulsive and forbidding. It may rise to sublimest heights. It may go down to the deepest depths of degradation. Sin distorts, deforms, destroys the human soul, until the face of the sweet, pure, innocent child becomes the face of the old man at the window. A man's life is the incarnation of his ideals and thoughts. We become like that we habitually admire and desire. Hawthorne's Legend of "The Great Stone Face" expresses one of the profoundest truths of life. The story is told of two women who lived in the same house. They were cousins. One slept in a room where she could look at the picture of Marie Antoinette. The other had placed a picture of Joan of Arc on the wall at the foot of

her bed. Each girl on opening her eyes in the morning, looked upon a picture. One saw Marie Antoinette, the other Joan of Arc. The one became deeply interested in the character of the beautiful queen and read everything she could find concerning her—the times, the Court in which she moved. She became familiar with all the vice and viciousness of the Court of Louis XVI. The other became deeply interested in Joan of Arc, and read everything she could find that gave information about this pure, heroic, unselfish woman. The one who looked upon the picture of Joan of Arc, became one of America's most devoted and useful women, one whose name carries a benediction whenever it is mentioned. The other became one of the worst of characters, whose life was full of shame and sin. There is no mystery about this. All life, all literature illustrates it. The two faces are outstanding, but they are not exceptional. No man is ever better than his best thoughts. "We all with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as from the Lord, the Spirit".

Till Christ be formed in men no man's work is finished, no religion is crowned, no life has fulfilled its end. To this purpose every other plan and project must stand aside. Every veil must be taken away and the soul gaze with unveiled face upon Him.

Snow

O, the white flowers,
How they float, how they follow,
Down from the hillside and up from the hollow.
When the wind calls them they answer in showers,
So shining, so tender,
Rose-round and leaf-slender,
They ring me, they wreath me wherever I go.
O, the white flowers,
The flowers of the snow.

O, the white stars,
They have dawned, they have drifted
Like dust the wind strawed and the Mary-moon sifted
Through the briar-berry bent to the cedar-wood bars.
So soft, so unbounded,
Flame-pointed, rose-rounded,
They have clung, they have swung where the branches are low.
O, the white stars,
The stars of the snow.

O, the white dreams,
How they kiss, how they quiver,
The weft of the cloud and the woof of the river,
Where the elder-tree shadows the sleep of her streams.
They lead me, they linger,
Frost-foot and mist-finger,
Saying, Hands, would you hold us, and Heart, would you know
All the white dreams,
The dreams of the snow?

Marjorie L. P. PickThall.



VICTORIA WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, 1914.

Top Row: Miss C. E. HOCKEY, Locals Editor of *Adia*; Miss E. TUCK, Athletic Editor of *Adia*; Miss E. McLAUGHLIN, Asst. Critic; Miss L. MOYER, Pianist; Miss E. GRANGER, Literary Editor of *Adia*; Miss M. McINTOSH, Secretary; Miss E. LATTIN, Corr. Secretary.

Bottom Row: Miss H. HAY, Leader of Government; Miss A. ALMAS, Critic; Miss H. YOUNG, President; Miss H. PARLOW, M.A., Hon. President; Miss E. GOULDING, Vice-President; Miss S. BUSH, Treasurer; Miss M. DAFOE, Leader of Opposition.

“By the Piper as played before Moses”

J. D. ROBINS, '13

“There isn't a man jack in this camp that's keener for a high time Christmas than I am, but how's it to be worked? That's what I want to know. The boss is so all-fired pious that a sight of the glad dope flask sends him up in the air higher'n a kite.” Doc began kicking his toes viciously against the end of the skidway.

“I know, Doc,” assented Jim, as he bit off another chew and expectorated dexterously upon the last remaining white spot of snow. “By the singin' alligator, a saint o' the Lord, water-wagon boss kin make a camp not fit for a white man to live in, that's a cinch. Have a chew?”

Doc shook his head and savagely drove his peavy into a stick of pulpwood.

“What that old hypocrite'd like would be to hold a prayer-meeting or Bible class or somethin' an' take up a paper collection at a dollar an ante. That's the way he'd keep Christmas.”

“C'lection to go fer nice little Bibles fer the poor, sinful men, eh? Little Christmas tree. Nice little Bible fer everybody on it, only you got to sing ‘Yield not to tem'tation’ nice and soft for the boss.” Jim grinned at Doc, who refused to smile. “Mind the time the boss asked you if you ever thought about your soul? That sure was one rich one. By the piper as played before Moses, but I—but here comes Pete an' another load. Pete's pretty holy too, but he don't preach at you.”

“Pete's an ignorant, religious fool,” said Doc, decisively.

But, if Pete were an ignorant and religious fool, he appeared to be also a happy one, as he stopped his horse so as to leave his load exactly opposite the skidway, and then took off one of his long, wet mitts to unhook the skidding chain.

He had just stopped whistling to halt the animal and to smile genially at the two rollers. Jim looked at Doc and winked.

"Say, Pete, what you s'pose is up now?"

"Dunno. What is?"

"Well, the boss is goin' to have—"

"Buckwheat pancakes an' maple syrup for breakfast," broke in Doc, with a cautioning glance at Jim.

"Guess I'm good for a couple o' dozen. Git ap, Prince, we've got to be a joggin' along er we won't get our stint out. Goin' to be a cold night, boys."

Pete picked up the end of the chain and followed the big sorrel along the smooth, icy trail, back to where the cutters were working. The whistled strains of an old revival song came back to the two rollers, as they set to work to pile up the skidded pieces. Farther off they could hear the blows of the axe and the music of the cross-cut saws. Somewhere a big spruce was crashing dully to the earth. A whiskey-jack chattered noisily in a tree beside them.

Doc listened to it as he worked, and the kin feeling for the woods came over him. It was always there, but at such times it became conscious. Here was home. Here was harmony. Back in the noisy city there was no harmony. Nature was non-existent. Parks? Poor miserable travesties on nature, where houses were still to be seen. High Park? Humph! One might escape the houses for two minutes, but there was the smug, becollared and hatted humanity, with its shams and its greed, its cars and its smug roads. A park tree was a poor exile. If it were of the true kin it would die. If it were not, it would live, a pampered slave, but with no power to stir his blood.

But here the trees were kinsmen of his own, living in freedom, and dying when they lost that freedom. The dark gloom of the evergreen woods was like that dear withdrawal of the light when you bury your tired face against your mother's breast. There could be no loneliness, no isolation here. The sounds that were now in his ears were part of the forest symphony. Strangely enough, even Pete's song at that moment seemed to him to belong. And a great, even a reverent peace was stealing over him.

"Say, what did you butt in fer?" demanded Jim suddenly. He had to repeat the question. Doc stared at him awhile.

"Tell you later," he said shortly.

"Doc's got another streak," thought Jim, and he began to add to the symphony the rather doubtful charm of his rendering of "The Jam at Gerry's Rock".

Not until they were trudging along the tote road on their way to camp that night did Doc vouchsafe any explanation. Then he laughed softly.

"So you want to know what I butted in for?"

"Bet yer hat I do—Jiminy Cricketts, but it's cold, ain't it? Them old mitts of mine has got to hang out until Sunday.

'Six days shalt thou rip an' tear,
On the seventh mend an' repair.'

That's the Commandment, ain't it? Now shoot her out, Doc."

"Well, we're going to have a Christmas Tree."

"Hoky, poky! Well, by the piper as played before Moses! Little Bibles an' all, and dollar ante an' everything?"

"Good-night! No. It's a little ruse of mine, whereby we get to have a little wet stuff to keep Christmas as she ought to be kept."

"By the lop-eared lamb! You don't mean it. Come off. You're kiddin' me. Nothin' doin'."

"No, I'm not kidding you. This is the idea. The old skate would be just tickled to death if we asked him if we could have a Christmas Tree. He'd fall over himself to let us have it. We'll just do that same, an' if we can't draw to four aces I miss my guess."

"What the deuce can we do with a Christmas Tree?"

"We'll get leave to send out for presents, and every timber beast of us will get some other feller a bottle of rye. We'll put 'em on the tree in nice little packages. He can't peep when it gets that far."

Jim stood still in the middle of the road for a moment. Then he proceeded to slap his leg and administer tremendous blows to his companion, between his spasms of laughter.



EXECUTIVE OF CLASS 1917.

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|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|--|------------------------------|
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"By the piper as played before Moses, if that don't skin hell, I'm bust. You ought to be Governor-General, you ought."

"We'll get Billies fer the boss an' Pete, you know. I'll hit the old man up for it to-night, if I get a chance. So mum's the word till to-morrow."

The boss fairly beamed on Doc when the latter made his request.

"A Christmas Tree? Well, I just reckon you kin have a tree. Now that's what I call keeping Christmas the way she ought to be kept. An' we'll have some plum puddin's an' things, an' fix the old shack up with them red cow-bells an' things you get out at the Soo. An' we'll be all hunky-dory an' nice an' sober."

Nevertheless, the foreman looked rather sharply at Doc, and a puzzled expression came into his eyes for a moment. Doc had always been an enigma to him as well as a source of anxiety.

"I suppose it'll be all right for the boys to send out with the tote teamster for any little things they want to put on the tree?"

"Sure thing. It'll be fine." The boss rubbed his hands in genuine, whole-souled delight. Then he looked again quickly at Doc, who smiled slightly. "It always did kinder get on me to see the boys go out on a tear on Christmas day. I'm much obliged to you, Doc, if you started this thing. I figure you're helping the Lord by it."

Doc winced a little, but said nothing. An awkward pause ensued, and then the clerk came in with some papers. Doc gladly seized the opportunity to escape.

"This rot about helpin' the Lord gets my goat," he muttered to himself. "The old fool'll get that notion knocked endways pretty soon."

Then he looked up. The blue-gold stars were dancing in the frosty sky. The moon had gone down. A faint glow of the sad, restless Aurora rose above the trees and fell again into the white gloom. The snow creaked under his feet as he shifted them. The sharp crack of a frost-bound tree

resounded like the report of a rifle. From the sleeper behind him came the shouts of laughter and the scraping of a violin. Some one was singing, too.

“Come all you bold shanty boys,
And list while I relate
The story of a bold sha—ntyman,
And his unti—mely fate,
The story of a bold shanty boy,
So manly, true and brave,
'Twas on the Jam at Gerry's Rock
He met a watery grave.”

Doc turned and strode off to the east along the tote road. The woods were his Nirvana, where he sank his weary personality into the vast spirit of the wilderness All. The Lord was in the woods, and Doc worshipped Him and knew it not.

It was a little after seven next morning when he told Jim of the success of his mission. They were engaged in the strenuous task of “getting warmed up”.

“Ring-tailed snorter of a mornin’,” said Jim, as he banged his hands against a poplar, and then savagely picked up his axe and began to trim off a few knots that the choppers had left. “Hey, watch yer smeller, Doc, it's gettin' pale.”

“Some cold, all right, all right,” said Doc, as he vigorously applied the hard, scintillating snow to his freezing nose. “She's below 40, or I'll give you the whole jackpot. But there's Pete at his old trade.”

“Yep,—whooping up the glory, glory. It's tough luck fer poor old Prince. If he wasn't bog-spavined an' sweenied, he'd clear out, I'll bet. Oh say, Doc, how about this here Christmas Tree? Anythin' doin'?”

“Well, I just kind of guess there is. It's the real and genuine hot stuff for ours.”

“By the jumpin' Jemimer, you're a royal flusher all right, Doc. The boy's 'll be keen.”

“Keen's no word for it. I was talking to the McIvors this morning an' a couple of others, and they're feeling—”

“Feeling so good they can most taste themselves, eh? But Pete, what about him? He's comin' now.”

"Oh, we'll jolly him along. A fellow can't help liking Pete, even if he is a religious fool. Well, Pete, not froze solid yet?"

"Oh no," replied Pete, after he had unhooked and turned his horse around. "Oh no, but I will say that we have had it hotter." Then he began to whistle, started after his horse, and turned. "Doc?"—He hesitated.

"Go on, Pete," encouraged Doc.

"Did you hear anything about the McIvor boys and some others goin' to get in whiskey for Christmas, and puttin' it on a Christmas Tree?"

Doc glanced swiftly at Pete, then at Jim, and back again at Pete. Then he laughed. "Don't you believe it, Pete. They were just talking through their hats. I guess I'd know if anything was doing."

"But that there Christmas Tree was straight goods, Pete," put in Jim. "The firm is gettin' candy an' tracts to put on it."

"I was hopin' they wasn't goin' to get that whiskey and put it on," said Pete. "If a man wants a drink, why it's his own look out, but it's kind of more like insultin' the Lord to put it on a Christmas Tree. That's for the children. My kids at home 'll be havin' one, I hope. It seems like playin' poker in church.—Well, it ain't hot enough to stand an' talk."

Both Doc and Jim grinned. But they remained silent and Pete drove off. Nor did either speak until the load was piled back. The next man had not come in.

"Well, by the piper as played before Moses!" said Jim finally. "That there Pete can kind of put it up to a feller, too, eh, Doc?"

Doc nodded meditatively.

"There's something in what you say, Jim. Pete's a fool, but he's such a damned, honest, consistent fool, that he makes you sort of wince sometimes for a minute. The boss is something like him too, after all. An' I guess I'm not quite free yet of all my old kid ideas and training."

Jim was encouraged.

"No more ain't I, Doc. I ain't no candidate fer wings, but I ain't no infidel, either. It's a queer mess when you think about it, ain't it? I can't say as I'm keen to sizzle down where you don't need any overcoat, an' yet I'd hate to have to go to th' other place, along with the preachers, where you have local option forever an' you can't get up a hand o' poker, an' nobody damns you up an' down."

"Take it from me, the preachers up there 'll be scarcer than hen's teeth, Jim."

This, being a common camp dictum, required no comment.

"But, by the humpin' Hezekier, Pete don't make you think o' sizzlin' er wing-flappin', either one. He acts as if it were a workin' proposition fer now. But not fer mine yet, Doc, not fer mine."

"And there's no other way of getting the joy juice."

"No more there ain't, Doc. Christmas Tree an' the nice little packages fer ours."

"Oh, I had not mowed twice roun' that field,
When a big, black snake come an' bit me on the heel.
 Ri-tiddy-um-a-day,
 Ri-tiddy-um-a-day,
 Ri-tiddy-um-a-day.
 Ri-tiddy-um, ri-tiddy-um-aday."

During the next few days a feeling of excitement, not very well suppressed, was abroad in the camp. The support of the scheme was enthusiastic and unanimous, except for the clerk, who didn't drink, but who preserved absolute neutrality, and Pete who knew nothing about it. Those who were not anxious for the whiskey were eager for the joke. Pete seemed quite oblivious to the great wave, and the boss appeared to entertain no suspicions. He was beamingly benign.

Three days before Christmas the tote sleigh jingled gaily off to the Soo. In addition to the teamster were the man who had been entrusted with the various little orders for Christmas gifts, and Pete, who had private business in town. The events of that day are not very clearly fixed in the minds



VICTORIA COLLEGE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

EXECUTIVE, 1914-15.

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| Mission Study. | Church Relationships. | Membership. | | |

of two out of these three. The cold spell still persisted. In fact, these two were so chilled by the time they reached the Soo that they were obliged to take several straight shots at once. Pete did not imbibe. Soon after this they had a long and hilarious interview with the proprietor of the Queen's, and the boy was sent out for a miscellaneous assortment of boxes and blue ribbon and tissue paper. Later a boisterous group spent several hours in wrapping up and tying the aforementioned boxes. Before this was done, the two saw to it that a perfectly good flask of Rye Seal went into each box. Then all were put together in one large soap box and carefully set in the bottom of the load when it started back next day. Pete had had to buy the provisions, and he was also obliged to drive most of the way back to where the gang vociferously greeted their return. All the boxes were carried into the office, while the men stood respectfully back, as if at a funeral. Never before had the return of the tote sleigh excited such interest. As the last package disappeared into the office Jim slipped over to Doc

"Say, Doc, wouldn't it be nice if we was to have our little presents over in the sleeper?" he whispered.

"Not much," replied the other. "The boys'd want to look at the nice things before it was time an' spoil it all."

Pete went into the office after supper and had a long talk with the boss. It lasted, indeed, until the boys insisted that the two of them must be having a season of prayer. When he finally opened the door of the sleeper softly and stole over to his bunk the camp was in darkness, and no sounds were to be heard save the crackling of the still burning fire and the snoring of the men.

Christmas Eve came at last,—cold, clear, gloriously moonlit. Doc felt its call as he walked over to the office, where the tree was set up in all its glory, its branches bending beneath their weight of candy bags and neatly wrapped boxes of assorted sizes.

"We'll slip out for a swig after the show," he said to Jim, who nodded.

The office was almost filled with gay and eager men. The foreman was cordiality incarnate.

"Now boys," said the clerk, as he mounted the stool by the tree, "first of all, the boss and the firm wishes you a Merry Christmas."

The men applauded loudly.

"That's the dope, all right," said Jim, "if he was only rigged out fer old Santy."

"Next an' secondly," continued the clerk, after order had been restored, "comes a little word or two on this tree business. I ain't got anything to say about the presents. (Laughter and renewed applause.) I'm dead sure there ain't no flies on 'em. (Prolonged applause.) But there's one thing I want you to do. Don't anybody start tearing open these dinky little boxes till everybody's ready fer a fair start. Wait till you all gets your little hand-out,—and then one, two, three, the bumble bee, the rooster crows, an' away she goes, gentlemen, away she goes."

The effect of this peroration was indescribable. The men stamped and clapped and laughed in sheer abandon. Even the boss had to dry his eyes with his shirt cuff.

Doc, who had already received his little consignment, winked at Jim as the latter stepped up for his. Again Jim nodded, and the two worked their way to the door.

"Better wait till you get to the sleeper before you open 'em," suggested Doc to one or two of the men. "We don't want to rub it into the boss too hard."

The two men strode swiftly out past the buildings, out to where the moon was shining brightly on the polished ice of the wide, hard road, flanked by its snow-covered piles of brush and the mass of low, second-growth spruce. A big moose stalked into the light, sniffed in their direction, and then shambling off down the gleaming silver band.

"Well, by the weary Wendigo, you take the pie crust all right, Doc," cried Jim, as they proceeded to unwrap the boxes.

"Hold on, we'll start with mine. Here's lookin' at you, Jim," and Doc pulled the top off the box. "Well, by all that's good and holy!—I thought it was sort of light,"—and he held it out to Jim,—a neat little, black, cloth-bound Bible.



Back Row.—E. A. BLATCHFORD,
Ath. Rep.

Front Row.—Miss V. McCONNELL,
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EXECUTIVE OF CLASS 1918.

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Ath. Rep.

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President.

Jim gasped and stared in absolute stupefaction. Then he swore. Then he laughed. He swore again, and then he laughed, loud and long. Doc joined him.

"By the piper as played before Moses! I'm agoin' to keep mine. The boss and Pete is maybe a little nutty on the hallelujah hump,—but—take it from me, Doc, take it from me,—they ain't no fools."

The Mission of Jesus

CAMILLA SANDERSON.

Above the earth a veil of darkness hung,
Nor gleam of light beneath that veil was found,
For over all the pall of night was flung,
And every space was filled with fateful sound.
Dumb were the singers, mute the harpers' strings,
And listening angels stood with drooping wings.

The world was full of violence, and men
Strove each with other for the foremost place.
The weak were crushed. Again and yet again
The helpless cried for mercy; but the race
Was to the swift, the battle to the strong,
For might was right, and might upheld the wrong.

Heaven's joy was hushed; and then a voice was heard,—
"Lo! here am I, My Father, bid Me go
That I may give to men Thy Living Word;
And by My life among them I will show
The greatness of that law, all laws above,
Thine own eternal, saving law of love".

The Sea

EDWIN J. PRATT, '11

Tell me thy secret O sea,
The mystery sealed in thy breast,
Low breathe it in whispers to me,
A child of thy fevered unrest.

'Tis midnight, and from me has sleep
Flown afar like a bird on the wing,
All tired is my life as I weep
Through a winter that knows not a spring.

I come now to know of thy will,
O sweeten my spirit with calm!
And into my pulses distil
An answer cooled in thy balm.

Why dost thou respond to my plea
With naught but a minor refrain?
Thy voice in a moan floats to me,
As an echo sobbed out from my pain.

Hast thou a grief too like mine,
That never heals with the years,
A bosom entombing a shrine,
Bedewed by the offering of tears?

Where lies my loved one to-night,
Beneath thy green mantle so wide?
I would that his slumber were light,
To wake with the flow of the tide.

Should he not wake, bear him this—
An amaranth plucked from my heart,
Wreath it soft in his dreams with a kiss,
Then return, and ere I depart

On the flood of my soul's overflow,
Borne on by my loss from the wild
Of this life, from its strife, let me know
How he slept, let me know if he smiled.



VICTORIA COLLEGE MEN'S COUNCIL, 1914-1915.

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Potatoes—In War and in Peace

C. C. JAMES, '83.

The two greatest potato-growing countries in the world are at war, Germany and Russia. Following these two countries in order of production are Austria-Hungary, France, the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, and Belgium. Must the United States also come in? This common, homely, plebeian product of the soil has contributed to the sustenance of the people, played a most important part in the development of great industries, and to-day forms a most appreciated and necessary part of the soldiers' ration at the front. Without potatoes and sugar beets Germany to-day would probably not be the ambitious, warring nation that she is, for on these two crops, more than any others, she has built up her wonderful agricultural industry which formed the basis on which she constructed her industrial and commercial prosperity. And, strange to say, she owes a debt to France for both of these field crops. Beet sugar was a product of French investigation and necessity in the Napoleonic era, and potatoes as a European food, as we shall show later, came into use through Louis XVI.

Germany has utilized potatoes for enriching her light soils and sugar beets for rendering productive her heavy soils. She annually grows 8,000,000 acres of potatoes, producing over 1,600,000,000 bushels. Russia comes next in production. Thus we see that Germany has a potato crop nearly approaching in area our prairie wheat in Western Canada.

What does she do with it? Twelve per cent. for seed, 40 per cent. for feeding live stock, 28 per cent. for human food, 6 per cent. for alcohol, 4 per cent. for starch, and 10 per cent. for loss and waste.

It is a crop which the old men, the women and the children can grow and therefore it may play a very important part in feeding the people during the war, for the Germans have

developed to a large extent the processes of evaporating the tubers whereby the food can be concentrated and stored. Even now potato meal is being used for mixing with wheat and rye flour. It is useful for sustaining a people on short rations, but it will not be sufficient to maintain the army fighting in the trenches. As a source of alcohol it may be useful as fuel for motors when petrol gives out. Germany's immense potato crop, with a big surplus over home requirements, must not be overlooked in studying the situation; but it should be remembered that a sustaining ration for the people at home is one thing and a fighting ration for the soldier in the field or at the front is quite another.

So much for some suggestions as to the potato in the war. A few words now as to the potato in times of peace.

In the month of December last the French peasants paid their respects to the memory of Parmentier, the apothecary, who died in December, 1813, by placing garlands on the statue which had been erected to commemorate his great contribution to France's welfare. It was he who won the prize for discovering to the French people a new plant that could be used as food in times of famine. And yet the *Encyclopedia Britannica* gives him no place and its article on the potato fails even to mention his name.

The potato had originated in America, and samples had been brought from Peru. The medical doctors issued warnings against its use, claiming that it would cause fever and leprosy. But Parmentier found that it was rich in starch and he was encouraged to experiment with it. A bouquet of the beautiful blossoms was sent to the King (Louis XVI.). He wore it in his buttonhole and public attention was at once favourably attracted to it. Follow up the story of its spread through Europe. The almost universal adoption of it in Ireland has a special interest for us in Canada, for it was the potato famine in Ireland in 1846 that started the great Irish emigration to Upper Canada sixty-seven years ago. In 1847, 90,150 persons came to Upper Canada and of these no less than 50,360 came from Ireland. And a word also about the Colorado Beetle, more familiarly known to us when

boys as "the potato bug". When we were sprinkling Paris Green upon the bushy tops of the potato plants we little knew and perhaps cared less whence they came—we were more concerned as to their speedy departure. The name Colorado Beetle, of course, suggests the country of their origin—but how came they to be in the East? The gold and silver of Peru were responsible for the potato travelling east across the Atlantic, the gold of California was responsible for the eastern migration of the Beetle. The trek of the Forty Niners across the continent made trails that were marked by a succession of camping grounds. Refuse food here and there left portions of potato peelings from which sprang up potato plants. At last the narrow string of plants reached Colorado, the aboriginal home of the beetle, where it fed on a species of wild potato, *solanum rostratum*. It was like constructing a transcontinental potato road, and when it was completed the Colorado Beetles began their slow but sure journey eastward, every plant being, so to speak, a restaurant station on the way. It took just twenty years for these beautiful creatures to reach the eastern slope and to make their way into Ontario. It may interest you to know that they crossed the Detroit River in 1870, and their coming was signalled by the Ontario Government appointing in June, 1871, a Commission or Committee to enquire as to the intentions of these new immigrants. Edmund Baynes Reed, and Dr. William Saunders, who died on the 13th of September, 1914, made the investigation and prepared the report. Then began the long battle with Paris Green. We call bread the staff of life and we think of wheat as being a great staple field crop and food supply—but did it ever occur to you that the potato, as a rule, goes in advance of wheat? Go to the remote settlements, push on to the limits of pioneer life and you will find potatoes growing before the fields are cleared for the wheat. This is so particularly in a wooded country. What an important part "the potato patch" has played in the settlement of this Province! Our history has not been written or studied very much from that standpoint. The historians and story writers did not think there was any

romance in this tuber. "Familiarity breeds contempt". Perhaps when Delawares or Irish Cobblers are a dollar or more a bushel, instead of strong expressions about the cost of living, we may lighten the situation by recalling what an important part the potato has played in helping us to where we are. The writers of Scotland have in recent years given us the stories of "the kailyard". Perhaps Canada may some day give us the story of "Polly of the Potato Patch". Here's to the potato, great in war, great in peace, and great, let us hope, in the appreciation of the people!





VICTORIA COLLEGE Y.W.C.A. EXECUTIVE, 1914-15.

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Lower Row: Miss E. Chisholm (Secretary); Miss F. Walker (Plaintiff); Miss E. Robertson (President); Mrs. A. L. Langford (Hon. President); Miss N. French (Vice-President); Miss B. Corrigan (Treasurer).

Victoria in Transition

GEORGE H. LOCKE, '93.

It is an interesting academic question as to how many years must have passed ere a College man may be allowed among the "reminiscent" class. The editor has solved it in my case when he remembered that it is now twenty-five years since I dwelt at Northcote Hall in the college town of Cobourg, a Freshman along with my fellows, Lazier, Shore, Rosevear and Dick Johnston the theological Freshman. And we were well initiated into the mysteries of college life by the remainder of that famous House, Sanford, Billy Smith, Keenleyside, Wells, Binus Clarke and Jimmy Minns. So far as I know all are now alive except Jackson Sanford to whom at that time life seemed full of promise.

When our class assembled in the old Alumni Hall it was recognized, in the language of 1914, that we were "some class" and the Chancellor seemed to have a special welcome for us—at least we thought so. Victoria in those days had no material wealth and the smoke of the Federation Battle had not died away. There was an air of unrest which, however, did not affect our happy spirits for we plunged into everything, except work. We rebelled against the honoured customs and were brought to time only when the upper classes joined with the small and mild Sophomore class and held a general college gathering to discuss our future. We were not "Bobbed", the reason being given in the preceding sentence. But when we returned the second year reinforced by Kay and Peart and other irreconcilables we resuscitated or resurrected the "Bob" in all its pristine splendor. In fact we brought again to life every old Victoria custom about which we had heard before we came to College, and as a parting greeting to the town the old skeleton of the Museum dangled from the Tower with the legend "This will be Cobourg

when we are gone". This famous legend was ascribed by the town policeman to "Ned" Burwash or "Putt" Hayden.

But we happened to be the class which was really Methodist in its habits. We had been *three* years in Cobourg and we were called to pack up the "movables", including the Faculty, and seek to fill the new buildings erected in Queen's Park with some at least of the old College spirit which had made Victoria beloved by its alumni. Well, we moved "shortly after the rising of Conference" and after a holiday, came into our new building and admired the architects' drawing in Dr. Potts' office of the new University Residence which was *soon* to be erected. It was a trying year for everybody, but there was a *Conversazione* (on the night of the worst storm in a decade) a "Bob", a Senior Dinner, a Rink, a Ball Team, an Alley Board and a Tennis Tournament. We were missionaries, trying to show University College, which was even more difficult to distinguish from "the university" than it is now, that we too had lived in Arcadia and used that famous mixture.

That year witnessed also the discovery of the College Library around which had gathered many famous legends. Richard Johnston, now the Librarian of the Railways Library at Washington, found this collection of books which hitherto had been unknown to us and another addition to our fame as a class was established.

I had almost forgotten to say that we brought Robert and his dog with us from Cobourg. Robert often told us that we were the only class he had ever cared for and he used his carefully guarded phrase "my boy" whenever he addressed any of us.

And now as one looks back upon those days, looks back with the feeling that all the cares since those days are for the moment cast aside, there comes the appreciation for those men who

"Taught us common sense,
Tried to teach us common sense,
Truth and God's own common sense,
Which is more than knowledge."

The twenty-five years which have passed somewhat lightly over us have taken away from Victoria the older men on the Faculty and there are but few remaining of those who by their example, their wide outlook, their profound learning, and their sympathy with crude youth enabled us to become college-educated men in whose hearts are enshrined to-day the memories of those great men. We were fortunate in having men of maturity as our teachers, men to whom the recitation of a lesson was not the main end, but the ability to attack a subject and the disposition to relate that subject to the conduct of life.

“This we learned from famous men
Knowing not we learned it.
Only as the years went by,
Lonely, as the years went by,
Far from help, as years went by,
Plainer we discerned it.”





EXECUTIVE OF CLASS '15, VICTORIA COLLEGE, FALL TERM, 1914.

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A Haven about Lake Louise

ELIZABETH PARKER.

"Such lovers old are I and she".—BROWNING.

Old lovers of our mountains, those who began to love them in the eighties and nineties, view with dismayed hearts the ravages, misnamed improvements, which have been going on at Lake Louise. They look back with longing to that summer when they tented on its margin; and to the years of the wee log chalet which somehow got itself burned; but most of all to the larger inn which is the nucleus of the present pretentious and commodious chateau. For many a year as the chalet grew bigger and bigger to accommodate the increasing invasions of the seasons, that nucleus, in a very human sense, was also the heart of the hotel. But let us say inn, it suits so much better. It continued to be a hostel of that hospitable kind. When the fire burned and the flames laughed out a welcome from the huge fireplace, the little singing hearthgods were merry. And the guests foregathered by the same ingle in the old fashion recounting the day's discoveries—that hanging valley round the corner of the cliff, or that perfect park just under a precipice, or that gem of a peak with a fine cliff-glacier—and the day's exploits; or perhaps spinning yarns of big game and big fish in hunting and fishing grounds across the world. Now the little hearthgods are dumb—very likely they have fled. The improvements have done it; these, and the loud clamorous multitude.

So it is that the pilgrims who once were wont to take sanctuary by that lovely alpine lake now travel westwards past Laggan; or they suffer a night at the chateau and take the trail in the morning seeking some known recess among the mountains and pitching their tents by another lake or little river miles away from Concrete and Fashion. The thing is still possible, and will be for some decades yet, albeit

the pilgrim must travel farther and farther into the splendid wilderness.

Within the mountains known as the Lake Louise Group are many hidden places of exceeding loveliness and grandeur. In passing, if you wish to get a comprehensive view of that group as a unit, take either of three trails north: to Ptarmigan Pass, into the Pipestone, or along the Upper Bow Valley. Looking south or south east as your valley may require, you will see the Lake Louise Range, compact and oval; and you will recognize a score and more of magnificent glacier mountains with clusters of lesser peaks, an assembly separate, reserved. You forget the valleys and rivers and peaks that lie between, O'Hara, Moraine and all the familiar tarns and meadows, so close do the mountains come together against the blue horizon. And by changing a word you may make your own those lines of Paracelsus touching the mountain forest:

"The herded peaks commune and have deep thoughts;
A secret they assemble to discuss."

I doubt if you could get a more intelligent grasp of this striking range from the summit of Mt. Hector than from that mountain's side where the sparse upper timber grows. From that fine camping ground hard by the upper Bow trail, the range stands forth a brotherhood of noble snowy mountains set apart.

Whether Mt. Assiniboine, twenty miles farther southeast and hidden from view, belongs to this range I do not know. Like Mt. Robson north, it dominates its region. I once had a notion that it was the only mountain there worth climbing, but there are other worthy peaks in that little-known and fascinating region. And the lakes are a marvel. Dr. Longstaff spoke about three, out of the thirteen lying around the base of Mt. Assiniboine, as no mean rivals of Lake Louise or Lake O'Hara in shape, colour and alpine setting. And Mr. Wheeler is enraptured with the whole Assiniboine country and with the two routes leading to the mountain. If he persuades the Governments, or the C.P.R. Company, or better still, all three, to improve the two main trails and to build



V.C.A.C. EXECUTIVE, 1914-15.

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three wayside inns in the shape of comfortable log shacks, Mt. Assiniboine will cease to be a shrine for the rich tourist only. And I think he will succeed. At present a visit there means an expedition with pack-train at a handsome outlay. With half-way chalets on both trails and another at the mountain, each in charge of a trusty person, such a visit would become a very simple matter to the pilgrim without large means while the rich pilgrim might still travel with tents and horses and guides and such imposing paraphernalia as he might invent. All that is needed is an ample knapsack, a stout staff and a true mountain-pilgrim's heart. The chalets will do the rest. In this way only can the Matterhorn of the Rockies become familiar to the increasing number of Canadians who are getting acquainted with their own mountains, learning to climb them and to know the spell of the long forest trails by valley and pass. The Alpine Club has had the largest part in this education; but that is another story and one which I hope to tell ere long.

Speaking of pilgrims and pack-trains: pilgrimage is neither of wealth nor of poverty, it is of the high heart and the rugged spirit. The purse and the body are both subservient to the true pilgrim soul, however convenient the sinews of travel may be, however joyful our physical vigour. One of the charming essays by those high-hearted young climbers in the "Oxford Mountaineering Essays" is written around the analogy between the mountaineer and the mediaeval pilgrim. But your true mountaineer *is* a pilgrim. His road is the trail, his tavern the bivouac, and his shrine the mountain's summit above the virgin snows where blow the virgin winds. He is not like a pilgrim, he *is* one; and in the hard exercise of climbing and in the marvels of mountain beauty, "now minute and now immense", which suddenly break upon his sight as he climbs, he learns much that he could never learn in the beckoning valleys, beautiful and mysterious as they may be. He will not likely be able to tell it, but he has gained a spiritual possession. That is, if he be a true pilgrim of the alpine mountains.

But I have wandered. When I began to write, I meant to turn my mind away from those various new climbing grounds—Canadians have no idea of the vastness and variety of their alpine territory—which have been discovered of late years, and to record some recollections of Lake Louise before the invasion of the multitude, when its English name was new and its shores were lovely with mountain flowers. The Indians called it the Lake of Little Fishes, and the frequent avalanches they named Thunder from the big Snow Mountain.



LAKE LOUISE.

I first saw the lake in the fall of the year, going over the oldest road of all to the homely little log inn which had beds for less than a dozen guests. I suppose no one will ever forget the moment when that glorious sight burst upon him. Such times and such places make us "prize our memory, feel that she hath eyes". The driver that carried me in found an artist in his overcoat waiting to be carried out to the train. He was still sketching; and as he closed the sketch-book and

took his seat in the waggon, he turned once more to the lake saying fervently, "I *hate* to leave this place". And I, who had but a night and a day to stay, made the most of my legs and my eyes. Never until after that first visit to Lake Louise did I enter into the meaning of Wordsworth's familiar poem about the Daffodils. I certainly made the most of my time; and, but for the frailty of the flesh, had sat by the window all through the starlit night. But I was up bright and early, and alone I tramped upward to the lakes, not "in the clouds" that blue morning. I went rather fast in the cold crisp air, seeing no living thing but squirrels and one eagle slowly beating the blue above, and knowing no weariness nor fear, but only exaltation of spirit as I stepped off the ladder, dropped the rope and swung round to Lake Agnes lying in the lap of Mt. Whyte. I broke thin ice in the lake and thought of a cool silver shock in the pool's living water. That was its colour, and in those days we were apt to think in terms of Browning. Many a summer have I carried Browning and Wordsworth to the Mountains; and without them, certainly without Wordsworth, I had missed much of the largeness of mountain beauty. True, Byron and Shelley and Coleridge and Matthew Arnold and Watts Dutton have sung songs of the Swiss Alps; and of late years, mountaineers have turned into good lyric their manifold experience. But Wordsworth is the poet par excellence for me.

On the way down to the chalet and breakfast, I met the young couple from St. Louis coming up. They were going to climb Mt. Whyte. He had his rifle, and I told him about the eagle. He had been watching for that very bird and also he was after a goat. She wore a short skirt which she would discard and cache at the end of the trail, she said. They were charming people, well-bred and well content. They had come up to Banff in the spring but had been at Lake Louise ever since the chalet opened, tramping every trail that had then been blazed and climbing most of the well-tried mountains. They stayed on till the very last day, leaving the place with regret. "Let us come again next year," she said.

It was a famishing pilgrim that sat down to a late breakfast in the dining room that morning. The one waiter, whose duties were various, left me to myself, a custom, as I learned later, and one of the social assets of the inn. Indeed, I am not sure but that the waiter and the chef were one man, just as the manager was also the bookkeeper and general factotum. The meals were palatable, and comfortable too; and the large room had an air of country hospitality in spite of the manager's desk in one corner. The logs blazed all day in the fireplace; and after dinner the lamps were put out and the company sat about the laughing flames and talked. There was not even a piano then. The fellowship was like that of the bivouac by compatible vagabonds after a hard and jolly day's work—I mean play—on trail and mountain. Nobody grumbled, albeit there was no appliance for heating the bath. Anybody could make his own toast by those alluring coals. I asked for marmalade at breakfast and was told that there was none. "But there was a fresh bottle last night," I protested. "It's all gone." "Are you sure? Let me see." And the evidence was with the waiter. Now, was that not a home-like inn?

The trail around the lake, since trod by so many thousands, was a greater joy then, for the mountain flowers on either margin were left to bloom undisturbed. Now you must diverge from the path to find the flowers, and if you climb the steep meadow that runs up from the trail under the Beehive you will see to-day a wild garden to delight you. On that sunny September day that I first walked to the debris-covered glacier, the only signs of bloom were such as we see at home when summer is ended. In later summers I saw them, before the tourist had torn them up, root and branch. But nothing can destroy the changing views of mountain and glacier as you walk; and nothing can spoil the magic colours of the lake with their swift chameleon changes. They tell me that a concrete dam has raised the water just high enough to kill the trees on its margin. Then, a few years ago the talus of Mt. Fairview, one of the most beautiful in all the Rockies, was marred by an unnecessary trail. I



VICTORIA COLLEGE ATHLETIC UNION EXECUTIVE, 1914-15.

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have not been back since the concrete appeared. I had not the heart. "I could have cried," said one of my party, "when I saw that concrete bridge". She never goes there now, and, as I said, old lovers of the place suffer a night in the Chateau and take the trail in the morning. Why not? Larch Valley just below Sentinel Pass remains a park and sanctuary scarcely disturbed. Those brave larches that grow everywhere in the highest timber, who does not love them above all the trees that beautify the mountain-sides? Let us, instead of vainly grumbling, take some rapture from the memories we amassed when a few tall spruce and short grew between the old hospitable chalet and the lovely lake; when we drank water from the old spring half-way between; when a company of choice spirits could revel there in full possession of the place.



A Personal Interview

JOSEPH T. CLARK.

It is the business of the newspaper writer to interview others. It is seldom, indeed, that he himself is interviewed. This is not to be accounted for on the ground that one writer dislikes to give publicity to the views of another. The explanation of it is that one writer knows that, if another writer has any views that are worth expressing, he has a professional use for them. He needs them in his business. In fact, he needs more of them than he is likely to have.

There is, however, no reason at all why a newspaper writer should not interview himself, and this is what I decided to do, being anxious to ascertain my opinions concerning the present war. As I am well known to myself as a pacifist, and yet, as I find myself vigorously urging Canada to share more largely in the war, I am naturally curious to learn how this comes about. And surely I am entitled to know. So I could not refuse to grant myself an interview; and it may be added that it is a pleasure to interview a man who enters into the spirit of the thing and meets you half way.

"Well," said I, by way of an opening, "what do you think of this war?"

"There is not a particle of use," I replied sharply, "in saying what I think about this war. Everybody thinks of it in the same way."

"But you were a pacifist!"

"I was, and am."

"But you are writing articles urging the sending of large armies from Canada to take part in this war. How can you call yourself a pacifist if you are out with fife and drum recruiting soldiers for war?"

"Well, let me tell you what a pacifist is, and is not. He is not what he is described as being by his enemies. He is a man who believes in peace, and who does not believe in war.



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He repudiates the teaching that, because wars always have been, wars always will be, and that wars, if not actually necessary, are, at least, inevitable."

"But has not this war changed your opinion on that point—this war among highly civilized states in the twentieth century?"

"It has not," said I. "This war is a crime, the greatest of its kind. But let me stick to my point. The man who is a pacifist is one who is resolved that, so far as he is concerned, he will say and do nothing that will tend to cause war, or condone it or familiarize the popular mind with the expectation of it as one of the incidents of life in the planet which we occupy. He aims to bring about a good understanding among peoples of different races and speaking different languages. He wants to be sure, first, that no word or act of his makes for war, and he desires that his own country shall not menace another country. In short he feels that he has certain responsibilities as a citizen of the world."

"All that sounds very fine," I admitted, "but where do we stand now? What is your position in view of the fact that Germany has made war—that she was prepared for war, while our own Empire was not? To some extent, the influence of people with views like yours is responsible for Britain's unpreparedness."

"Now there you are astray. The whole trouble at present comes not from the influence of pacifists in Britain, but from their utter lack of influence in Germany. In this matter the British Empire is, as it ought to be, away in the lead. The error made was in assuming that the Germans were as civilized as ourselves. They are not. What the world needs is an universal language, so that the masses of the people in different countries can get into touch with each other, without having the governing classes interpret for them. They interpret falsely. They keep alive racial distrusts and hatreds."

"But," I said, "you still profess yourself a pacifist, although you urge on this war."

"Yes. There is nobody with so good a right to be enraged just now as the pacifist. He has been badly treated. In good faith he sought to abolish war, he advocated disarmament, he believed what his German acquaintances said, and now he finds that almost as a whole race they have been playing false and making ready for conquest. The evidence of this appears to be too complete to be doubted. What I mean, then, is that this war having been forced on us, nothing remains but to fight it out, drop the thousand and one delicate instruments we have learned to use in civilized life, and take up the axe and the gun and beat off the assailant. The pacifist, after all, is but a preserver of peace. He would have all men pacifists, yet nothing but overwhelming defeat will commend peace to the Germans. If they were able to retain Belgium as a prize of war they would still believe in war. They must experience nothing but loss from this mad undertaking of theirs. Would I favour the carrying of war into Germany? One takes a serious responsibility in answering such a question. But I would drive war out of Belgium and out of France, and I would drive it into Germany whence it came, and where more than anywhere else it deserves to be waged. I would like to see the British Empire put forth armies so great next year that battles would be unnecessary. I would like to see this, because I fully believe, with James Barrie, that the issue in this war is as to whether the soldier or the citizen shall govern the world."

"But what if, in the struggle and owing to victory, your citizen be transformed into a soldier?"

"That may happen. Indeed, there may be much work for the pacifist when this trouble ends."

"Well," said I, "you don't seem to know where you stand, and I ask you plainly,—are you a pacifist or a Jingo?"

And my reply was that every man is both.

The Scarlet Hunter

PAUL A. W. WALLACE, '15.

(According to a legend of the mountains, the Redmen of old lie bound in a deathless sleep beneath the Hills of the Mighty Men. The Scarlet Hunter, a phantom chief who patrols the enchanted mountain, will one day call the sleepers forth, like the Emperor Barbarossa, to inaugurate a new era for their nation by establishing an empire in the far north.)

I.

There's a phantom in the forest,
There's a shadow on the hill,
There's a whisper in the pine-trees,
And the brackens all athrill

Feel the Scarlet Hunter passing,
Softly gliding, swift and free
As the Panther of the Heavens,*
As the foam upon the sea.

All the rivulets and grasses
Cease their murmuring, are still,
When the Scarlet Hunter passes,
And a hush falls on the hill.

Silence, like a shadow falling
On the cedar-scented stream,
Weaves a spell that seems to echo
Silent music in a dream.

II.

Beneath a mountain's misty walls
Trailing a thousand waterfalls
That fill the air with moaning sound
Of sullen music murmuring round
Forsaken fields of ancient snow—
A nation lies, lost long ago.
Lost to an empire old and vast—
Mere mystic memory of the past—
They sleep and dream, a deathless band,
While aeons clothe the barren land
With flower, field, and tree;

*(An Indian name for the falling star.)

Until a voice shall call them forth
 To rule a kingdom of the North,
 A newer empire, vaster far,
 Dominion 'neath the Polar Star
 And by the Arctic Sea.

III.

The Scarlet Hunter rides to the west.
 He sees the red sun sink to rest;
 He feels the mountain wind that blows
 From fields of ice and boundless snows;
 He hears the vibrant waterfall,
 The coyote's cry, the loon's lone call.
 But save the call of the wolf and the bird
 No cry is raised, no voice is heard.
 His ghostly galloping up and down
 Over the uplands gray and brown,
 Over the dusky ridges, then
 Away with the wind to the valley again—
 Weaves a spell on the starlit hill
 With the weary weight of a voice that is still.

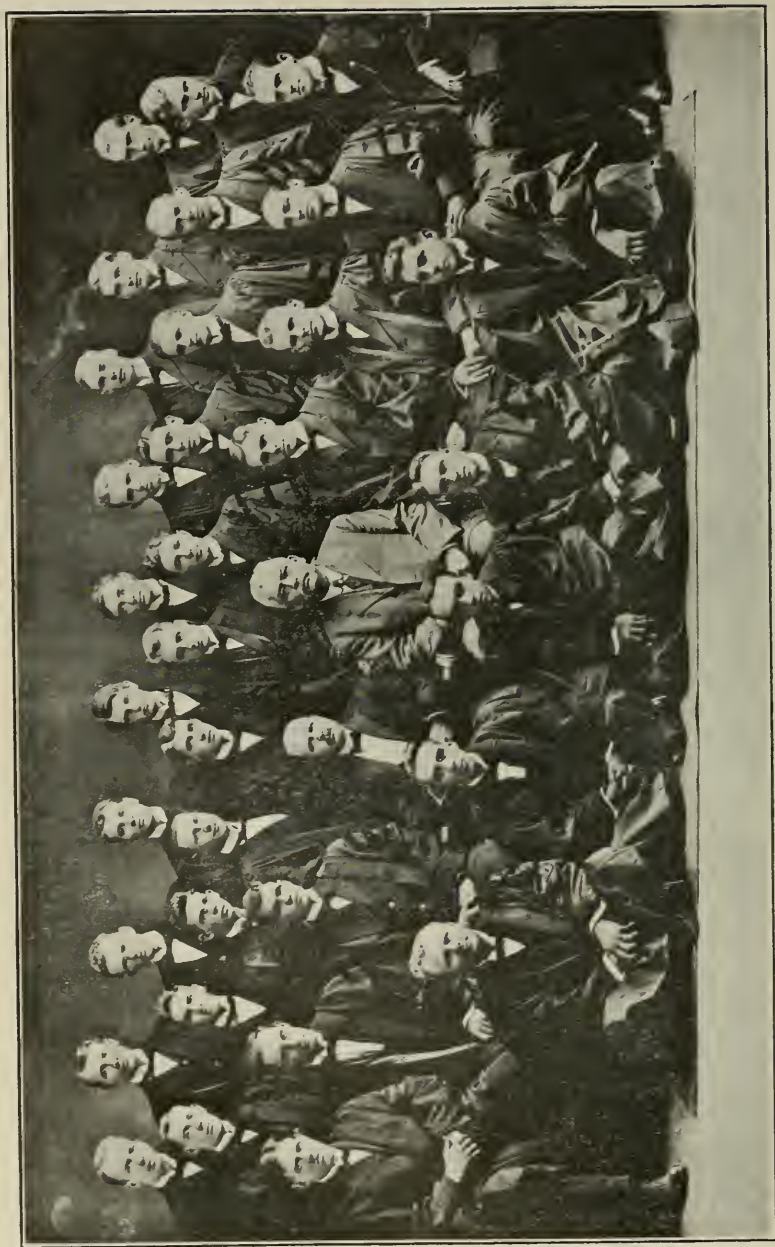
IV.

There's a whisper in the pine boughs,
 There's a murmur through the land
 That the Redmen's day is coming,
 That their empire is at hand;

And the silence leaps asunder,
 For the Scarlet Hunter calls
 Like the peal of mountain thunder,
 Like the sound of many falls.

See, they come, the deathless warriors,
 See, they come, the phantom braves,
 Like the forest leaves in number,
 Like the racing ocean waves.

Far the Scarlet Hunter leadeth
 Where the sun, grown old and dim,
 Creeps along the Arctic margin
 And the white world's glowing rim.
 In the silence, in the shadow,
 Doth the long file follow him.



VICTORIA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB, 1914-15.

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William Butler Yeats

ARTHUR L. PHELPS, '13.

When marching force is crumpled up men turn to belief in the unassailable vitality of ideas. When the material of the visible world seems broken in giant invisible hands and cast to the winds of chaos the idea which made Louvain may rise reborn out of the trouble and agony. Rheims may live again, not in the form of fashioned arch and studied splendour—that was but expression at any time—but in some regained ecstasy of the human heart. At a time of all too easy tribute to militarism and of too hilarious an invocation of the god of Force as a means of making war upon war, superficially, it may seem somewhat difficult to gain an interest for those refined and delicate essences of music, of poetry, of things spiritual which after all constitute the world. But in reality the interest in such things is profoundly revived to-day. Ideas are precious. There is a new stirring of the mood of wonder, of spiritual and artistic endeavour. Humanity is again becoming blessed with the seeing eye for the earth and with the understanding heart for the Universe of Mystery.

William Butler Yeats is of the chief priests who would invoke this blessing upon us. For years he has been calling us away from "the dying of men's hearts which men call the progress of the world", from the "rationalism of the eighteenth century and the materialism of the nineteenth". Present happenings of our generation should make us very ready now to appreciate his message and be his listeners after a fashion toward which previously we were none too prone. Born into the home of an artist in the city of Dublin in 1866, acolyte to Platonism while with a few others he rented a room in a mean street to discuss philosophy, the voice of Ireland, refined, purified and exalted, when his enlarging

mind realized the passion of her mythologies, of her ancient woes, of her ever present wrongs and dreams, to-day he stands with a philosophy more comprehensive than the Platonism of the schools, with a spirit greater than that of Ireland, yet with the soul of both in him,—a priest touching the altar of all things wonderful.

Such a man may not be discussed simply as a dramatist, simply as a poet. That is, to say he is a poor dramatist or a bad poet would not dismiss him. His dramatic work, in words written out his poems in books, are but expressions of what is a vitality, an individualized centre emanating beliefs and dreams. Yeats the believer, Yeats the dreamer is behind Yeats the dramatist. Yeats the poet in a special manner. He makes one to feel constantly that his words are never saying all, that they never compass completely what he would impart. Of course this is always the characteristic of the mystic. His very greatest word, the word most nearly expressing what he would convey, is, in one sense, the most abstract and elusive of all his symbols. It stands for the whole realm of his passionate belief. It is the burning bush. It is the pillar of cloud. It is the flame of fire. The mystic the symbolist is forever trying to catch something too elusive, too subtle to be held within the cage of ordered human utterance however carefully builded. He is always attempting to do the great thing, the thing so great all men call it impossible. And yet, man has always longed to be able to stop the flame of fire or master the wave of sea by deliberate action of the mind. He has always, in some moods, half pitiably, half mightily, believed that if just a little further capability were added, just a moiety more of strength given, like a god he could perform all things and make of all elements, earth and air and fire and water, the obedient servitors of his self gathered will. This widespread desire with reference to things material as we say, is the desire of the mystic and the symbolist with reference to things spiritual. He gives us the feeling that he is always attempting the impossible. He would tell us things that have never been told. And this is Yeats. Always he is upon the tip-toe possibility of the



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Poetess.

impossible, always he would be rendering into our hands unheard of treasures. He would pluck out the stars that we might fondle them. He would offer us the moon in our fingers for our caresses. He would roll the sun past our feet. This if we may be so bold as to suggest as characteristic of him what Francis Thompson makes characteristic of Shelley.

But for what might be called these extravagances of his poetic fancy there is a reasoned and fairly consistent philosophic belief or background. It is not the belief which may be registered in a logical system but it bears the marks of order and definiteness nevertheless as it appears throughout his work. He says,

"I have observed dreams and visions very carefully and am now certain that the imagination has some way of lighting on the truth that the reason has not, and that its commandments delivered when the body is still and the reason silent are the most binding we can ever know."

In his essay on "Magic" he lays down the following with unashamed definiteness as his sincere belief:

"(1) That the borders of our minds are ever shifting and that many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind, a single energy.

"(2) That the borders of our memories are as shifting, and that our memories are a part of one great memory, the memory of nature herself.

"(3) That this great mind and great memory can be evoked by symbols."

In conversation he loved to speak of this. "I believe in the Great Memory," he said, on a railway journey once, looking out of the car window into a world of wintry twilight and snowy hills. He confesses with only half apology to a mundane world the implication of such belief when he says,

"There is a memory of nature that reveals events and symbols of distant centuries. . . . of which if many knew . . . many would go out of Parliaments and Universities and libraries . . . to so hush the mind . . . that they might pass the doors the dead pass daily; for who among the wise would trouble himself in making laws or in writing history or in

weighing the earth if the things of eternity seemed ready to hand.'

Concluding his essay he says, with a half smile I imagine, yet with whole committal,

"I have now described that belief in magic which has set me all but unwilling among those lean and fierce minds who are at war with their time."

Yet with all his great beliefs and passionate desire for their acceptance Yeats is never the loud propagandist, never the uncouth prophet. He would woo us to believing; he would never drive. In all he writes and says there is the spirit of humbleness and of the child naiveté which is the soul of the innocence and power which inherits the world. "I have felt an increasing desire to be spiritually humble in all my work," he said. This characteristic of childlikeness belonging to the true poet will bear investigation. Again and again, by virtue of his ingenious insight, his innocence, his pure desires, the true poet seems to us like a child. The dramas and poems of Yeats are full of this naiveté, this innocence and spiritual humbleness which claims the world and the universe. He makes Old Wandering Aengus speak of

"The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun. . . ."

In a real sense his poems and dramas are themselves but symbols of the realm to which he would introduce us. So it is that we must pay to his pages the tribute due to work voicing a reverent and passionate belief. We must read them, we must study them in the attempt to discover if we can what they would give to us, what realm they would introduce us to, what they would teach us. Of course it is not suggested that we miss Yeats if we do not do this. We may read him in a random way casually, receiving rare enjoyment. The ear will be pleased with "Rhythms that are faint and nervous and filling his images with a certain coldness, a certain wintry wildness", that are subtly delightful as intricate music. As witness to this, note the poem "The Withering of the Boughs" or the following, "The Everlasting Voices":

"O sweet everlasting voices be still;
Go to the guards of the heavenly fold
And bid them wander obeying your will
Flame under flame, till Time be no more;
Have you not heard that our hearts are old,
That you call in birds, in wind on the hill,
In shaken boughs, in tide on the shore?—
O sweet everlasting Voices be still."

But to read his books casually will not discover the soul of Yeats to us. It will not discover his message. He has a message. It is behind the words of every one of his pages. He does not declaim. He does not exhort. "One imagines when one pleases when the eyes are closed," he says, and then he tells to us his dream and asks us to share it with him if we will. He is never ponderous in his endeavour to deliver his message as Wordsworth often seems to be. But he would be a teacher nevertheless, if we would be drawn away from the uncaring world awhile, to listen well and to "murmur over again the singer's thought after him".

So far the attempt has been to give to the beliefs and theories of William Butler Yeats in some degree their place in the world of progress and things. As may have been gathered he is part of what may be called the mystic and symbolist movement in the literature of to-day; he is an avowed disciple of Blake. It becomes now necessary in a paragraph or two to discuss the form in which he has embodied his ideas and to arrive at some estimate of its artistic value.

The work divides itself very readily. The plays may be first referred to. They are all of them the children of a love and a dream,—the love of Ireland with her storied antiquity of "God's and Fighting Men" and her yet cherished hopes, the dream of the return of the day of poetic beauty to the stage. Yeats would away with the realism of "stucco and cardboard". He would place in its stead the realism of musical beauty in speech and "infinite suggestiveness" in stage adjustment and scenery. He would ask for an audience with stored minds and alert imaginations



EXECUTIVE OF COLLEGIANS DEBATING CLUB, FALL TERM, 1914.

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as listeners to his plays. He would not slay the artistic imagination with surfeit of stage machinery. The gaudy mechanics of the twentieth century he deplores. A poet holding such ideas with reference to the stage business of to-day is of course open to criticism. His plays, bearing out his theory are open to criticism. It may be said that none of the Yeats plays have made "successes". Some of them have been put on at the Abbey Theatre of course and there listened to and loved by understanding hearts but they have not captured the world, even though "On Baile's Strand" is one of the literary structures of the English language. But it is not likely that Mr. Yeats would expect his plays to capture the world. A world which has proved itself so ready to be set obsessed and shrieking (as has the world of to-day), is too dull of understanding and empty of heart. Yeats still believes however in "the day",—the day when language with musical cadence in it shall be heard again from behind the footlights, when sentences drenched with poetic beauty as birds' wings with sea spray shall move the imagination and the heart. When that day comes the work of W. B. Yeats will be regarded as the pioneer movement in English in the revival of that which once made our stage the supreme evocation of the passion for ecstatic and profound beauty.

Different opinions may be entertained with reference to Yeats' power as a dramatist. There are scarcely two opinions with regard to him as a lyrist. He has inherited the singing robes of Shelley. Shelley's lyre is in his hands. There can be but one verdict upon the man who has produced the "Cloths of Heaven",

"Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths,
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."

But while he is praised almost unreservedly for such poems as the above, "When you are Old", and "The Lake Isle", and is credited with having given us the supreme lyrics of our modern time Francis Thomson as a possible single exception, his lyric work as a whole is not beyond adverse criticism. The symbolism is too abstract it is urged. It makes void many a poem, handicapping it to the possession only of a sort of hollow beauty of form and words. Of course this is the criticism always levelled against symbolism. The reply is that symbols are only empty to the unstored mind and to the dull imagination. Be that as it may, it is true that Yeats would fill again our poetic pages with apparently abstract figures and pictures, not as empty things he would say, but as symbols demanding of us the loving toil of leisured hours by the open fire and the preparation of the stored mind of understanding and then yielding up as reward those precious moods of delicate and passionate ecstasy which hold the secret of the world. He sings of all a Rose upon the Rood of Time may mean, of the faeries who

". . . dance in a place apart
Shaking their milk white feet in a ring
Tossing their milk white arms in the air."

He is the familiar friend of dark goblins in dim, mossy caves and of all the folk of faery. Inanity and superstition, child chatter and simplicity all of this you say? Not at all, would answer the poet. The faery folk in the moonlit ring, the goblins in the cave by the eternal sea, are but symbols themselves of that realm our dim and wistful intuitions of which make us call moonlight wonderful, star shine a mystery, and the rising of the sun an unending miracle. The poet would say: let us love the symbols for they would lead us into faery land which, with its cloudy glories is our home.

This one word more must be said. There is restraint, care, and craftsmanship in every line of the work of William Butler Yeats. Behind all that he writes there is a sincere desire and a high ideal. He is the possessor of passionate beliefs controlled with refinement and dignity. He is the

great lyric writer of our time. With careful judgment and without undue zeal he may be numbered among the half dozen supreme personalities of the world. He functions therefore in a superlatively vital fashion as one of those mysterious and potent factors in the world which make the world.





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A Letter from Salisbury Plain

L. W. MOFFIT, '15.

In Camp, Salisbury Plain,
England.

As one of Victoria's representatives with the first contingent of Canadian troops, it is a pleasure to respond to the request of the Editor-in-Chief, and chat for a little with the readers of ACTA about some of our experiences. When this reaches you, it will be the Christmas season, so let me first convey heartiest Christmas greetings from Victoria's sons in camp to all her sons and daughters at the home base.

The war correspondent must often strike the personal note, especially in these days of censorship, and I hope its intrusion here will be pardoned on that ground. Late in September I had the good fortune to be chosen as one of the chaplains to go with the troops. So, though not without some "longing, lingering looks behind", I turned away from my Senior Year with the Class of 1915 and proceeded to Valcartier where I arrived on September 23rd.

The Divisional Chaplain assigned me to the 15th Battalion, which proved to be the 48th King's Canadian Highlanders, so familiar to the people of Toronto. Three days later we entrained for Quebec where we found our quarters on board the S.S. Megantic, a twin screw steamer of the White Star Line. After four days at anchor in the river we sailed on Wednesday evening, September 30th, and on Friday morning we slipped into Gaspe Basin, the rendezvous of the troopships.

It was here that the magnitude of Canada's contribution to the Empire's need began to bear in upon us. When all had taken their anchorage there were two long lines of vessels along one side of the basin, making a total of 31 transports loaded with men and munitions of war. As we watched the scene from the decks we felt we were taking each his little

part in an historic expedition. The magnitude of the war, the unity and power of the Empire, the sea-supremacy that made such an armada possible, became more real to us than ever before.

We were very comfortably placed on our steamer, officers and men receiving the regular ship's service. Your correspondent was quartered with Rev. Capt. Cornett, a graduate of Queen's and Rev. Capt. Warner, graduate of King's, N.S., and Columbia, N.Y. I enjoyed their companionship very much. We also had on board Rev. C. Graham of Mt. Allison as Y.M.C.A. representative.

Our work as chaplains was very interesting and pleasant. Besides the regular militia service on Sunday mornings, we had an evening service daily in the 2nd or 3rd class saloon. Morning prayer was held at 8 o'clock on the deck amidships, and so favourable was the weather that we were only once driven to shelter on the lee side. The voyage was very fine in every way. Physical exercise and good food kept the men in good spirits, and a "dry" ship did away with any drunkenness and its attendant evils. Sports of various kinds beguiled the leisure hours on deck, while concerts, and the quieter indoor games occupied the evenings.

Contrary to the announcements of the Canadian papers that we landed at Southampton on the 8th or 9th of October, it was not till the 14th that our fleet sailed up the English Channel and one by one entered the harbour of historic Plymouth. A fussy but powerful tug took us in tow, and we obediently followed her lead into the harbour and up the river. To a native Canadian who had never seen the old land it was very interesting as we glided past Drake's Island, past the Hoe where Drake played his famous game of bowls while an Armada with a far different intent sailed into the Channel. A little further up lay the naval training ship "Impregnable", made up of three of the old wooden battle-ships such as those used by Nelson. Their decks and rigging swarmed with cheering naval cadets as the Canadians passed by, while on the other side of us workmen thronged the partly built hull of a modern Dreadnought.

From all sides we received the most enthusiastic welcome, and although entirely impromptu, it was hearty enough to live in the memory for many years. As the vessels came on they were moored two by two in the Hamoaze, the wide part of the river Tamar. We were tied to our sister ship, the *Laurentic*, and great was the welcome from one to the other. Friend shouted to friend, mutually surprised to meet, everybody talked at once, and altogether it was most joyful. After the long voyage we feasted our eyes too on the beautiful green hillsides, and the beautiful foliage, for Plymouth has a mean temperature even in January of 42° Fahrenheit.

Thursday evening orders came that the Highlanders should disembark the next day. We were delighted, and the other units on board were correspondingly depressed, for though we had had a splendid trip everybody was anxious to get on shore, and free from the monotony and confinement of life on the ship. So Friday afternoon we marched through the ancient towns of Devonport, Stonehouse and Plymouth to the Great Western station where we crowded into the train for Patney, on the edge of Salisbury Plain. After a night march of about eight miles we arrived in camp about 7 o'clock in the morning, and we were on the Plain. It is a tract of open downs about twenty miles square. Here and there are clumps of trees, and occasionally one finds a village tucked away in a sheltered valley. These villages have some fine old churches, though of course they are small. One a couple of miles from here was founded in 1290.

This is a very fine part of England for the tourist. Not far away is the beautiful south coast of England, with Devonshire and Cornwall the Riviera of England only a little farther on. Such towns of interest as Bath, Bristol and Exeter are within fairly easy reach on the northwest. Salisbury itself has many places of interest. The old cathedral, all in Early English style, and completed in 1258, except for the great tower which was added a century later, is full of interest. Its tower and steeple are the highest in England, rising 400 feet from the floor. It is one of the two in England having inverted arches used in its construction. Besides the cathedral

there are other fine old buildings, notably St. Thomas' Church, dedicated to Thomas à Becket, and St. Edmunds, both almost as old as the cathedral. The latter was one of the monasteries confiscated and sold by Henry VIII. Later the church and grounds were bought back by the congregation. We are camped only a few miles from the famous Druid circle of stones known as Stonehenge. So there is no lack of interest for any leisure time we may have.

Camp life is very interesting and healthful. Church parades are in the open air, with stacked drums for a pulpit. Drill and route marches occupy the men's time pretty fully, while sports in leisure hours add the spice of life. But pleasant as it is, we are all anxious to reach the front, for we feel that we want to be at the task for which we have come. However, our turn will come, and we hope to stand the acid test of battle, with credit to the country that has sent us forth.



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EDITORIAL

The Christmas Song

"Peace on earth, good-will to men." This was the angels' song two thousand years ago above the starlit hills of Bethlehem. Once again the Christmas season draws near, but it comes to an earth where there is no peace, and to men who know not good-will. Has the angel-message been forgotten? Has the Christian mission failed? Surely that is not to be our thought this Christmas.

Peace? We have sought to maintain it. Yet much as we love peace, we love justice more. Where there are wrongs to right, "wrongs crying to Heaven on high", who would wish for peace? Soon, however, when the battle has been fought, and wrongs have been set right, we believe that we shall know a greater and a surer peace than before.

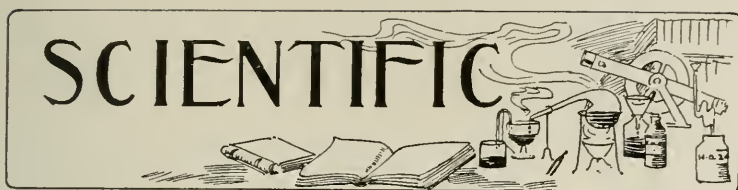
Good-will? Towards those who have broken all the laws of justice, truth and honour, who have forced war upon us

when we wished for peace, are we to have good-will? Such was not the message of Him, Whose coming the angels heralded. Wrong must be hated, but we should be careful lest we hate where hate is not due. In self-defense our men must wound and kill; that is the tragedy of war. But surely this horrible slaughter calls for regret rather than for exultation. We can contemplate war without fearing the decadence of our religion, but when we hear sermons from our pulpits gloating over thousands slain, we hang our heads in doubt and shame. Hatred is a two-edged sword; it wounds us when we strike with it.

While national hatred continues war will never cease. Only as we find a broader sympathy shall we do our part in bringing to the world the perfect realization of the promise of the angel-song and in ushering in the day when all the nations of the world shall kneel before the Prince of Peace.

The Frontispiece

As the frontispiece to this issue we are reproducing "A Madonna" by Laura Muntz. This artist, whose studio was for many years in Toronto, now resides in Montreal. The following criticism of her work is quoted from a review by Mr. E. F. B. Johnston:—"Her oils and water-colours possess breadth and freedom; and all her work has a character of its own, not only as a matter of mere painting, but as regards the inner feeling and moving forces of the subjects themselves. Children are her favourite models and there are very few painters who can so effectively and almost unconsciously express the characteristics of childhood. As a flower painter she has achieved success, but wisely prefers the more serious subject—portraiture—for which she is so well qualified".



The Submarine and Torpedo

The history of the submarine dates back at least three hundred years. Bushnell in America in 1775 achieved the first success. His submarine was worked by one man for whom there was just enough room. It resembled two upper tortoise shells of equal size joined together. By an oar in the form of a screw with its spindle passing through the top the boat was sunk or raised, and by another oar at the after end the boat was propelled. When submergence was required, valves admitted water into chambers and hand pumps discharged this when it was desired to come to the surface. A 200-lb. ballast was also carried, which could be dropped when it was required to suddenly raise the boat. The air in the boat was capable of supporting the operator for half an hour. Behind the boat was a magazine containing 150 lbs. of powder and a time control for exploding it. The operator propelled the submarine underneath the ship to be destroyed, fastened the magazine to it, set the time control, released the 200-lb. ballast and moved rapidly away. Since that time great strides have been made towards the perfection of the submarine, and, although to-day there is considerable improvement to be made, yet the submarine with its weapon, the torpedo, is exacting a terrible toll in the present naval warfare.

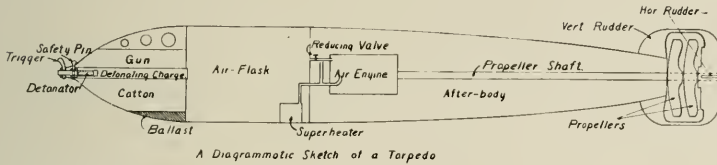
The submarine of to-day is from 100 to 135 feet in length, 12 to 14 feet in diameter, and has a displacement of from 300 to 500 tons. The form of the hull is described as cigar-shaped. It is built of the best quality of steel and every

rivet is perfectly air-tight, since it is not only required to undergo all storms to which other vessels are subjected, but must navigate at considerable depths below the surface of the water. The boat may be used at the surface for cruising or it may be submerged for making an attack. In the surface condition a considerable portion of the hull is above water, a removable navigating bridge is in place and the boat is driven by large, powerful, internal combustion engines, and it is managed in about the same way as any vessel built to run on the surface. To pass from the surface to the submerged condition, certain valves in the interior of the boat are opened. Water from the sea rushes into great tanks built within the boat, and it is virtually sunk. The tanks are closely gauged so that the required amount of water is taken in. A few hundred pounds of buoyancy are sufficient to leave the conning tower protruding above the water. Sufficient compressed air is kept in large steel flasks to enable the crew to exist two or three days. Storage batteries are provided which furnish energy enough to drive the boat, when submerged, at ten to eleven knots, which is approximately the limit of its speed, for over an hour or at a lower speed for a much longer time. The same batteries also furnish current for numerous auxiliary motors used for pumping, steering, and for handling torpedoes.

Two sets of rudders control the motion of the boat. The vertical rudders direct the submarine to port or starboard as does the rudder of an ordinary boat. The horizontal rudders guide it in a horizontal plane. For steering in a horizontal plane special instruments are provided. One of these is the periscope of the conning tower. It consists of a vertical tube extending from the surface of the water to a few feet within the submarine. At the top of the tube is an object glass and also a mirror which is inclined at an angle of 45 degrees to the horizon, which reflects the light from the object glass down into the tube. At the bottom of the tube this light strikes another mirror also at an angle of 45 degrees, and is reflected through an eye-piece to the observer. Thus the observer can view the whole horizon by merely turning

the periscope about a vertical axis. When completely submerged a pressure gauge indicates the depth of the boat and a spirit-level the inclination from an erect position, while electric lights sufficiently illuminate it.

The weapon of the submarine is the torpedo. As stated before, explosives under water have been used for nearly 300 years, with more or less success, and to-day one of the most destructive marine weapons is the torpedo. Like many other inventions it has taken a long time to evolve the torpedo now used.

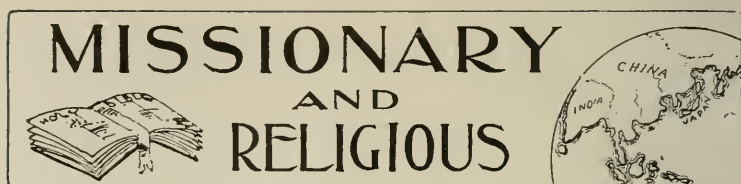


The above diagram shows the outline of the chief parts of the modern torpedo. (The minute details of the engine, etc., could not be given in an article of this nature. The machinery is quite complicated, and would require pages to describe.) The torpedo can also be described as cigar-shaped. It is about 12 feet long and 21 inches in diameter. A submarine carries three or four of these torpedoes. They are ejected usually from tubes on the broadside of the submarine. The compartment containing the broadside submerged apparatus for ejection extends across the ship so as to contain a tube for each side. Besides the tube with the aperture in the side of the ship under water fitted with a sluice valve, all submerged discharge apparatus possesses an inner tube which carries the torpedo. Fixed to the tube, and prolonging it, is a shield fitted with grooves into which guides of the torpedo run. Both tubes have a door at the rear, made air-tight when closed, by which the torpedo is entered. A charge of cordite is used for ejection, the gas from which, entering the outer cylinder first forces the inner tube out and then by means of a valve in the door of the inner tube passes in and blows out water and torpedo together, the shield supporting

the latter until the tail is clear of the ship. By this time the cordite gas has expanded and cooled so as to relieve the pressure in the rear and the pressure of the water outside pushes the shield and tube back into the ship again, so that the whole operation is practically one motion. The cordite is exploded by electricity from the conning tower by the officer in command.

Before the torpedo is entered in the tube, the safety pin, which prevents the movement of the trigger, is removed. When the torpedo is ejected the reducing valve leading from the air flask to the engine is automatically opened. The air-flask contains about 191 lbs. of compressed air. The reducing valve feeds the air to the engine at a constant pressure of about 300 lbs. The superheater is a spirit lamp which is started when the torpedo is ejected. This lamp heats the compressed air as it enters the reducing valve, and it also heats the air by means of another jet between the reducing valve and the engine. This is necessary because the air in passing into the engine became greatly cooled, due to rapid expansion, and caused the lubricants to congeal and thus impaired the action of the engine. The air engine by means of the propeller shaft drives the two propellers in opposite directions and thus the torpedo is driven till the air flask becomes empty, which very seldom happens before the torpedo strikes its target. Immediately back of the air tank is the chamber which contains the mechanism for maintaining the torpedo at the desired depth of about fifteen feet below the surface of the water. This is done by merely controlling the horizontal rudders at the tail of the torpedo by a piston which exerts a pressure according to the depth of the water. The torpedo is kept from rolling by means of the ballast below, and the air space above the gun cotton chamber. To prevent the torpedo from suddenly changing its course, as was often the case, the Obry gear was invented. It consisted of a gyroscope placed within the torpedo and so connected with the directive rudder that the weapon could be held to a straight course. The electrically driven gear is now used, and it is possible to fire the torpedo from

a broadside and cause it to swing automatically through an angle of 90 degrees towards a target straight ahead. The speed of the torpedo is from 25 to 45 knots per hour. When the torpedo strikes its nose against some object, the trigger releases the plunger which drives the detonator forcibly against the detonating charge and fires it. This charge extends axially through a chamber containing 250 lbs. of gun cotton. The gun cotton is thus ignited and a terrible explosion occurs which wrecks the body with which the torpedo came in contact.



Victoria College in West China

The accompanying letter from Mr. Homer G. Brown, B.A., will be read with deep interest. For the past two years the men of Victoria have undertaken the support of Mr. Brown as their representative in the Foreign Mission field. Mr. Brown graduated in Classics in '06. During his College career he was holder of the athletic stick; secretary of the Conversazione Committee; first vice-president of the Athletic Union; captain of the Association Football team, and played in first team Rugby football. Since graduating he has spent two years in Y.M.C.A. work in Japan, and one year in Union Theological Seminary, New York. It is expected that, after finishing his language study, he will be appointed to the staff of the West China Union University in Chengtu. Without doubt he will worthily represent there his Alma Mater and her ideals.

The Missionary Society of Victoria have decided to continue the policy of the last two years, and in January will give every man the opportunity to share in this task. War conditions are making doubly difficult, and yet more necessary than ever, the work of the missionary. A recent letter from Rev. R. O. Jolliffe, of West China, reports that already, owing to the spectacle of Christian nations at war, there is a decided reaction to a deified Confucianism among a number of the official classes of China. Retrenchment in our missionary policy this year must be out of the question. Rather, let us do better than ever, and make a marked advance in our fighting strength at the front.

We are confident that the necessary sum of \$600 will be fully realized during our financial campaign, January 24-29.

Chengtu, September 6th, 1914.

The Students,
Victoria College.

Dear Friends—

With all Europe at war, how can I hope to get your attention turned to far Western China! It will be a month yet before we get the papers of the day. We do, however, get Reuter's telegrams, and know in a general way what is going on. We hope the reports we are getting are substantially correct as they point to British success. We fear they are too good to be true. The French and, it is reported the Germans have all gone from these parts. I feel as if I should like to enlist. Possibly the suggestion would meet with less favour if the summons really was likely to come. However, there is war out here of a very real kind, and if I mistake not, you want to hear from your representative on the fighting line.

I arrived in Chengtu about the first of April, and for two months had the advantage of attending the language school. In June, we went to the mountains, and stayed there till about ten days ago. The heat at times this summer has been terrific here on the plain. In the mountains, we were able to study as much as we cared to all summer.

I took three weeks of complete holiday from language study. Two of these were given to arranging a Sunday School Conference in English. It was quite a success. The people came out in numbers and we had some interesting discussions. The hopeful thing about it all was that our people are really studying their methods. They are not satisfied with the work they are doing.

The holiday event of the summer was a trip to the Golden Summit. In all this Western Country, no place compares with this. It is one of the three great places in all China. To hundreds of thousands of people, it is what Mecca is to the devout Mohammedan. It is one of the great Buddhist centres of the world. From all quarters of this land they come to worship the idols here. To the ordinary foreigner,

the great attraction of the place is its beauty. The summit rises sheer on one side some seven thousand feet, and commands a view of a great plain on one side ten thousand feet below. On the other side, one can look away to the snow-capped ranges of Thibet. On our upward journey, which took us two days it rained steadily as here only it knows how, and looking up the ravines as we passed, we saw dozens of little waterfalls leaping thousands of feet from overhanging precipices, or bounding down from ledge to ledge watering the ferns and trees with their spray. My teacher told me that the pilgrims do not care a fig for the beauty of the place, but I am not inclined to take his word on the subject. No human being could view such grandeur and remain unmoved.

It is interesting to speculate as to the ideas of these thousands of pilgrims in making this extremely arduous climb. On an average, a thousand arrive at the top each day throughout the summer. We at home might think that they felt the need of a spiritual uplift such as students seek at Northfield or Silver Bay. At first sight—indeed when I began this sentence—the contrast between the two pilgrimages was uppermost in my mind. But is not the likeness equally striking? Their purpose is to establish a more satisfactory relation with the gods upon whose favour they depend. What matter if these gods are only deaf and dumb images of bronze or clay? These people have not said in their hearts, "There is no God". They know there is, and no one has brought to their attention in convincing fashion a more satisfactory one, or it may be ones, than these they find in the dark, incense-filled temples on the sacred heights of Mount Omei. They are not dogmatic about their gods. They put their trust in those which have been highly recommended to them, but they realize that they may be mistaken, so they just go through the appropriate ceremony before all they conveniently can. Who knows what god may have it in his power to harm or bless?

They are not satisfied, however, with a dumb god, and here it is that the priests find a demand for their services. In most of the temples, they have arranged a scheme for

telling fortunes. When the worshipper makes his obeisance before the image, the priest strikes a bell, a stroke for each bow. The idea, I think, is to suggest that the god has heard, or it is the medium's or mediator's call upon the divinity to hear the suppliant's prayer. The answer, as you may guess, does not come as an audible sound to the ear, nor in the still small voice to the heart. The worshipper takes up a box in which stand numbered bamboo slips, and by holding the box in a slanting position and shaking, he throws one slip out. The number on this corresponds to a number on a sheet of paper on which is written a fortune in a filing cabinet at one side. The worshipper now presents his number and the sum of twenty cash, something less than a cent in our coinage, and the priest in charge hands him out "his fortune" as the infidel foreigner would say, but in the language of the devout, he receives the answer of the great god of the ages to his humble prayer. I meant to send you some of these answers, but neglected to get them. Doubtless the god would have favoured me with a number of specimen answers had I applied. What could one not learn about the cravings of the Chinese heart from a study of these ready-made replies? It is to these gilded images of bronze and clay that they go in their distress.

The night before last was a time of great excitement in religious circles in Chengtu. The heavenly dog tried to eat the moon. The catastrophe was only avoided by the wildest beating of drums, and by noises of all sorts. In our secular phraseology, it was simply an eclipse. From the first of this Chinese month to the fifteenth, the dead of the preceding three generations are celebrating New Year's, as I understood my teacher to say. In this world, money is essential at the New Year. All debts must be paid, and of course, one needs a little of the coinage of the realm to do justice to the day. Fortunately, the coinage of the other world is much cheaper than that of this. It is simply very cheap paper with semi-circular holes cut in it. This is conveyed to the dead by burning. So, if you were in Chengtu these days, you would see at thousands of doors either little piles of ashes, or very

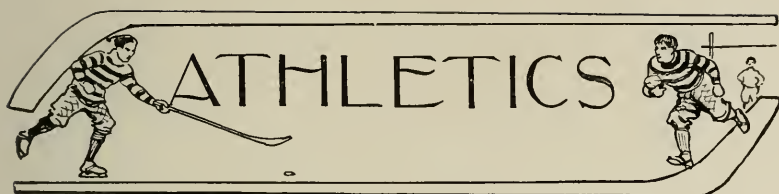
carefully piled heaps of paper being prepared for transference to the other land. Although the paper is cheap, they burn it in such quantities that it must be quite an item in their expense account. They are not stingy with their dead.

I beg of you remember me in this coming year's work. First, and foremost, comes the language. It is yielding a little. Second, I am to do a little teaching in our primary school. It is essential of course, that I prove myself a good Christian friend to the boys. Then only will my testimony come to them with weight. Third, I have been asked by a club of young men to teach them English one evening a week. One hour is to be given to English, another to Bible-study. They are to pay me a hundred dollars gold "for chair hire". That is a large sum for these fellows to pay, but they would suggest by the words "chair hire" that it is an unworthy amount for my distinguished services, and that I, on my part, would be glad to serve them without thought of money. Indeed, our relation is not to be one of dollars and cents, but that mutually appreciative and helpful relation of friend with friend. That, at least, is what I read into it. Pray for me that in all my relations with these men, I may prove myself a Christian, and worthy in some small degree of Him who made His every relation in life an opportunity to advance the Father's Kingdom amongst men.

Again, let me thank you heartily for your support, which makes it possible for me to serve out here.

Yours very sincerely,

HOMER G. BROWN.



Rugby

THIRD YEAR 7, FIRST YEAR 4.

In the first of the inter-year rugby series, the freshmen surprised everybody—including themselves—by holding the third year to the small lead of 3 points. What the game lacked in skill, it made up in vigour, and a good many hard bumps were freely handed out. One result was to bring out a number of freshmen who should have turned out earlier in the year for the first and second teams.

FOURTH YEAR 7, SECOND YEAR 6.

Contrary to all expectations the fourth year “put one over” on the second year to the score of 7 to 6. The game was played on frozen ground, and the last half in darkness, or the result might easily have been reversed, for the sophomores looked to have the better material. Fourth year pulled ahead in the last few minutes of play when one of their players under cover of darkness, went over for a touch from half way.

FOURTH YEAR 6, THIRD YEAR 5.

The final game of the series was won by fourth year, and for an inter-year “riot” the class of rugby was fast. The strange part of the game is that the seniors never once made their yards, while the juniors bucked, and ran the ball over the field apparently at will. As usual, Lumsden and Harris showed up well for third year, while Pearson’s tackling was the best for the seniors.

Soccer

F.O.E. 0; VICTORIA 4. October 27th.

Victoria opened the soccer season by winning the first game which is something the team has not done for several years. F.O.E. were the victims, although the score does not indicate the play as their goal-keeper was very weak. During this game our speedy forward, J. W. Oliver, a freshman, was injured and had to be taken to the hospital.

VICTORIA 2; F.O.E. 0. October 30th.

In the return game, Faculty of Education again fell before the superior playing of Vic's forwards, supported by the good work of the defence. By making some changes in their line up, F.O.E. had strengthened their team considerably.

VETS. 0; VICTORIA 1. November 10th.

On a heavy, slippery ground with sleet and rain falling, Vets were defeated in the first game of the semi-finals. Owing to weather conditions good football was impossible. Ansley scored for Vic. on a long, well-directed drive near the end of the second half.

VICTORIA 2; VETS 0. November 12th.

In the second game of the semi-finals under better weather conditions, Vets were again defeated in spite of considerable rough play. Humphrey who was taking Blatchford's place at centre scored both goals. This win put Vic. into the finals against Wycliffe.

VICTORIA 1; WYCLIFFE 0. November 18th.

Yes, we have again secured the intermediate interfaculty soccer championship by defeating Wycliffe. Our defence especially the half back line, played a fine game. Our forwards did not play in their usual steady style, but made a few good rushes, especially in the second half. On one of these a shot was made which the Wycliffe goal-keeper failed to clear

successfully before the forwards were in on him, and in the scrimmage that followed, Swann put the ball between the posts.

Victoria has shown up some good soccer material this year, and next year's management might do well to consider putting a team in both the intermediate and senior series, or in the senior at least.

Line-up—Goal, Brown; backs: White, Oliver; halves: Humphrey, Galloway, Greer; forwards: Ansley, Taylor, Blatchford, Swann, Huether. Spare—Docherty.

Basketball

The basketball teams are now hard at work preparing for the Sifton Cup series. This year two teams will represent Victoria; Senior Vic. composed of 3rd and 4th years and grads; Junior Vic. composed of 1st and 2nd years and C.T.'s. Victoria was beaten in the finals last year, but this year we hope to be on the right end of the score. This can only be brought about by the faithful attendance of those interested. Practices are held Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and Saturday morning in Victoria gym.

Girls' Athletics

BASKETBALL

The intercollegiate series opened with a game between University College and Victoria on November 7th, resulting in a score of 17—5 in favour of our girls. The Vic. forwards did particularly good work, and the rooters rose to the occasion nobly. On November 21st, St. Hilda's and Victoria met, resulting in a victory for St. Hilda's with the score 16—12. Miss Hamil, on the defence, saved the team from what might have been a much worse defeat.

The basketball girls very much regret that the Athletic Federal have set the time for their games for Saturday even-

ings since the men's Literary Society meets that night. The men have shown great interest in the girls' games, and we very much deplore the fact that this may not have added to the numbers at the Literary meetings.

HOCKEY

Every girl who can stand on skates and has two hands in which to hold a hockey stick is urgently asked to turn out to the hockey practices, which will begin immediately after 'Xmas, providing there is ice. Everyone has an equal chance to make the team, and our success depends on you.

Personals and Exchanges

Ladies of Class '14

In this issue we are glad to present a fairly complete list of the ladies of Class '14:—

Eileen Augustine, teaching in the West.

Beatrice Clarke, head-mistress of Welwyn Public School, Sask.

Olive Cruikshank, Supervisor, Annesley Hal Annex, 81 Charles Street West.

Mabel Cinnamon, Faculty of Education.

Amy Edwards studying Physical Culture at Columbia University.

Marjorie Flanders, course in Library Work at Simmons College, Boston.

Ambia Going, at home in Port Hope.

Bertha Herington, Faculty of Education.

Daisy Jones, at home at 633 Michigan Street, Victoria, B.C.

Flossie Lackner, preparing for Social Service Work in Edmonton, Alta.

Marion Kearney, Faculty of Education.

Dorothy Luke, Faculty of Education.

Muriel Manning, Faculty of Education.

Lulu McGinn, Faculty of Education.

Kathleen McCoy, Faculty of Education.

Ina McCauley, at home in Belleville, Ont.

Muriel Macdonald, librarian in Gerrard Street Public Library.

Grace Morgan, in Settlement Work at 132 Rideau Street, Ottawa.

Olive Shourds, teaching Primary Department in Wellington Public School.

Ruby Wigle, teaching in Halifax. Address, 550 Robie St.

Marriages

ALBRIGHT—KELLY—On June 12th, 1914, at 4 o'clock, in Thorold Methodist Church, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Evelyn Kelly, B.A., '12, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Judson Kelly, and Frederick S. Albright, B.A., '07, barrister of Calgary, Rev. Wray Smith of Thorold and Rev. Judson Kelly officiating.

The bride and groom spent their honeymoon in England returning soon after the outbreak of the war, and taking up their residence in Calgary, Alta.

TAYLOR—LEE—On May 23rd at Toronto was solemnized the marriage of Eva Mills Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Lee of Kemptville, Ont., and John W. Taylor, B.A., son of Mr. Wilson Taylor, B.A., and Mrs. Taylor of St. Catharines, Ont. Rev. A. P. Brace, B.D., performed the ceremony. John is now on the staff of Albert College, Belleville.

DANIHER—NOBLE—Ernest L. Daniher of Class '11 is another who has recently entered the ranks of the married. On August 19th, he was joined in matrimony to Miss Ethel M. Noble, of Essex, Ont., at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wm. Sterling, of Cottam, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniher are now living at 26 Page Street, "Danny" having been appointed to the staff of the U.T.S.

In this column we have not as yet made any reference to the publications or activities of our sister colleges. So many important items, relating to our own students and graduates have demanded recognition in our past issues that we have been obliged to confine ourselves to Personals. The marriages, we must admit, have monopolized a great deal of space. However, we hope from now on to devote some pages

to a consideration of the periodicals which come to hand from other universities.

At the outset, a few words in appreciation of *The Varsity* are quite in order. *The Varsity* has become practically indispensable to every undergraduate of the University. It still preserves its representative and impartial character, and serves as one of the strongest links in the chain which binds the various colleges together. The correspondence column is being used to splendid advantage, and the announcements form a very valuable source of information to all the members of the student body. We feel that our University is to be congratulated on her newspaper, which is deserving of the enthusiastic support of every undergraduate.

The exchanges which reach our desk vary to a marked degree in appearance and substance. A hasty glance at them arranged in consecutive order gives very much the same impression as a first view of a company of raw recruits on the parade ground. Some are large, while others are small; some are thick while others are thin; and some with their bright designs stand out in strong relief while others with a modest blending of colour present a pleasing and restful effect.

On close examination we find that they all possess several very commendable features. Here is a weekly in which the College news and comments on recent events give it a particular local interest. Next to it is found a monthly or quarterly issue, much more pretentious in character, and appealing to a wider constituency through articles of a more general nature, and discussions of questions affecting university or even national life. There is one more notable for the high literary standard of all its contributions, and there is another which contains some real poetry and an occasional witticism.

For possession of the maximum number of these features rather than for unique distinction in any one, we commend very highly *Queen's Journal*. Its departmental divisions enable it to present an accurate reflection of the whole University and its regular treatment of current events, together with its literary qualities, makes it a desirable publication for any student.



In this time of stress when the burden of Christmas giving falls heavily on many, Locals believes it is doing a noble work in apprising the students of Victoria of a few gifts which would be appreciated by "needy" ones. As many of these suggestions are books, the outlay will be inconsiderable.

"Pete" Campbell would like a gilt bound copy of that celebrated work, "The Midnight Merry Makers".

The friends of C. B. F-sh-r '17 would appreciate the gift of a player-piano to that gentleman. If this is too expensive, a hurdy-gurdy might do—in fact anything mechanical.

For A. P. McK-nz-e, two steamer rugs for use at rugby finals. One is of no value.

For Mr. Sidney M— "the makin's".

A Harpoon for Whaley.

A pocket-rule for Halfyard.

For L-wis and H--ther, moustache cups and curlers.

For all those boorish youths at the Freshman Reception, each a copy of "Good Breeding and Good Manners"

The President of the Collegian Debating Club is in need of a little time, not occupied by drill, lectures, and other giddy pursuits in which to hold a brief weekly session.

ANOTHER LECTURE.

President Bowles (to son and heir)—"You really must attend lectures more regularly, Wilfred."

W. G. D. B.—"Why, Dad, I *often* go to lectures."

It's exam. time in December,
It's a sad fact but true;
It's exam. time in December,
And we may not all get through.
No more trips to Annesley,
South Hall girls, farewell—
Our exam. time's coming in December,
And exam. time is—*swell*.

There is a fourth year Arts man, whose solicitous regard for the ladies, recently caused him not a little embarrassment. It happened in this wise: he was enrolling in History, and thought that one of the ladies present did not understand the distinction between the blue and the white enrolment cards. He very kindly undertook to explain the difference. No doubt his intentions were good, but the lady happened to be none other than Miss H. McMurchie, of the History Department!

At '16 stunt rehearsal (Rusticus to Jove)—“Are you a freshman?”

Mr. Copeland of book bureau (opening door)—“No, I'm not.”

Miss T-ck '16 (paying her fare to street-car conductor)—“Are we all right for the zoo?”

Prof. Fraser (to Italian Class feverishly taking notes)—“That's just the way! You get them down, then you get them up, then you get them down, and then you get them off.

Lieut. Pearce (explaining procedure, when an inspection is held)—“The officer will look at your shoes and see if your face is shaved.” This is a rough task for even big boots to perform, and especially when there is as lamentable a lack of polish on the shoes, as there is pervading their owners. For definite information concerning this last, see the Students’ Council.]

SOMEONE WAS FOOLED, ANYWAY.

Verily unsuspecting innocence and J. T. Ph-II-ps ’18 are synonymous, as the following dialogue will show.

J. T. P. (leaving Convocation Hall, after rooters’ practice, without handing in his attendance ticket)—“Say, did they get your ticket.”

Soph.—“Certainly.”

J. T. P.—“They tried hard to get mine at the door, but I fooled them. I’m not so green as that, you know.”

DELAY MAY BE FATAL

The students of the fourth year humbly pray that Prof. Greaves undertake the cultivation of Mr. St-nl-y’s voice, while yet a little remaineth.

Mr. N-th-re-tt (at party of ’16 executive) was caught gently stirring wieners and singing in full voice—“These creatures bless!”

Kaiser had just been introduced to King. Said Gordon—“It’s not very often that such distinguished people meet.”

President Fiddes has not called a meeting of the C. T. class or its executive for over twenty-four hours—“Something is rotten in the state of Denmark!”

Prof. Mavor (at Pol. Sci. Lecture)—“As the scriptures say, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

The organization of a Junior Orchestra has had unforeseen consequences. Across the line, the Chicago Philharmonic has disbanded. Competition in these days is so keen!

LINES BY A POLITICAL SCIENCE MAN (WITH APOLOGIES TO
KIPLING.)

When our last term essay is written,
And the leaves are twisted and dried;
When the college halls are deserted
And all the professors have died,
We shall rest—and Lord! we shall need it;
Burn Stubbs and Marshall too;
And into the world's great current,
We'll plunge, to begin anew.

In the course of an interview with Sergeant-Major F-nt-n, that gentleman among other things said: “In a private conversation Major-General Hughes intimated to me that the persevering genius displayed in the drilling of “C” Company, Victoria College, has never been paralleled in the annals of History.”

LOST—On Sunday, November 22nd, on Avenue Road Hill, a pair of feet.—Miss C-ws-y, '16.

WANTED

By Miss Y-ng, '15, a chin rest for Open Lit.

By Miss H-y, '15, someone to "yell" at a Rugby game.

By Miss R-wl-nd, '17, someone to lift her heels.

By Miss Sp-nc-r '16, an alarm clock.

By Miss Cl-rk '16, a phrase to replace the wornout "for instance".

By Miss D-foe '15, someone to blush.

By Miss H-bb-l '16, a gentle sneeze.

By Locals, a new joke.

Late Sporting News

An elimination contest in ye ancient pastime of naughts and crosses has been organized among the men of Mr. Stanley's fourth year English class, and is receiving enthusiastic support. The first round was played on Wednesday morning, December 9th, between 9 a.m. and 9.50 a.m., when the following gentlemen were returned as winners: Messrs. Albright, Vowles, Brown, Woodger, Kaiser, Courtice, Skilling, Pearson and Tutt. The second round will be played on Wednesday morning, December 16th, and all the above mentioned contestants are urged to be in their places promptly at 9 a.m. The draw will be announced later.

On Friday evening, November 20th, Alumni Hall was taxed to its utmost capacity to hold the throng which came to enjoy stunt night at the open meeting of the Women's Literary Society.

After the usual business, a bill, "Resolved that the present war will promote the civilization of mankind", was introduced by the leaders of the Government and Opposition, who were

followed by members of the House in a very interesting debate. This bill was laid on the table, and a second bill, "Resolved that woman's duty cannot be confined to her home" was brought before the House and carried.

The programme, consisting of stunts by each year, interspersed with musical numbers was then begun. The fourth year presented an A.B.C. drama, a love story in which the characters attempted to convey their meaning by a repetition of the letters of the alphabet. The fact that the gentlemen in the play lost their moustaches several times only added to the humor of the scene.

The Sophomore year presented a very ingenious three-act charade, acting the name One-ty Seven. The Juniors, not to be outdone, showed their originality by presenting "A Pink Tea on Olympus", in which the deities were so shamelessly travestied that two bespectacled students of the Classics left the hall in disgust.

The last stunt showed the charming simplicity of the Freshette mind. A little girl took great delight in displaying her dolls, which were attired to represent the different nationalities. A Jack-in-the-box and a rag doll provoked great mirth, especially when they commenced to sing.

The successful evening was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

The Annual Oration Contest was held this year on Saturday evening, November 21st, at the regular Open Session of the Union Literary Society, and proved a greater success than for many years preceding. From the thirteen applications received, the Oration Contest Committee selected six men to compete for the gold medal, which is offered as the prize. Six excellent orations were delivered, and it was apparent to all that the judges would have no easy task. They finally decided, however, that W. G. Martin of the C. T. Class, who spoke upon "The Overthrow of Prussianism,—Germany's Salvation", had won the first place. Honorable mention was also made of L. B.

Pearson's address on "Bismarck." The judges were Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick, Hon. Justice Maclaren and Mr. J. R. Bone, B.A.

An excellent literary and musical programme was also rendered. Mr. C. V. Massey delivered a paper on "George Bernard Shaw"; Mr. H. Holgate rendered an instrumental solo, and Ned Church delighted the audience in his own peculiar fashion.

The gold medal was presented to the winner by Chancellor Bowles, who occupied the chair, and contributed not a little to the success of the evening.





THE STREAM

Maurice Cullen

ACTA VICTORIANA

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Bliss Carman

E. M. GRANGER, '15.

"A brilliant Canadian genius and as a poet and prose-writer, a son of whom the Dominion is justly proud"—such is the praise bestowed on Bliss Carman. It was as a poet chiefly that this review was intended to deal with him; apart from some short magazine articles, I have not been fortunate enough to read more than one of Mr. Carman's prose works—*The Making of Personality*. Yet the subject of this book is so interesting, and the ideas and the manner of presenting them have such an appeal, that I have yielded to the temptation to turn aside a little from my first purpose and speak of prose as well as poetry.

While *The Making of Personality*, as the author says, "does not attempt to make any systematic presentation of a philosophy—it will be found to indicate everywhere a triune ideal of normal well-being and happiness". The urge underlying all our struggles and efforts is a divine evolutionary impulse toward the perfection of personality. In our task, "there is one supreme truth to be constantly remembered, the threefold nature of personality and consequently its threefold perfectibility in the different but inseparable realms of spirit, mind, and body". This truth is the dominating idea of the whole book, and of much of Mr. Carman's poetry. And, because he thinks physical development has been neglected—or, if not really neglected, at best not adequately related to the other two phases of personality

—he lays great emphasis on the perfection of the body. "The soul is at ease in the body only when it is using it as a means of expression or action". The aim in the training of the body is, therefore, to make it a perfect medium of expression for the mind and soul within. Physical culture must be rightly related to mental and moral culture. "Unless we recognize this truth and proceed upon it, all our systems of physical education must remain futile,—as they so largely are".

The body is the outer aspect of personality—in every tissue and movement it is but "the living simulacrum of the mind and soul that pervade it". This close relation of character to body and movement he carries into details which are sometimes humorous. The fact that the breast is the centre of our spiritual and expressive nature is what makes good carriage of the chest so impressive and so important. "If I meet a stranger," he says, "and if he struts toward me throwing forward his stomach and feet first, I am naturally not attracted to him. I wish to meet the man, not his legs and digestion".

In accordance with the importance which he gives to man's physical nature, he devotes a chapter to the value of instinct, which, he says, is "the wisdom of the senses, and the censor of all our wisdom". The prevalent scorn and neglect of instinct is "the prime and monumental fault of civilization". "Instinct was the master of our destinies long ago, when we were first emerging from chaos and oblivion. Since then, in the long course of evolution... the teaching of instinct has been overlaid with a mass of other information. Instinct itself has been abandoned, insulted, almost forgotten, and its invaluable guidance set aside". All our higher and more rational knowledge is almost valueless until weighed and approved by instinct. "Reason alone, splendid and daring as it is, is far too erratic, youthful, vain, and visionary to be entrusted with the entire control of our human destiny; it must for safety pay respectful heed to the more deeply sympathetic judgments of instinct." Mr. Carman fears that culture and personality are being over-mentalized.

Abandon he calls "the music of life". "Life without abandon is a dance without music" is an oft-repeated sentence. By abandon, he means "a free and unrestrained yielding of oneself, at any given moment, to the best promptings of the instinct, the reason, and the spirit". (Here again appears the triunistic idea). To gain this "music", we must cultivate "the ready and open spirit, willing and eager to respond in harmony when played upon by life, by beauty, by companionship"; we must also acquire "mental attunement" by the culture of books and art; and we must attain perfection of physique, we must have a body which is wholesome, plastic, and expressive, for "not even a god could play upon a checked and broken reed".

The "Dominion of Joy" is open to all, without regard to birth, temperament, or position. Happiness for us humans is to be found only in "the normal exercise of our senses, our intelligence, our emotions". "To create some little bit of beauty every day, even if it is no more than rearranging the flowers in a jar or making a habitation more bright and clean; to serve goodness every day by even the smallest act of courtesy and kindness; and every day to learn some fresh fragment of pure truth—these are lines of the necessary procedure for those who seek naturalization and growth in the Dominion of Joy".

This is in no sense a review of the whole book; it is merely a very inadequate and disconnected statement of some of the main ideas contained in it—ideas which are thoroughly characteristic of a poet and which are expressed again and again in his poetry, in longer poems such as *The Tidings to Olaf* and *The Ballad of the Young King's Madness*, and, as it were, in flashes in many shorter poems. To gain anything like a correct idea of this prose work, the reader must read it for himself. Depth of conviction and clearness of thought are manifest throughout, and the expression is vigorous, clear, and concise. There is none of the vagueness which sometimes mars Mr. Carman's poetry; but the work abounds in poetic conceptions, in striking similes, apt comparisons, and beautiful pictures. There is often an overlapping of

ideas in the different chapters, yet this rarely becomes monotonous or displeasing, because of the brilliancy of style and variety of manner in presenting the old idea. At the end of the work, we are left with an unsatisfied longing for the perfection which he advocates. We realize the insufficiency of our present low level of achievement; we have a vision of the glorious summit of perfection to which we might attain; but we do not see the road to the top. Yet, because his ideals seem practically impossible of realization, should they therefore be cast aside? Truly, ideals are of little value unless they can be translated, to some extent, into action; but I think that Mr. Carman's ideals contain enough which is applicable to daily life to warrant a serious consideration of them. Their very loftiness urges us to more vigorous and persistent effort.

Mr. Carman has also expressed some theories on art and poetry, which it might be interesting to examine before proceeding to a study of his own poetry.

He thinks it no exaggeration to say that "most of the faults of modern civilization spring from a lack of artistic appreciation". Practical common sense is an excellent and useful quality, but it is bleak and joyless if unmixed with more spirited characteristics—with ardour, unspoiled faith, imagination, a sensitiveness to beauty, and an aspiring loving kindness. "The heaven of art in life glorifies human effort and achievement by infusing beauty through every undertaking, by instilling candour in the mind, and by filling the heart with a gladness that could not have been foretold". In another essay, he says, "Art is that lovely corporeal body with which man endowers the spirit of goodness and the thought of truth". It therefore combines qualities of each of the three phases of man's personality—of soul, of mind and of senses.

"So, you artists and musicians, earth awaits perfection still;
Wisdom tarries by the brookside, beauty loiters on the hill,
For the love that shall reveal them with the yet undreamed-
of skill."

We may not disrupt nor divide this "triune dominion"; true poetry, he says, must always appeal to thought and emotion, as well as to the sense of beauty. If any one of these elements is lacking, the poem does not satisfy us. By this theory, he condemns a great many of his own lyric outbursts as lacking in one of the three great essentials—thought.

Carman has been called "Canada's greatest lyrist", "the Canadian Swinburne", "a poet to his finger-tips"; Arthur Stringer says he is "the sweetest lyrist of all America". His poetry is a free expression of his own personality; it is the natural product of his thought and moods, knowing no compulsion or restraint. There is nothing strikingly original in it, no startling vigour, often not even a great weight of thought. It is the melody and rhythm, the beauty and suggestiveness of expression, the deep, all-pervading sympathy with nature, and the richly imaginative quality, which give it its charm.

In his collection of poems *From the Green Book of the Bards*—the Book being, of course, Nature—he rejoices in freedom from superstition and tradition; he is bound by no dogmatic creeds formed long ago and now outgrown; brook, flower, and bird are his counsellors.

"And at the first clear, careless strain
Poured from a woodbird's silver throat,
I have forgotten all the lore
The preacher bade me get by rote."

This green book of the bards and prophets will always be his constant study.

"For who could ever tire
Of that wild legendry,
The folk-lore of the mountains,
The drama of the sea?"

He is so deeply imbued with love and reverence for nature, that there is none of his poetry which does not contain some delicate tribute to her. He feels himself a part of her; he holds communion with all her creatures. Every flower and tree has a significance for him and is endowed with conscious life. The trees often seem to him to be thoughtful, patient

dreamers. Speaking of the autumn fir woods above the Gaspereau, he says,

"So moveless and still;
As if, should they stir, they might break some illusion and
spill
The store of their long summer musing on top of the hill."

There is a sort of tender affection and grateful love manifest when he speaks of the little flowers. I am tempted to quote the whole poem on the wild aster, but will limit myself to two verses.

"You know it. Rays of ashy blue
Around a centre small and golden,
An autumn face of cheery hue
And fashion olden.

It does not come with joy and June;
It knows God's time is sometimes tardy;
And waits until we need the boon
Of spirit hardy."

He frequently speaks of them as possessing a secret of life which would be invaluable to man, could he only read it:

"All our shining little sisters
Of the forest and the field,
Lifting up their quiet faces
With the secret half revealed."

His imagination is fond of adding to the mystic beauty of his poem by suggesting a mysterious personal agency behind natural phenomena:

"An unseen hand went over the hill,
And lit the cresset stars."

Or, in a poem of spring:

"Who hath uttered the leafy whisper,
The rumour that stirs the bough,
That mounts with the sap and flushes
The buds with beauty now?"

So imbued does he become with the wild magic of spring, that his poems sometimes sweep us along in a whirl of joy. He feels himself akin to all the creatures who

"Go mad with piercing ecstasy,
A-foot, a-float, a-wing,
And wild with all the aching sweet
Delirium of spring."

When the glamour and bewitchment of spring lure us on, we must follow without care or fear, denying not one impulse, suppressing not one joy.

But delirious joy is not the only mood with which the "scarlet legend of spring" inspires him. Sometimes he conveys to us merely a glad—but intense—pleasure in the "misty crimson and soft yellow" of the buds, in "the slant of rain upon the purple hill", in the budding windflowers of the forest. Sometimes, in spite of all the joy of returning birds and flowers and budding trees, he feels that in the purple shadows and the warm, grey rain there are hints of ancient, unremembered sorrow:

"O sob and flush of April,
That still must joy and sing!
What is the sad, wild meaning
Under the heart of Spring?"

Sometimes the season renews an old grief of his own:

"The old eternal spring once more
Comes back the sad eternal way
With tender rosy light before
The going-out of day.

The great white moor across my door
A shadow in the twilight stirs.
But now forever comes no more
That wondrous look of Hers."

The "great sea, mystic and musical", and especially the tide, kindle his lively imagination and have given rise to some beautifully poetic lines:

"The first sob of the tide turning home—one distraught in his quest
Forever, and calling forever the wind in the west."

His *Songs of the Sea Children*, however, are, as a critic has said, "not songs of the sea, but of love, with the organ-tones of the sea, now loud, now low, as an accompaniment". The collection has one hundred and twenty-one lyrics, and opens with two very promising ones, but is, on the whole, rather disappointing. They have been criticized—and justly, I think—on the ground that "the relation of the mass of them, frankly human, personal, amatory, with the vague and apparently pantheistic framework in which they are set, seems forced and even meaningless". But one could forget faults of setting, if the jewels within were sufficiently beautiful. Many of them, however, have little value except in their rhythm, and most of those which have any worth apart from this owe it, not to the love theme, but to the delicate nature touches. Of the few which are really beautiful in thought and imagery as well as in melody and expression, I quote one:

"Over the sea is a scarlet cloud,
And over the cloud the sun.
And over my heart is a shining hope,
And over that, Yvonne."

Bliss Carman has been charged with being "little contemplative". This is a fault which, according to his own theories, would debar him from the rank of a true poet. It is true that many of his poems are spontaneous lyric outbursts bearing little weight of thought; it is true, also, that this unchastened feeling is often poured forth in chaotic and rather piecemeal expression; of some of his poetry, the criticism is true that "it is full of broken bits of brilliant colours, illusory gleams and reflections like the surface of a street at night after a rain". And sometimes there are meaningless repetition of ideas and tiresome enumerations. There is often a "sense of giddy exultation and sense of incomprehensibility", especially in his nature rhapsodies. Yet so many of his poems do contain deep and sustained thought, that I think it hardly just to make this a general charge against him. His *Songs from a Northern Garden* have none of this vagueness; in the poem *Above the Gaspereau*

there is an onward march of thought which should satisfy even the most insistent demands; by a series of beautiful pictures and imaginative interpretation of sun, wind, and tide, he shows us that, just as the fir trees and orchards, after living to the full their life of love, gained beauty and freedom through yielding their wood and their fruit for the use of man and for the cherishing of their kind,—so our death is “but a door to new being” which we must enter for beauty’s completion. “Death is naught, love is all, in the end”.

The fine technique, the power of matching “seemingly unspeakable thought to fitting expression” redeems many poems from the charge of vagueness. Almost everywhere the rhythm is exquisitely suited to carry the meaning—frequently a joyous lilt or a light, dancing movement; sometimes just a quiet, peaceful cadence; at times a long, slow, contemplative metre; more rarely a low, sad cry. His verses sing; we find ourselves unconsciously swaying to their rhythm or dancing to their music. The rich imagery and the lively imagination pervading it all are enhanced in beauty and appeal by the flute-like limpidity and melody of the verse and the suggestiveness of the language. Often we find it hard to analyze what has produced the happy effect, but that detracts nothing from the pleasure it gives us.

The impression is sometimes conveyed to us that Mr. Carman is standing apart and viewing the world with “the resigned detachment of the philosopher”. Nature is his unerring guide and solace; man has become depraved. The law of the lower universe, he says, is love; in nature is no greed, malice, nor enmity. Man has evolved from the dust up through all the lower forms; ages have been spent in the culture of his spirit, “through rounds of aspiration and decay”;

“For soul has led us now,
 Science unravels how,
 Through cell and tissue up from dust to man.”
 But man is a travesty of his ascent.
 “Not till I was man,
 Learned I to scheme and plan
 The blackest depredation on my kind,

Converting to my gain
 My fellow's need and pain,
 In chartered pillage ruthless and refined."

This is why he urges us

"Back to the fair sweet way
 Our mother Nature taught us long ago."

The born artist, because of fear of his fellowman, leaves
 the city behind and goes back to nature.

"Our brother they nailed to a tree
 For sedition; they bully and curse
 All those whom love makes free.
 Yet the very winds disperse

Rapture of birds and brooks,
 Colours of sea and cloud,—
 Beauty not learned of books,
 Truth that is never loud."

Mr. Carman frequently deplures man's cold, calculating
 prudence and his unwillingness to follow instinct and impulse.
 Few, he says, have courage to pursue their youthful dreams
 and the quest for truth and beauty.

"How few have nerve enough to keep
 The trail, and thread the dark and steep
 By the lone lightning-flash that falls
 Through sullen murky intervals!
 How many faint of heart must choose
 The steady lantern for their use,
 And never, without fear of Fate,
 Be daring, generous and great!"

Yet, in spite of this pessimistic attitude which manifests
 itself at times, he has, in theory at least, an "invincible
 faith in the ultimate triumph of all that is just, beautiful,
 and kindly in life". Love is the great law of the universe
 and in the end love must prevail.

"However wild and long
 The battle of the strong
 Stronger and longer are the hours of peace."

Thou Son of Man

CAMILLA SANDERSON.

Oh Son of Man! A babe on Mary's breast,
A little lad by mother-love caressed,
We greet with joy the morning of Thy birth;
Then radiant Hope life's shadows far outran,
For Thou didst link the heaven of heavens with earth,
Thou Son of Man!

Oh Son of Man! At early toil and late,
Thy work made all our common toiling great;
Thy weariness sought rest in quiet sleep;
Thy need asked bread when hunger's pangs began;
Thy tenderness, bereft of friend, could weep;
Thou Son of Man!

Oh Son of Man! 'Tis ours to tread and know
Each step of Thy life pathway here below;
And "greater works" than Thine are ours to do,
Through life's new force that with Thy life began,
To prove our brotherhood and sonship true,
Thou Son of Man!

Oh Son of Man! Thou breathing life of Him
Whose nature filled Thy being to its brim!
Thou art our way to Truth's divine release,
God's will, as done by Thee, reveals His plan,
And so we know all sin in us shall cease,
Thou Son of Man!

The Wolf

J. H. FENTON, '15.

Although the little hospital town of Nanpres was hardly the place you would choose during peace times, we were glad to feel something of its quiet and peaceful atmosphere after the strenuous winter spent along the canals of western Belgium.

The whole hospital establishment including patients did not exceed five hundred, for it was just a small temporary station that was moved along toward the Namur lines when the German offensive ceased.

There were three of us who had formed a rather close friendship during the winter—Burke, a subaltern in the 7th Bengal Lancers, who had a small hole in one lung; Collins, a dignified captain from the R.H.A., suffering silently the torture of a smashed thigh; and myself, who held at that time subaltern rank in the 33rd Canadian Howitzer Battery.

Coming from the ends of the earth, and such varied environment, we used to while away the long pain-wracked days with descriptions of life in our own lands. Burke had a fine imagination and could make an Indian temple fairly stand before your eyes, and when Collins chose to open up with a description of the midlands of old England his cultured mind poured out a veritable treasure store. They were always asking me about Canada, its vast size, cold climate, industries and its future, and sometimes when I had described some phase of Canadian life I felt so homesick to see it all again that I hobbled inside and sat alone for a time.

One day we were discussing the effect of all the horrors and killing of a modern war, and Collins made the assertion that no man would be the same, temperamentally, after passing through a big campaign. He talked of the scar that killing leaves on one's soul and the reversion to type caused by the unnatural conditions of the struggle. Burke held that

there was a red streak in every man and we should be none the worse for having it revealed. He felt certain he wasn't a poorer type of man because of his active service, and certainly he expected to slough off all the campaign experiences when he settled down at the end of the war.

We smoked on in silence for a time, and then, thinking of the Wolf I asked if it were not possible that horror, death and privation might bring out the best that lies in a man? "Did I ever tell you about the Wolf?" "No!" "Well he was a man of that type".

"He is a gun layer on No. 1 in my old battery, the 33rd Howitzer, and I don't think I'll ever forget the first time I saw him. We were recruiting in Toronto and I happened to be in the orderly room when a number of recruits were brought in to be sworn. The Wolf was one of them. I had just been gazetted and was keen to see the men who would be my raw material, but the sight of this big fellow rather dampened my enthusiasm.

"He is a huge fellow, swarthy as a Spaniard, and lithe as a snake despite his 6' 2" of height. His black stubble and unkempt hair gave him a savage appearance, while his yellow, uneven teeth, which were so prominent when his lips curled in a cold, sneering smile, seemed like the fangs of some wild creature.

"But it was the eyes of the man that held you. They glittered with a light as hard and steely as any that ever shone in the eyes of a roving pirate. Even when he wrinkled his lips in a grim smile his eyes never softened, but rather they seemed to scorn to show any human emotion. He never looked directly at you, save with a swift, darting glance and then he stared away over your head at something of seemingly greater importance. This used to fairly madden me when he was up for reprimand or field punishment.

"He is a marvel to withstand fatigue and during that awful march from Mons to Aix-la-Chapelle he did not show a sign of exhaustion, save that the lines on his face seemed cut a little deeper and his eyes colder and harder than ever.

"If ever a man seemed to glory in desperate fighting this fellow did, and when at Cadore the 'Ewe Lambs' charged through our battery four times in as many hours he seized a rifle and bayonet and with almost superhuman strength of body and will, held the gun crew together during the whole ordeal. When it was all over, his gun was barricaded with horses and men who had fallen before his fury.

"The boys fell into the habit of calling him 'the Wolf' and while I half suspected that he hated the name and the prominence it gave him, yet he was too proud to show that he cared.

"If there was one man in our contingent who above any other seemed self-centred, cold, inhuman, who feared neither God, man nor devil, I believe it was the Wolf, and you can understand how the boys never tried to impose upon him or get close enough to him to find out where he came from and what his former life had been.

"I was almost certain he had seen service before. It seemed to me no man could handle the 'Old Ladies', as the boys call our 60 pound howitzers, as he did unless he had been doing it for years. His gun was always first in action, he always found the range first, and week after week his gun crew fired 20% more shells than any other gun in the battery. But mind you he didn't waste the shells. When 'fire for effect' was given he began to drop shells on the enemy in a fairly uncanny manner. No, the Wolf was not a 'shell hog' and if I had six gun layers like him who put the fear of the Lord into their crews I'd give any battery in the brigade 20 points and beat them in an efficiency test.

"The big fellow never wrote to anybody, never got any mail from Canada, nor did he care to go off on a rampage with a crowd on town leave when we happened to be lying near a French or Belgian town. In fact he possessed a different form of enjoyment. He would hunt up a small public house, get off in a quiet corner by a little table and proceed to take aboard the most fearsome cargo of mixed drinks I ever saw in my life. He was never drunk, but the more he drank the viler his temper became. I was always reminded of a powder

magazine situated in a burning building when I saw the Wolf in such a condition.

"Now you can't accuse this man of being filled with the milk of human kindness from this description, can you? I guess he seems to you, as he did to me, just about the roughest, hardest and least responsive character you could easily find. You wouldn't imagine him to be an ideal foster parent, would you? And yet—. Do you know I've begun to believe you can't tell what a man will do in any given circumstance.

"Two months ago we were moving south-east towards the big position Von Kluk had taken up along the Namur line. We had been having a rough time for nearly a week, for the German cavalry screen was backed by about as neat a lot of horse batteries as I have seen in the whole campaign. Three times they had us cornered as we pushed ahead of our division and twice we only escaped in the confusion following a stiff charge made by our lancers and dragoons.

"The morning after we left Sourenne we struck a rough, hilly country that gave the enemy splendid cover and you can bet they were ready for us. There must have been four heavy batteries commanding the woods leading out of that village, and we certainly got our share of the souvenirs. We tried to hold them for about fifteen minutes and then the advanced cavalry began to fall back and we realized that unless we wanted to leave our 'coal scuttles' in the hands of the Uhlans who were threatening both flanks, we must get out and back behind Sourenne.

"Under a hail of shrapnel we got the old guns started back along the muddy road. We had lost half our horses and nearly one-third of our men in a little better than fifteen minutes. I galloped back to get the limbers off the road in order to let the guns through and as I passed number one I ordered the Wolf to take charge, as I wanted his sergeant with me. That was the last I saw of him for over an hour, but the sergeant with number two told me afterwards what actually happened.

"Just as the first gun jolted and pounded into the village street with every horse straining at the gallop he saw a little Belgian kiddie, a boy of about two years of age, standing in the middle of the road screaming with terror. By the roadside lay a woman—I suppose it was his mother—who had been hit by a shrapnel bullet. The youngster was too terrified to move, and when the men saw him square in the path of the leading team, hardened as they were, they shut their eyes and waited.

"The Wolf, however, had been riding just back of number two on the off side, and like a flash he savagely spurred ahead and snatching the wretched little beggar from under the flying hoofs whipped him up on to his saddle bags. There wasn't time to say a word, it was a case of getting back behind Sourenne without a second's delay or I guess the boys would have made a little demonstration.

"When we got back on to some dead ground and the limbers came thundering back to us, the Wolf tried to turn the baby over to the farrier sergeant, a married man, who is always placed with the ammunition carts back out of range. Now would you believe it, the little fellow was simply terrified at the approach of any one but the big pirate who had picked him up. The kiddie just hid his face against the ragged greasy tunic of our battery terror and refused to be taken away.

"The Wolf turned a brick red colour as the boys laughed at him, but he looked down at the dirty little baby in a way I never expected to see him look. Then with an oath he pulled himself together and picking up the youngster dropped him into a big army service wagon, telling the driver to keep him from falling out. Then, scarlet with embarrassment, he spurred off to number one and began to snap out his orders.

"In about two hours our mounted infantry had driven the enemy back and we had a chance to get some rest and sample some skilly which the cook had been stewing by the roadside. The Wolf hurried back to the wagons and found his kiddie munching a big hard-tack biscuit which some one had soaked in warm tea. The poor little wretch was half starved and I don't suppose he had had a decent feed for a

week, but—would you believe it—when he saw the big gun layer approaching, a figure you would naturally expect to scare a youngster into convulsions, he just dropped the biscuit and with a wan little smile held out both arms to be lifted up.

"I was just a little behind and to the left of the wagon and I saw the big fellow tremble with an emotion that I couldn't account for. Looking into his face I saw a new light in those snake-like eyes and the grin he wore actually seemed real and human.

"The boys all laughed and crowded around offering bits of bread and meat, and little sips of warm tea, but the little fellow had eyes for no one but the Wolf, and when the men too eagerly sought to find favour with the baby the big fellow turned like a flash and snarled out a warning. He seemed like a big lynx that we often find in our north woods which fights so fiercely for its young that there is no creature in our wilds more dreaded than this same wild cat.

"After our 2 hours' rest we moved on and were on the road till nine-thirty that night. The Wolf had put some straw in the bottom of the supply wagon and wrapping the youngster in his ragged old great coat left the service corps driver to look after him.

"What were we going to do with the youngster? Every village we came to was deserted. We couldn't carry him with us, we couldn't let him starve, nor could we leave him to the mercies of some passerby.

"That night the Wolf came to my quarters, an upper room in the public building of the village, and made a peculiar request. I never saw a more nervous, frightened man in my life. He acted like a boy caught stealing in an orchard, or a youngster caught swimming in a forbidden place. I tried to think of the insolent indifference of his bearing from the time I had first seen him in the recruit room at Toronto, pictured him as the bully of the battery, which he really was, for although he never struck a man or threatened any one, nevertheless they all feared him and gave him a wide berth.

"What do you think he wanted? Why, to carry that kid on with us! He actually begged for permission to look after the baby, promised anything, everything, if I would let him go on with us. I tried to show him that the youngster would suffer from cold, neglect, hunger, that he would be in danger of stray bullets, that no man could be spared to look after him, in fact I said 'No!' with all the force and reason I could command.

"He didn't say a word when I finally refused him, but I saw a couple of tight lines form about his lean mouth and I began to wonder if I should not have tried to find some conciliatory plan. Stiffly saluting he clanked out and down the stairs.

"At 2 a.m. I turned out to inspect the guards. With the sergeant I had just completed the rounds when I saw a light in the lower window of a little house standing back from the street. Of course it was hours after the bugle for lights out, and slipping through the fence we stole up to the window. Boys, you could have cut my collar badges off with my own sword, I was that amazed! There, sitting by a rickety old table, with a lighted candle stuck into a beer bottle, was the Wolf, rocking the youngster to sleep. He was crooning like a southern mammy 'Bye baby bunting, your daddy's gone a-hunting'—and if ever you saw a look that expressed mother love I fancy you could have seen one like it on the face of that big howitzer-pusher. The kiddie had the croup and the Wolf had wrapped its little throat in one of his puttees soaked in some sort of oil he had got by breaking in the front of the village apothecary shop. Whatever it was it had done its work and the baby was just going to sleep. We stole away and I gave orders to the sentry on that street to turn his blind eye to the light in that window.

"The next day we sent the baby back with the army medical corps which was taking a convoy of wounded to the hospital base. The Wolf tied a card bearing his name to the youngster's neck, 'So that I'll be able to find him again,' he sheepishly explained, 'if I ever get out of this'. Then turning without another word he stalked off towards a little hill just beyond the town.

"Some men live a whole lifetime in a few moments. I never had much experience with religion, and what our chaplain calls conversion, but I fancy it must be a rather strenuous moment in a man's mental career. Whatever the Wolf passed through up there on the hill-top it seemed to convert or change him deeply, for when he came into the lines at the mess call he wore a strangely softened expression.

"That was nearly two months ago, and during the four weeks I was with the battery before I picked up that shrapnel ball I hardly recognized in the big gun layer the former saturnine, fear-inspiring bully called the Wolf. We still called him the Wolf, but the name no longer described him. The experience through which he had passed seemed to have changed his whole character."

I came to the end of my story and waited for some comment, but there was none. Burke and Collins sat humped up in their chairs staring vacantly across the misty valley. The pipes between their teeth had long since grown cold. Perhaps they were seeing little children of their own in lands beyond the sea.

Concerning Our Chinese Potteries

C. T. CURRELLY, 98.

In connection with the whole study of works of art, there is nothing more interesting than the enormous enthusiasm at present called forth by the products of the Chinese artist. To modern England this comes somewhat in the nature of a violent change from the older traditions and canons of taste which were so largely based on the Italian tradition. For a considerable number of years Chinese porcelains of the KHANG-SHI period, and of the period of his son and grandson (XVII and XVIII Centuries) have been held in the very highest esteem, and have been considered side by side with great pictures and sculpture as among the world's finest products. A great deal of the joy in these works of art comes from a feeling of the almost absolute perfection of the objects; there are very few pieces of porcelain from the reign of KHANG-SHI (1662-1722) that do not seem to be absolutely perfect. One feels that for that kind of thing nothing could be finer or better in workmanship or in design; the form is noble, and the design just what is wanted for that particular purpose, and consequently there is a feeling that there is no more beyond. Those who enjoy the feeling that comes from looking at perfection get the greatest pleasure from such pieces, but of late years there has arisen a general feeling which was partially expressed in Mrs. Ponsonby-Cummings' answer when Sir Gorgious Midas asked her for the straight tip: "Shall I marry Mary Robinson who is as pretty as a picture and as good as can be, or Lady Catherine, who ain't?" "Dear Sir Gorgious, beauty fades and mere goodness is apt to pall, but a title lasts for ever and you are never bored with a Duke for a brother-in-law." This is very marked in the appreciation of works of art, where we are certainly—at least at times—worried by too much perfection, and get more pleasure in certain moods

from accidents and irregularities provided that they are somewhat under the control of men of first-rate artistic ability. This very charm is given to us in the earlier Chinese potteries, and consequently at the present moment the greatest enthusiasm is shown for them and also for other early Chinese works of art.

Anyone who saw the Chinese exhibit of paintings at the British Museum five years ago can remember the intense pleasure that he received from the dashing joyousness of the pictures of the 8th to the 14th centuries. In some of them the artist seemed almost to have been drunk with his own genius, and his brush had slashed madly across the silk; but every stroke was just what was wanted, there was not one too many or one too few or one in the wrong place; this was particularly the case in the portraits, which, as a rule, are rather formal things. Some of the paintings were marked by the utmost elaboration, but this was felt to be just as necessary in its place as the slashing genius in the others.

The Royal Ontario Museum of Archæology is exceedingly fortunate in having what is really a remarkable collection in two of the early branches of Chinese artistic achievement—bronze and ceramics. Our bronze collection is small, but very choice, beginning about 1200 B.C. and coming down through the ages. From the earliest period the Chinese recognised bronze as the noblest material in the world for artistic work, and in consequence their choicest articles of both temple and domestic furniture were made from this material. The greatest possible care was taken with regard to the form of whatever was required, and then on it were lavished all the resources of a wild imagination, which had extraordinary powers of keeping itself in check. One beautiful form of decoration for early pieces was gained by inlaying them in gold and silver, malachite and enamel, used with the restraint which belongs to a great tradition. One is very strongly impressed that the maker of these things did not waste his nerve-force on himself. He was asked to make a certain object, and proceeded to make it in the best way possible, ever bearing in mind that utility is the highest

beauty. It is when a man turns his attention from his object to himself, and hopes that people will say "What a wonderful artist!" instead of "what a wonderful piece of work!" that art begins to decline. It is very interesting that as far as we know, Chinese Art had a longer period of growth during which time the man's whole energy was centred on his work and not on himself, than that of any other country, and the fall, when it did come, was the more terrible.

In the pottery collection the earliest pieces we have are thrown on a wheel and are simple clay pots, and little birds and beasts. Shortly after Alexander's march to the East the Chinese learned the art of glazing, but very curiously indeed they do not seem to have grasped for some centuries that glazing was essentially connected with the potter's art. They made clay vessels, by casting in clay their vessels of bronze and then glazing them. The glaze was of a simple green colour and of no great beauty. Towards the 6th century A.D. they learned how to make three colours, a green, a cream and a tawny yellow, and applied them very largely to their terra-cotta sculpture, and it was during this period that some of their greatest works of art were produced. Recently there have been found in China eight life-sized statues and fragments of eight others; these are the sixteen Lohans or disciples of Buddha. Their colouring is exquisite, and the modelling truly wonderful. Two of these came to America, one to the Metropolitan Museum and one to Philadelphia; two went to France and one to Germany; two are in England, and now, through the great generosity of Mrs. H. D. Warren, one has come to the Museum here. No one who has seen them has failed to be impressed by the extraordinary power of the ancient artist. The one in the British Museum has more the look of the Eternal than anything else that I have ever seen; a feeling of the smallness of the things of this world and of the peace and greatness of Eternity seems to come from it just as light comes from the sun. Ours has a totally different character; there is a sense of personal sprightliness and of human kindness as if this disciple of the great Buddha were more on a level with poor weak humanity. I have not seen



A LOHAN OR BUDDHISTIC APOSTLE
CHINESE TANG DYNASTY (618-906)
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY

GIFT OF MRS H. D. WARREN

y of the others, but I am told that each one expresses in a compelling manner some great phase of the teaching of OTAMA.

The sculpture of this period shows us the high pitch of perfection to which the Chinese had brought the art; it gives numerous examples of the great war-horse, which seems later to disappear from China. One also sees portraits of foreigners who had come long journeys overland for trade from Persia and elsewhere; men are shown in well-developed suits of armour of a quality that as far as we know does not come up again in Chinese history. In every way China was slowly but surely developing its Golden Age, which by the 10th century was in full swing. During this period the real value of glazed pottery was realised as has never been done elsewhere in the world. Objects which were probably of quite common domestic use were exquisite works of art; from the little tea-bowl to the largest vase in the house, the majority of the things seem to have been perfect in form and exquisite in colour. This was not due to chance but to endless experiment, and to the steady elimination of those things which were not the best.

While China was in this wonderful condition, away north at the borders of the kingdom a boy was driven out of a small tribe. He collected numbers of young men around him, and ended by completely smashing not only China but all Asia except parts of India. It would be interesting if we could get the speeches of the Peace Party at this period; I am sure that they would correspond word for word with the English ones of a year ago. An empire founded on an army of malcontents and adventurers such as those who followed GHENGIS KHAN or even Alexander, must fall to pieces as soon as the power which drew them together and held them together disappears. Consequently in less than a century China was again its own master, and there arose the great MING dynasty. The old exquisite and wonderful works of art were no longer made, but there arose a strong, roughly virile and often humorous set of craftsmen. In place of the exquisite colour and form there now comes a rough and ready series of objects, the product of a very differ-

ent type of mind. Rude strength seems to characterize a great deal of the work and the number of pieces connected with religion is conspicuously large. Writhing under a foreign conqueror had caused the Chinese artist to lose his subtlety, but it had probably been a national gain. Glazed pottery now plays a great part in the building of the temple and the tomb; the figures, of which there are numerous examples in the Museum, are chiefly of soldiers and governors, and though artistically they are the work of children beside the great pieces mentioned before, yet they seem to be that of children who were to grow into very strong men. As this period advanced the potters made marked progress in technique; the transparent glaze was introduced, and this enabled them to paint under the glaze. The exquisite so-called "blue and white" vases, and later the blue and white accompanied by other, overglaze colours, were the immediate result of this advance. The pot was made, slightly baked, and painted with the underglaze blue; it was then glazed and fired. If it were to have overglaze colours these were then put on and the pot put into another kiln and fired again at a lower temperature. These were the pieces that caused such excitement in the reign of Charles II, when people competed to have a royal charter giving them the right to be the first to board an East Indiaman, in order to buy any porcelain the captain might have been able to secure in the East. The French and Dutch were as keen about it as the English, and there began that eagerness for the possession of Chinese potteries that has lasted down to our own day.

Just as the technique in this new method of work was reaching its height, the Ming Dynasty gave place to the CHING or MANCHU Dynasty (1644), but there was no great interruption in the work of the potteries, and by about 1680 the height of technique had been reached. The Museum is rich in pieces of this second great period, a period of greater skill but less artistic ability than the Golden Age of the Sung Dynasty. This skill was maintained for a hundred years, getting truly more self-conscious and more eager to attract attention to the artist than to his work, showing more and

more cleverness and not greatness, till by the year 1800 it had sunk to a very low point. One thing which probably hurried the fall, which however must have been mainly due to the mental condition of the people, was that the royal factories began to sell their products in a large way to the European market; this is the common reason given, but I cannot think that it is the great reason. The work of any people cannot be greater than the mind of that people; if their minds are short-sighted and silly their work must be the same, and if their minds are great their work will show it in a way that cannot be doubted.

There is a great difference between the porcelains of the year 1800 and those that were collected as one of his amusements by Saladin who drove back the Crusaders.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The cut reproduced herewith is the work of Mr. Sanger Shepherd of Gray's Inn Passage, London, whose recent experiments in color photography and color printing have produced a startling advance in that science. This example of his work is, we believe, the finest piece of color printing yet published in Canada.

The General Conference

PRESIDENT BOWLES.

Alumni, Board, Faculty, Senate, Students,—put in alphabetical order, that no one may take offence—are the elements which constitute the College. Hitherto the Board has been appointed almost entirely by the General Conference. The recent legislation of the General Conference provides for a different method of election. The number of the Board will be reduced from 35 to 28. Of these 12 are to be elected by the General Conference including as ex-officio members the General Superintendents and the Secretary of Education. Eight will be appointed by the Alumni. These 20 members will together select eight others. The significance of the change lies in the enlarged powers and responsibilities given to the Alumni. There is no greater problem in the development of the life of a great University than that of maintaining the interest of the graduates. The men who have gone out from the College and applied its theories and reflected upon its influence should be able in large measure to guide its future policy as well as increase and strengthen its resources. Already the beginning of such things is seen in the splendid action of the Class of '89, to be repeated we trust by other classes. "So shall the bright succession run". The action of the Conference in this fuller recognition of the place of the Alumni in the life of the College will be fully appreciated by our graduates. The ultimate control of the College remains where it ought to remain, in the Church to which the College belongs, while the change to be made testifies to the desire of the Church to recognize as far as possible the autonomy of the College.

“The Love That Follows Us”

S. E. B., '18

Macallister,

February 15th, 1914.

Dear Niece Felicia,

You astound me! That young man has been altogether too precipitate. (In my youth it was not customary to refer to a gentleman as “Dicky.”) Deal with him summarily. Such sudden growth of affection is best nipped in the bud. Break off all communication. Should he persist in his attentions, I shall look upon his attitude as one of deliberate effrontery. I have spoken.

You may have learned that your Aunt Sarah Macdougall Hicks is a conscientious woman, who never flinches in the face of duty. You may have realized also that your Aunt Sarah is a woman with views, pronounced views. Sixty-eight on the twelfth of March, I am of sound mind and strong body—the person qualified to direct a niece in this, the most important period of her life.

You were twenty-one your last birthday. You have your share of good looks, being a Macdougall. Rumours have reached me, rumours of your popularity. You will marry; a Macdougall always marries. But you will marry wisely, which the Macdougalls have not always done. In other words, Felicia, you will not marry Richard Armstrong. He may be “a graduate”, he may be a pedlar—no orphan niece of mine will contract an engagement in her fourth year at college.

I shall write again, and at greater length. Meanwhile, bear in mind what I have said.

Your aunt,

SARAH MACDOUGALL HICKS.

Macallister,

March 15th, 1914.

My Dear Niece,

I perceive that this is a generation of hot-headed youth. So Richard "refuses to be dismissed"! And "Aunt Sarah's wrath holds no terror" for him! The young whippersnapper! However, he little knows what lies before him. It is my purpose, Felicia, to educate you in the study of man. When I have finished, Richard will be a folly of the past.

I realize now that I should have instructed you before you entered college—it would have precluded the possibility of an engagement (however temporary) in your fourth year. I had planned to wait until you were twenty-five, the proper age for young women to decide so momentous a question. This is, indeed, taking time by the forelock. Engaged at twenty-one! It is unthinkable.

When you visited me a year ago, I made tentative efforts to ascertain your state of mind. You denied hotly that there was a chance of your ever marrying. I should have known. Young girls always make such protestations. It is considered maidenly. A "maidenliness" I never could comprehend! It is this self-deception that accounts for so many matrimonial errors. When a young person assiduously imagines herself a spinster, a suitor takes her by surprise. She is unprepared, she loses her head, and in the excitement, accepts him—unless a maternal aunt interpose.

Young women are heedless. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Be cautious. Remember, niece, the suitor is neither the man he was nor the man he will be. He is a sort of celestial being, whose sojourn on this earth is precisely the length of the courtship. I trust you follow me. For this reason, it is expedient that we observe men while they are themselves, and before it is too late. Observation after marriage is valuable, I own, in so far as it makes his reform possible. But observation before marriage is invaluable, since a judicious choice ensures a model husband. You see, in the one case, it means rectifying a mistake—in the other, it is removing the possibility of such a mistake.

In my mind there is no doubt that this Richard is a mistake—though there appears to be, in your mind. Young people, still in college, lack the mature judgment of their aunts. I shall endeavour to quicken your understanding. In my next communication I may ask you to consider certain questions—questions bearing upon the past and future of Richard Armstrong. The result of your reflections will be the breaking off of your engagement. I feel convinced that all you need is light upon this subject—the rest will follow.

I need not assure you that at heart I have your future welfare. You will live to thank me, niece, for my timely intervention.

Your aunt,
SARAH MACDOUGALL HICKS.

Macallister,
April 15th, 1914.

My dear Felicia,

Your letter gratified me. It showed the true Macdougall spirit. Such spirit must be preserved, but it must also be directed into the proper channels. Resentment of my attitude is not one of them. In no way am I attempting to "coerce" you. I wish merely to show you Richard as he is. I desired you to dismiss him, lest your mental vision be dazzled by his presence. The head must work without the heart—for when the heart begins to throb, judgment departs. It is my purpose to subject William to a gruelling examination—at the end of which you will despise him. I realize your situation, as evidently you do not. And I intend to give you the benefit of my experience. My dear, I should feel criminally negligent, were I to withhold from you my counsel and advice.

You wonder at the fervour with which I speak. It is easily explained. I had no one to advise me when I married William Hicks. Your late Uncle William was a worthy man, when he died. What he was when I married him, it does not become me to say. A widow does not dwell upon the infirmities of her deceased. Suffice it to say that disillusion came within a year. I saw William. Did I yield to despair

because your late Uncle William was the most self-willed, improvident, pleasure-loving man that breathed? No, I dried my eyes, and resolved to make the best of William. And I did. By his fifty-fourth year, he was a changed man. His last words were, "As you say, Sarah!" My dear, his was a peaceful end. He died with a smile upon his lips.

But his reformation called for patience—patience, diplomacy, and vigilance. Many a time I was tempted to give up the struggle. How much better it would have been, had I realized that William was a mistake, before I married him! Your late Uncle William was not a vicious man, but his disposition made him a peculiar trial.

It is growing late, and I must close. My eyes are not what they used to be. Moreover, I am weary. The very recollection of my battle appears to have exhausted me.

Your aunt,

SARAH MACDOUGALL HICKS.

Macallister,

May 15th, 1914.

My dear Niece,

Your silence am I to construe into disfavour? In spite of it, I am writing to you on the fifteenth, as has always been my custom. Time and Sarah Hicks wait for no man. As for your possible displeasure, niece, it moves me not a hair's breadth from my purpose. Nothing shall deter me from fulfilling this obligation to an orphan niece. In my letter, which you chose to ignore, you were apprised of my intention—to scrutinize the character of Richard Armstrong.

When you recognize the fact that every man is a well of undeveloped possibilities, you are on the road to knowledge. But you have advanced far, niece, when you realize what these possibilities are. When I accepted your late Uncle William, I knew that he was not athletic, but I did not foresee that he would become less and less athletic, until he reclined most of the time. Neither did I realize that his high-strung disposition would develop into a most uncertain temper. In view of this, Felicia, it behoves us to observe.

In the first place, Felicia, is Richard impressionable? When a man glows at a word of praise, beware! When he intimates that with your approbation his strength becomes the strength of ten, be warier! Your Uncle William was impressionable. As long as I appreciated, he kept busy—but the moment I relaxed, he sat down. He could not work without appreciation. At times I was well-nigh worn out “appreciating”. But if I stopped, William stopped—so I praised on. It was a strain on my nervous system, as well as on my imagination. Sometimes I almost wished he were a Mormon—keeping William in the path of duty seemed too great a task for one. In the days of my hallucination I had dreamed dreams of the heights to which William would soar—all he needed was encouragement. Before long, however, I was thankful if I could keep him moving on the level. Words of appreciation are opium to some. No niece of mine will spend the heyday of her youth administering stimulants.

Again, Felicia, observe Richard's attitude when he hears mentioned “Woman's Suffrage”. Does he rant about “a woman's sphere”? And does that “sphere” revolve about one man? Attend closely! It may save future disillusion.

Another thing—I understand that the undergraduates themselves undertake the responsibility of certain social functions in the college. I remember your mentioning once the decorations. Felicia, can you recall Richard's attitude in the face of those decorations? Did he, in company with other men, carry out the design feminine taste dictated? Or was he opposed to decorations? Having principles against it, obviously he could not be expected to assist. My dear, such shrewdness in a husband is difficult to meet. Your Uncle William did not believe in house-cleaning. So while I “persisted”, he shot or fished according to the season.

I see Almira Dixon coming up the walk. Her calls are visitations, so I close. Thinking you might enjoy a jar of gooseberry jam, I am forwarding the same by Hiram Cameron, an estimable young man.

S. HICKS.

Macallister,

May 29th, 1914.

My Dear Niece,

The gooseberry jam was not an olive branch. The thought of propitiation did not enter my mind. I hoped that you would enjoy it, though it is not the best I have made. For some reason the fruit was not so luscious this season. I trust that in your appreciation of the jam, you did not overlook the fact that Hiram carried it. Hiram may have large ears, and he may lack magnetism, but a man who carries, on his trip to the city, a quart jar of gooseberry jam, has character. A sweet disposition, niece, is preferable to small ears and a nervous temperament.

Where were we in our discussion? By the way, Felicia, you need not call it "interesting". It is of vital importance to you, young woman! Moreover, I read your opinion of me in your veiled allusion to a "man-hater". Because, no doubt, I appear to be dwelling on the failings of the other sex! Niece, you irritate me! When we began this study, was it not to save you from a rash engagement? Had I expiated on the virtues of man, Richard would have been invested in them all, I presume. This "treatise", if you like, is not a eulogy to man—but a cold-blooded scrutiny of his faults. Had you been a nephew on the eve of an injudicious marriage, our attention would have been turned to woman and her defects. Then I should have been termed a "woman-hater". It is a pity that devotion to one's duty should be so misunderstood. As my niece, I intend to care for you. Opprobrious names shall not deter me.

We return to the contemplation of Richard Armstrong. Felicia, is he sensitive? A sensitive person becomes a scourge to those who live with him. In his youth, your Uncle William's feelings were always near the surface—as a consequence, often he was wounded. As time passed, he became worse, he actually bristled with those "feelings" until he became one living grievance—and I, an exhaustive Explanation.

Felicia, when Richard desired to give you pleasure, was

it according to his idea of pleasure, or to yours? Did he insist upon your sipping coffee, when you preferred lemonade? Such solicitude may have been gratifying then—but, niece, that man in later life would insist that his wife buy her hat at Gordon's, and receive on Thursday. My dear, such "disinterested friendship" would become a yoke of bondage in a husband.

And now I am coming to the supreme test. How does Richard treat his sister? Is he as unfailingly courteous to her as he is to her friend? Think, Felicia! Would a man who forgot his sister, remember his wife? Could he be regardless of his sister's pleasure, and thoughtful for that of his wife? Could an indifferent brother make a devoted husband? Felicia, as a man treats his sister, he will treat his wife. "Can the leopard change his spots?"

Enough has been said. With a view to future developments, together we have studied Richard's past. We watched the straws, and saw which way the wind blew. The end was inevitable. Through my ministrations, the scales have fallen from your eyes before, instead of after, marriage. You may realize in a measure what you have been saved. But do not try to thank me—I could do no less for Marcia's child.

As soon as possible, leave for Macallister. Hiram and I are anxiously awaiting your arrival. He has said little, but revealed much. It was only yesterday he purchased an opal tie-pin. Hiram is a man of thrift—such expenditure is suggestive. I do not wish to press you, but think it wise for you to come to Macallister open to conviction.

Your fond

AUNT SARAH.

Macallister,

June 4th, 1914.

Felicia,

Your audacity paralyzes me! You are "to be married on the tenth"—to "Richard Harding Armstrong"! Words fail me, for the first time in my life.

It seems that I cannot prevent this marriage. My re-

bellious niece has shaken off control. But I can at least be near you when disillusion comes. My house is sold, and my trunks are packed. I shall be with you next Tuesday—to pay an extended visit. When there is a battle to fight, 'tis best to be on the ground. Together, we shall do our best with Richard. I am equal to the struggle. It will seem as if William had returned.

You are marrying Richard in spite of every warning. He will develop into another William Hicks—but you would not listen to the words of wisdom. When I wrote that last letter, I felt that I had done all I could, and that my efforts would be rewarded. However, this is the time for action, not regrets. I have still my china to pack, and my favourite cat, Joanna.

Your aunt,

SARAH MACDOUGALL HICKS.

P.S.—I arrive on the 10.15.—S. H.

Song From "Victor and Cathrine"

BEAUMONT S. CORNELL

O Love, in dreams
 I bind thee,
 Where only silver streams
 The green, green hills entwine:
 And now I wake
 To find thee
 Beside me still—and mine.

O Love, if breath
 Should fail me,
 And I should sleep in death,—
 Where white, white stars e'er shine
 Thy love would still
 Avail me
 And thou would'st wake me—thine.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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EDITORIAL

Looking Ahead

During the year that is past, we at college have learnt in a new way the meaning of citizenship. Rifle practice has translated an abstract political theory into a concrete symbol. We know now that citizenship is not merely a matter of ballot papers; it is a matter of life and death.

During the year that is to come, we shall put our new conception of citizenship into practice. Drill will continue alongside of our academic work. In the spring, it is probable that a University Battalion will leave for Europe. Some men will hear the call of world-wide humanity and will go to the front to fight for the sacredness of treaties and the right of small states to live. Others will hear the call of the Empire in danger, and will go to weld firmer the federation of the British peoples. Others will go as national enthusiasts anxious to establish a higher position for Canada among the

nations of the world. Others again will remain within the borders of their own country, building strong the foundations of national life, which are less secure in Canada than our future requires. We in Canada are still too easily dominated by external influences. Personality, which is the basis of national as well as individual character and strength, cannot grow under even friendly domination. Self abasement even in a just cause is wrong. Consequently in Canada we have to guard not only against German world-aggression, but also against the subtler subjugation of national personality to the will of friendly powers.

The war may not turn all of us into soldiers. But it will turn all of us into thinkers. We can never again be indifferent to national and international movements. We cannot forget that our responsibility to the state is inseparable from the state's responsibility to us. Let us, in looking ahead into the new year, devote ourselves heart and soul to the duties of citizenship. In this way we may snatch what good we can from the catastrophe of war.

The Need for Decision

The college man is frequently in a dilemma. Education teaches us that there are always two sides to a question. But it does not always teach us how to discriminate between the two. That is unfortunate. The man who can see the front and the back of a painted canvas, but who cannot discriminate between the two, is not likely to make a good artist. He needs to educate his judgment as well as his eyesight.

Some college men are sincerely at a loss to "get at the rights" of this war. They find it difficult to discriminate. They say with mathematical precision: "The Germans are not wholly damnable; the Allies are not wholly damnable; therefore the Allies and the Germans are morally indistinguishable".

Men who argue in this way evince one praiseworthy quality; they are unprejudiced. That is very good as far

as it goes. It is an excellent basis for the faculty of judgment. But it is wholly useless in itself. It is useful only as a means to judgment and decision.

Keep your mind open but not idle. Sift the material you get in it, separate the false from the true, carefully distinguish between the worse and the better cause. Unless you do this you are not at all superior to the man blind with prejudice. Neither of you have eaten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Go back to Eden—if you can find it.

Make up your mind. Decide quickly. There is work to be done. There is action ahead. You cannot fight on both sides at once. You cannot even support both sides at once. Are you going to do nothing? You have a God-given faculty to extricate you from the million dilemmas which entangle one all through life. Use your judgment. Decide which is the better cause and support it.

The Frontispiece

Maurice Cullen, whose picture, "The Stream", appears in this issue, was born in Newfoundland in 1866, but has spent the greater part of his life as a citizen of Montreal.

Winter scenes are his specialty. Dr. John Reade describes him as "a watchful observer and interpreter of the moods and movements of our Lady of the Snows". Those who visited the recent exhibit of the Royal Canadian Academy cannot forget Cullen's picture entitled "The Ice Harvest" (see reproduction in the *Canadian Magazine*, January). Cold water has never been more icily depicted on canvas. The story is told of a man who glanced at that picture, shivered, blew his fingers, and ran for his overcoat. In Cullen's scenes there is not only this startling realism, but also an idealized atmospheric mood. In the school of snow-painters which is rapidly forming in Canada, Maurice Cullen holds a very prominent place.



Artillery

ROSS M. TAYLOR, '16.

In the destruction of Carthage, Livy, the historian, records the use of large machines which hurled huge balls of stone with great force at its walls and buildings. These "ballistae" threw rocks as heavy as ninety pounds, high up into the air which, falling to the ground, demolished everything in their paths, by reason of their great momentum.

Another early war engine, called a catapult, shot a large arrow a considerable distance. The motive force of these machines was supplied by skeins of twisted animal sinews, rawhide, horsehair rope, and in at least one celebrated case, women's hair. When the Romans were storming Carthage, 146 B.C., the inhabitants surrendered their engines of war, thinking to appease the attackers, and to make new catapults and "ballistae", the women of the city sacrificed their tresses. These skeins were twisted tightly, and when the twisting force was removed, tended to uncoil. This energy was used in firing the missiles. The maximum distance the stones or arrows could be shot was something less than a quarter of a mile.

The two machines were the only engines of war, or artillery, known to mankind, up to the end of the Middle Ages. They were the forerunners of our modern field and siege guns.

Gunpowder was introduced into Europe in the fourteenth century. The first cannon was a siege gun used by the Germans against a small town in Italy in 1341. Five years later gunpowder played a conspicuous part in the battle of Crecy, as used by the English army in France.

The greatest example of artillery work in those times was at the siege of Constantinople, 1453, when the Turks used a large force of artillery and in particular some monstrous pieces—some of them firing stone shot weighing as much as seven hundred pounds!

At that time cannons were used chiefly against fortifications. Their value in the field was limited by their slow rate of firing, inaccuracies in aiming, and their size and unwieldiness, rendering them incapable of manoeuvre. The advance in artillery has been directed mainly along the line of improving the projectiles, the accuracy of fire, the range and the mobility of the guns.

In the present war artillery plays a very important part in the operations of both armies. Perhaps it would not be out of place to describe the nature and organization of the artillery of a modern army.

The normal artillery unit in the British army is a battery, which corresponds closely to an infantry regiment or battalion in its interior management. The battery commander is a major. He is assisted by a captain, the second in command. The battery is divided into two or three sections, each commanded by a lieutenant. A section consists of two guns together with the men and supplies they require in action.

There are many kinds of artillery. The majority of batteries in the British army belong to the Royal Field Artillery, and are equipped for service with very up-to-date guns, firing shells of approximately eighteen pounds in weight, and 3.3 inches in diameter. Each gun weighs 900 pounds, and together with its carriage, about a ton and a quarter. The carriage has large wheels and a heavy steel "trail", which rests on the ground when the gun is in action and steadies it. The end of the trail can be hooked on to a two-wheeled cart, drawn by six horses, called the gun-limber. When attached to this cart, the gun is said to be limbered, and resembles a large four-wheeled waggon. The carriage is provided with a steel shield which protects the men who are operating the gun from small bullets.

The shell this field gun uses is contained in a cartridge, which is filled with cordite, the "smokeless powder", a comparatively recent invention. The striking pin in the breech of the gun, when the gun is fired, is released and strikes the percussion cap of the cartridge. This detonates a small charge of high explosives, which ignites the cordite. The pressure of the gas inside the cartridge forces out the shell. The bore of the gun is not smooth, but is cut with a spiral groove from breech to muzzle. As the shell is forced out, it is given a rapid rotation about its axis. The shell is a pointed cylinder. Its rotatory motion keeps it pointed in its original direction, and steadies it, much as a gyroscope steadies a monorail car. Rifling, as this process is called, insures accuracy of fire, but retards the shell. The removal of the great force the shell exerts when passing through the bore gives to the gun a violent recoil.

Formerly this recoil forced the whole gun carriage back several feet, disturbing the aim, and often endangering the lives of the gunners. In modern field guns, the gun is not rigidly attached to the carriage, but, when fired, flies back a couple of feet along the groove in the carriage in which it fits. Its motion is checked by means of a hydraulic "buffer". This consists of a cylinder of oil or glycerine attached to the gun, and a piston, filled with small holes, and attached to the gun carriage. When the gun recoils, the liquid is forced past the piston and the resistance exerted gradually stops the gun. It is returned to its normal position by means of a spring.

These guns are capable, when manned by an efficient crew, of firing over fifteen rounds a minute for a short time. Ten gunners are required to operate a gun in action. Besides these there are six drivers with each gun. Six horses pull the gun and gun-limber. Six more are harnessed to the ammunition waggon. A sergeant and a corporal are mounted on separate horses. Besides these, there are a certain number of men attached to each battery, farriers, signallers, and range-finders.

This style of gun fires a projectile with a flat path, directly towards the target. There is another class of guns, called howitzers. A howitzer is a short and therefore comparatively light gun which fires a heavy projectile with a low velocity. A high angle of elevation is always given, and its angle of descent is consequently steep. On this fact depends its usefulness, for practically no cover can be found from a howitzer. This type is especially valuable in siege operations, and in shelling localities which cannot be reached by direct fire. They correspond to the ancient "ballistae", used by the Romans in Scipio's attack on New Carthage.

Artillery guns fire three principal kinds of shells. High explosive shells are made of forged steel cylinders filled with fused picric acid, or lyddite, an exceedingly dangerous compound. The percussion on the point, when the shell strikes, explodes the lyddite, which blows everything in the vicinity to pieces, as a charge of dynamite would. The explosion is marked by dense black smoke and poisonous fumes, which colour the skin a brilliant yellow. They are especially valuable in breaking down fortifications, but are not of much use in the open, owing to their extremely local effect.

A very effective shell for use in the field was invented in 1784 by an officer in the British army, Lieutenant Shrapnel, which bears his name. It is a hollow pointed cylinder, filled with a small charge of explosive compound placed axially and many small round bullets. When the charge in the shell is set off, either by percussion, or by a time fuse, it scatters the small shots forward in the form of cone, which sweeps the ground over an area 200 yards deep and 25 yards in width. The fuse can be regulated with great accuracy, so that the shell can be exploded any place whatever in its path.

Star shells are a variation of shrapnel and are often used in night operations. They contain a number of stars. The shell is fired by a time fuse, and when it bursts, the stars are ignited and illuminate the foreground.



Hockey—The Jennings Cup

The outlook for a successful hockey season seems entirely hopeful. Although four of last year's seniors—Sanderson, Rodd, Allen and Burt—have left us, we have ample material for a winning team in the remainder of the old guard and in the new men who are fast shaping up. And of course there have always been freshmen "dark horses". However, success will depend upon faithful attendance at practice and the encouragement and enthusiastic support of the whole college. Harry Cheney, this year's captain, intends to start practices with the beginning of the new term and expects all candidates to be on hand.

The Inter-year hockey series will have a double schedule this year and an attempt will be made to have regular hours of practice for the teams. This series is always very strenuously contested and greatly encourages interest, thus it not only helps the first team but gives the development which hockey can afford to a larger number of players.

Basketball—The Sifton Cup

This year Victoria is divided into two teams, Senior and Junior Vic., the Senior comprising the third and fourth years and grads, while the Junior is made up of the first and second years. Although as yet we have not had a chance to see the Seniors in action, the Juniors have created a good impression by winning their first two games.

JUNIOR VIC. 42—VETS. 8.

Junior Vic. easily defeated Vets. at the Varsity Gym. by the score of 42-8. The game was in the nature of a practice for Vic. as the Vets. never had a look in. Vic. displayed fine combination, which with good shooting and checking, makes them look like a hard team to beat. Hewson and Pearson at forward gave way to Beasley and McClean at half time. Every Vic. man played a good game, the forwards' shooting was good, the defence and checking excellent, while Timmins did some fine checking at centre

Victoria line up: Forwards, Pearson, Hewson; centre, Timmins; defence, Bates, Wear.

JUNIOR VIC. 18—EDUCATION 10.

Junior Vic. won the next game from Education by the score of 18 to 10, the result being never in doubt. Education prevented the game from being a good exhibition of basketball by persistently playing the man and not the ball. Richardson, a former Vic. man, was the best for Education, while Hewson and D. Bates showed up well for Vic.

Forwards, Hewson, Beasley (McClean); centre, Timmins; defence, Bates and Bates.

Vets. have since defeated Wycliffe, so Junior Vic. look to have practically won their group which consists of Wycliffe, Vets., Education and Forestry. So long as they do not get over confident and let up on hard practices, the Juniors have a first class chance of being in the finals for the Sifton Cup.

Girls' Athletics

BASKETBALL

On November 28th the Victoria girls played University College in the Household Science Gymnasium. The game was very close and up till the last few minutes Victoria was in the lead, but the final score was 18-16 in favour of Varsity.

Although St. Hilda's had already won the cup, the inter-collegiate series was finished with a game in Trinity Gymnasium between St. Hilda's and Victoria. It was the most

exciting game of the season, resulting in a tie, 17—when time was called. At the end of the first play over-time it was again tied, but the final play-off placed the score at 26-25 in favour of St. Hilda's.

INTER-YEAR GAMES

The girls of the class of 1914 presented to the Athletic Club an inter-year basketball cup. This is the first time that inter-year games have been played at Victoria and great interest has been shown in them.

The first game, December 2nd, between the first and second years resulted in a victory for the second year. On December 8th the third year won from the fourth in a very fast and exciting play. The final game took place on December 14th, between the Sophomores and Juniors. Both teams showed up well, though the number of fouls made the game a little slow. The game ended in a score of 18-11 for the Juniors—who for this year will hold the cup. Mr. Kerruish made a very able referee.

Personals and Exchanges

Ladies of Class '10

Miss Constance Brewster, teaching Moderns in the Collegiate Institute, Regina.

Miss Muriel Hockey, doing Missionary work in Chengtu, West China, under the W.F.M.S. We understand, however, that she is to be transferred to the General Board at the New Year. (Stop press: Now Mrs. Homer Brown.)

Miss Nellie Clark, teaching in the High School in Midland, her home town.

Miss Pearl Davidson, teaching in Caledonia.

Miss Lucy Ghent, in her home town, Burlington. She is teaching in the High School.

Miss Ruby Mills, at home in Toronto, also sharing household duties.

Miss Kate Campbell, in Toronto, demonstrating in the Household Science department.

Miss Kirk Grayson, at her home in Moose Jaw.

Miss Bertha Archibald, when last heard from was at home (Toronto).

Miss Keren Lukes has become a devoted housekeeper. Her frequent trips to Toronto are, we understand, all taken in pursuance of household duties.

Mrs. H. J. Sheridan (née Stanley), spending the winter months in New York. Her husband is taking graduate work at Union Theological Seminary.

Mrs. R. K. Swinerton (née Henry), in Bawlf.

Miss A. Mac Bowers, in charge of the work in Moderns in the Collegiate Institute, Guelph.

Miss Lilian Smith, in charge of the Children's Librarian work in the City of Toronto.

Miss Mabel Crews, in Toronto. For some time she has been associated with her father in the Sunday School of the Methodist Church.

Miss Mabel C. Jamieson, with the Dominion Council Young Women's Christian Association in the capacity of national student secretary.

Mrs. C. S. French (née Hay), living in Toronto.

Obituary

On November 26th, at his residence 249 Huron St., there passed away another graduate of Victoria in the person of Dr. Abner M. Rosebrugh. He had been a resident of Toronto for over half a century and at the time of his death had reached the ripe old age of seventy-nine.

The deceased was born at Branchton, near Galt, Ont. and was of United Empire Loyalist descent. He was educated at Victoria University, Cobourg, and took his M.D. degree in 1859. After continuing his studies in London, Eng., and New York, he returned to Toronto where he gained a very successful practice.

During his life in Toronto, Dr. Rosebrugh was a very prominent figure and won the reputation of being a well-known physician, social reformer and inventor. He took a leading part in every movement for the uplift of humanity and for the furtherance of social and moral reform. Perhaps his greatest work was in connection with the reformation of inebriates, as most of the legislation passed by the Provincial Government within the past twenty years was based on recommendations made by him.

ACTA extends deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

From the very outbreak of hostilities in Belgium, we have read glaring reports of the utter ruthlessness of the German soldiers and there has been some difference of opinion as to the extent to which these reports ought to be believed. Many are inclined to disbelieve them entirely on the ground

that the Germans, like ourselves, are of Teutonic origin and consequently incapable of such inhumanity.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had the Germans as his allies in his great struggle with Napoleon about a century ago, has given to history his opinion of them in a letter addressed to his mother in 1807.

"I can, however, assure you, that from the general of the Germans down to the smallest drum boy in their legion, the earth never groaned with such a set of murdering, infamous villains. . . . They murdered and robbed and ill-treated the peasantry wherever they went."

When we consider the author of this statement and when we consider that the Germans in Belgium are but four generations removed from the Germans described in the letter, we are inclined to think that even Teutons under a despot may degenerate.

We are indebted to *Queen's Journal* for a copy of the above-mentioned letter.

A letter has recently come to hand from the pen of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, in which he writes on "America and the Issues of the European War". In this letter he draws attention to the matters concerning which American feeling is strongly in sympathy with Germany and at the same time he shows why American opinion favours the allies in the present struggle. We will give the substance of this letter as briefly as possible.

The following features of Germany have gained the sympathy of the American people:

1. The unification of Germany by Bismarck.
2. The commercial and financial growth of Germany during the past forty years.
3. German achievements in letters, science and education.
4. Efficiency as a principle in life.
5. Unity of the German people in a war which they believe essential to the greatness, and even to the safety of their country.

In spite of these commendable features of German development, the weight of American opinion in the present war is on the side of the allies. The reasons for this attitude may be stated as follows:

1. Americans object to a permanent executive which has the power of committing a nation to grave measures of foreign policy.

2. They object to a ruler having the power to order mobilization or declare war in advance of deliberate consultation with a representative assembly.

3. The secrecy of European diplomatic intercourse in the view of ordinary Americans is not only inexpedient but dangerous and unjustifiable. In the United States no treaty negotiated by the President and his Cabinet is valid until it has been publicly discussed and ratified by the Senate.

4. The reliance on military force as the foundation of true national greatness seems to thinking Americans erroneous and degrading to a Christian nation.

5. The American nation disapproves of the extension of national territory by force, contrary to the wishes of the population concerned. This objection applies to the taking of Schleswig-Holstein as well as to the projected occupation of Belgium.

6. Americans object strenuously to the violation of treaties between nations on the allegation of military necessity or for any other reason whatever, for the peace and order of the world are based on the sanctity of treaties.

7. American public opinion has been shocked by the German method of warfare. The dropping of bombs into cities and towns chiefly occupied by non-combatants, the destruction of precious monuments and treasures of art, the strewing of floating mines through the North Sea, the exacting of ransoms from cities and towns under threat of destroying them and the holding of unarmed citizens as hostages for the peaceable behaviour of a large population, are entirely unjustifiable and are sure to breed hatred and contempt toward the nation that uses them. This international hatred will make it difficult for future generations to maintain peace and order in Europe.

This verdict coming from the most powerful neutral nation and from the pen of one whose judgment is universally respected, is a source of great satisfaction to us, for it leads us to feel that the position we have maintained in the heat of our patriotism has been justified.

On Saturday, October 24th, Lord Kitchener was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. On moving the appointment, the speaker stated that the university wished to do honour to the man who was known as the organizer of victory and on whose skill, courage and sanity the whole future of the Empire depended.

We congratulate *Edinburgh* on this appointment in her hour of severe trial. The November number of the *Student* reveals the extent to which *Edinburgh* has been affected by the war. In active service she is represented by graduates, members of her teaching staff and students. Her roll of honour already contains the names of eleven of her sons who have fallen in service and nine of her representatives have been seriously wounded.

In spite of this most serious situation, the *Student* seems to be optimistic, as is evident from a striking editorial a part of which we venture to quote:

"In years to come, when the din of battle is stilled, when Time has healed our wounds, and when the history of the great European War comes to be written in the light of after events, how will our historians regard that day of August on which Britain threw down the gauntlet to Germany? To-day we speak of the 'Black August'. How could it be otherwise when the smoke of battle and of burning villages hangs over Europe, a pall for the nation's sacrifice? But when passion has died and when hate rankles no longer, may it not be that the month of August 1914 will be hailed as a great month in our nation's history, the month which issued in a new era of national development and of national consciousness."

THE BETRAYAL.

We trusted you;—as one whose spirits tend
To some adventurous and high enterprise,
Who, with low tone and quiet watching eyes,
Unfolds his heart to some beloved friend,
So we for peace our labours did expend,
And shared our dearest hopes, scorning disguise,
With you, whom we, more confident than wise,
Held true, despite all warning, to the end.

So be it; you have swept our dreams aside,
And waken us to war,—since fight we must
When all we hold most sacred is denied,
God will defend us: for our cause is just,
And swords against His justice beat in vain.—
And then,—Christ give us strength to trust again!

P.H.B.L. in *The Oxford Magazine*.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Exchanges: *Queen's Journal*, *Almafilian*, *The Student*, *Oxford Magazine*, *Argosy*, *Macdonald College Magazine*, *O. A. C. Review*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *University Monthly*, *Stanstead College Magazine*, *Trinity Journal*.



Hostess—I always remember people by their voices.

Miss Y--ng, '15—It's always their eyes that impress me.

Miss M-y-r, '16—It's their mouths that impress me.

Miss M-ff-t, '16 (after having watched the soldiers pass by in autos for some time): Why, it's their guns they have in front of them, isn't it? I thought it was their umbrellas.

Miss H-gg-ns, '18 (looking absorbingly at first year executive picture)—My! How poet-ically I am inclined.

Miss Sm-th, '17—Say it's cold on the hands out on the rink to-day, I had to have two pairs on.

Miss W-lls, '17—I've been reading about the Balkans all evening.

Miss F-nch, '16 (half asleep)—Where do they live? On the balcony I suppose.

Miss Cl-rk, '16—My! but the coffee is muddy to-day.

Miss P--rs-n, '18—Yes, it was ground this morning.

ACHTUNG!

Public notice is hereby given to all professors, students and German sympathizers generally, that any further pro-Prussian outbreaks, will make necessary the incarceration of the offenders.

We understand that the discovery of a dastardly plot to change the hour of German lectures from 8 a.m. to 7 a.m., with the idea of still further popularizing them, is the true cause for the sternness of this warning.—LOCALS ED.

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.

Lear Wh-te (to K-rr--sh)—“I don’t see the point of that joke, where Prof. Mavor exclaims ‘as the Scriptures say, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush’.—It’s in the Scriptures isn’t it?”

K-rr--sh—“Yes, certainly.”

One might excuse ye financier from Brockville, but Max is a son of the parsonage. *O tempora! O mores!*

Miss E. McC-ll--gh (at little social gathering)—“Will someone please play my wedding march.”

Male Chorus—“Yes, I will.”

THEY NEARLY ALL RECOVERED.

The choir was singing a new arrangement of the beautiful anthem, “Consider the Lilies”. The pure sweet voice of the Soprano rose clearly and distinctly in the solo:

“They toi—oi—oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Ny—y—y—ther do they spin.”

She paused and the tenor took up the strain:

“Nee—ee—ee—ther do they spin,
They toi—oi—oi—oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Nee—ee—ee—ther do they spin.”

The tenor ceased, and the basso, a solemn red haired young man with a somewhat worldly looking eye and a voice like a fog-horn, broke in:

“Nay—ay—ay—ther do they spin,
They toi—oi—oi—oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Nay—ay—ay—ther do they spin.”

“Brethren,” said the grey-haired, old-fashioned pastor, when the choir had finished, “we will begin the service of the morning by singing ‘And am I yet Alive?’”

Of the smaller evils, in the wake of the war, atrocious puns are one of the most aggravated forms. Here are two samples of the kind of material which enthusiastic contributors ask us "to please publish in Locals".

Belkn-p, C. T.—"The Germans have discontinued all bowling."

J. T-yl-r—Why so?

Belkn-p—"Because they don't like the 'alleys'." (Haw Haw!).

The other, in brief, dear Brother, refers humorously to the fact that the lights have gone out, because the Poles have all gone to war—(*woise and woise!*).

ON THE MARCH TO HOWARD PARK.

Company orders:

Married men—eyes right!

Single men—eyes left!

Paul W-ll-ce—eyes shut!

As Captain Massey was leading his brave boys, toggled out in ancient campaign clothes, through the environs of Howard Park, on the day of the great Sham Battle, a little old lady, noticing Ollie F--r-yd's openwork overalls (we struggled hard for this alliteration) and R-b-rt's ragged trousers, not to mention other uninviting specimens, remarked plaintively, "Are you the unemployed?"

She probably discovered her mistake however when Wee Wullie McD-n-l-d marched past wearing a quite new pair of muleskin mittens, which shone gloriously in the bright sunlight.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

(*What well known students do not say.*)

J. H. K-rr—"That hereafter I shall not seek the limelight, but shall wait for unassuming merit to come into its own."

M. A. W-ls-n—"That the Students' Council, under my able leadership, will continue its policy of 'watchful waiting' and 'public punishment'."

G. W. K--s-r—"That I shall no longer watch my feet when *trying* to keep step—it can't be done, so what's the use?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

LOCALS EDITOR—I have a question to ask which I hope will have your careful consideration. Facing page 125 of the CHRISTMAS ACTA is a group picture entitled “Executive of Class 1918”. In the centre, bejewelled and immaculate, is the well-loved figure of the President, while two chairs to his left the Hon. President is seated. Why so, Locals?

“One of those Boorish Youths.”

We are quite as much at a loss as you are, O Boorish Youth, but as a slight recompense for your discernment we suggest that the Students’ Council should take your name off the list of the proscribed, at future college functions.

NIGHT OF THE ORIENTAL CLUB DINNER.

Sophomore—Who are all those people?

Junior—O they belong to the Oriental Club—you cannot be a member unless you have some peculiarity. Now there’s Andy McL--n and Private B-yn-n and—! (Rest of list censored.)



THE GOOSE GIRL

M. R. Hamilton

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Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

A. L. SMITH, '13.

In introducing to you Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson it would seem wise to tell you something of his life. He was born in the year 1878 in Hexham, England—and he is still alive. Nothing further in the way of biography is discoverable in the Reference Libraries of the two largest cities in Ontario. His poems appear to have been published first in 1901. From that time till 1908 he made some twenty-three contributions to various magazines. Then apparently followed two years of silence, but in 1910 and 1912 he presented two little volumes which form the basis of this article.

The poems in these collections differ very much from his earlier works. In 1902 he published *Uryln the Harper*, a lyric whose nature may be judged from the following words taken from a contemporary review: "simple sensuous passion tremulously rhythmical and tremulously poetical", "fragile spontaneity", "shy poise of the soul in the air of sensation". In 1903 a review of a small volume, *The Queen's Vigil and Other Songs*, says of him, "His natural bent appears to be romantic narrative in which the romance is not too nebulous and the narrative not too clear". We wonder who amongst his readers in those days ever imagined that the author of such "tremulous" verse could experience such a metamorphosis as his latter work proves to have taken place. Indeed his early work was so intricate and decorative that one who has become acquainted first with his later poems,

has difficulty in believing that the former are from the same pen.

Mr. Gibson's early aim was to be conventional. He is now quite unconventional. The change, however, was not without presage. Even in his second year of writing there were signs of a dissatisfaction, signs which from the present viewpoint seem quite significant. In 1902 he published *The Weary Singers*, in structure very much resembling *The Lotos Eaters*. The theme was the silencing of poetry by modernity.

"May we not too forget? the while unheard
Of us, beyond the hills, strife rolls afar
Till sorrow's hour be ripe—
When men, remembering, shall pause and cry,
'Why have the singers left us here to die
Who sang so merrily through the morn?
Why have they left us songless and forlorn
To perish darkling, with no flaming word
Nor song for pilot star?'"

While he was attempting to conform to the ordinarily accepted rules of poetry he felt that his songs were falling on deaf ears. Poetry was being produced in a land separated by great mountains from the place where the multitude of men were living. We must congratulate him upon being one of the first pioneers to cross the great divide and come down where men and women crowd together, there to find his inspiration. Some one has compared his work in literature to that of Millet in art. The likeness is striking, for as we shall see, Mr. Gibson has a most sensitive comradeship with the toilers of the world.

No longer does our poet write of medieval harpers or of the love affairs of Vashti and Ahasuerus but of William Lowry, who is a printer and of Hester Lowry his wife—both of whom live in a little cottage on the next street but one from our own door. He saw that if his art were ever to be real it must concern itself directly with life. Accordingly he abandoned medievalism for mining. Instead of allowing his fancy to stray amongst long-forgotten palaces he went and climbed the tortuous stairs of all too present tenements.

His knights are men starving for lack of work and his "ladies faire" are wives and mothers with husbands lost at sea. And these subjects he presents in such a way as cannot but arouse his readers to an understanding of and a sympathy with life's disinherited, the over-worked masses.

"Snug in my easy chair,
I stirred the fire to flame.
Fantastically fair
The flickering fancies came.
Born of heart's desire,
Amber woodland streaming;
Topaz islands dreaming
Sunset cities gleaming,
Sphire on burning sphire;
Ruddy windowed taverns;
Sunshine spilling wines;
Crystal-lighted caverns
Of Golconda's mines;
Summers unreturning;
Passion's crater yearning;
Troy, the ever burning;
Shelley's lustral pyre;
Dragon eyes, unsleeping;
Witches' cauldrons leaping;
Golden galleys sweeping
Out from sea-walled Tyre;
Fancies, fugitive and fair,
Flashed with singing through the air;
Till dazzled by the drowsy glare
I shut my eyes to heat and light
*And saw, in sudden night
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark,
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.*"

It is this last vision which has laid Mr. Gibson under a mighty thrall. The above is the foreword to his three little booklets "Fires" and explains their title. Following is the preface to *Daily Bread*:

"All life moving to one measure—
Daily bread, daily bread—
Bread of life and bread of labour
Bread of bitterness and sorrow,

Hand-to-mouth and no to-morrow,
 Dearth for housemate, death for neighbour. . . .
 Yet, when all the babes are fed,
 Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?"

Daily Bread is a series of dramatic poems of irregular rhythm which record the sorrows and the tragedies of the poor. Here is an example, taken almost at random. In "On the Road" a young husband speaks to his wife,

"It's ill work tramping all the live-long day
 With naught but hunger in the belly,
 As we did yesterday;
 And then, at night
 To shelter 'neath a stack;
 And lie and think—
 Too cold and tired to sleep—
 To lie and think,
 And wonder if to-morrow
 Would bring us bite and sup;
 Envyng the very beasts that they could feed
 Upon the hay that bedded us.
 And still 'twas good to rest
 From tramping the hard road.
 But you were plucky, lass;
 And truded so bravely."

Notice the last four lines especially. They add a little touch of comfort and peace which relieves what would otherwise be too intensely gloomy. And the way in which he weaves this element of love in its simplicity into each of these little plays marks Mr. Gibson as an artist of the highest order. He sees the labour and the pain of men—but he sees also that none are altogether without hope, without some star to follow or some anchorage to seek.

Another example. Seth Herdman is a fireman. His wife is at death's door. He is waiting in great suspense to know whether she will live or die. She takes a sudden turn for the worse. His mother comes to tell him.

[His mother enters hurriedly and goes up to Seth and takes him in her arms without speaking]

Seth: Mother!

Mary: My son!

Seth: Is there no hope?

Mary: The babe's alive.

Seth: And she. . . and she . . . [The fire alarm sounds and the men all spring to the engine]

Thank God, there's work!

Come, lads.

Some of his poems are tragic almost to gruesomeness. "The Furnace" is the story of a stoker's last hours. He has been terribly burned and is dying. In his delirium he is in terror of his furnace.

"I feed and feed and feed it,
And yet it's never full;
But always gaping, gaping,
And licking its red lips.
I feed it with my shovel
All night long.
I shovel without ceasing.

The sweat pours out of me;
And then it licks the sweat up with its breath
And roars more fiercely.
My eyes are coals of fire.
My arms can scarcely lift
Another shovelful.
Oh how it roars and roars! It's angry
Because I cannot feed it fast enough.

The great red eyes. . .
They burn me through and through.
They glare upon me all night long;
They never sleep.
They never even blink;
But stare and stare. . .

The big red gaping mouth,
It gapes
And licks its lips
And roars and roars for food.
I cannot breathe.
Its hot breath stifles me.
It puffs at me;
Then tries to suck me in—
Into that roaring hell.
It gapes. . . it gapes
For me.

Ah, God!
 The fiery tongue
 Is all about me now;
 It wraps me round and round,
 And licks me in.
 At last the furnace has me—
 The furnace that I feared.
 I burn. . . .

Other poems end their sorrows with a sweetness and gentleness such that one's heart is melted rather than broken. David and Miriam Eliot are lamenting the death of their first-born. They loved him passionately. He died while his father was at sea, which made the sorrow more bitter. Yet the story ends as follows:

Miriam. "My bosom yearns for him. . . .
 Your heart will ever more be empty."

David. "Nay, wife nay!
 Shall not your breast and mine
 Be ever full of love for him?
 Sweet memories of him
 Shall nestle in our hearts,
 For evermore;
 And we have still each other."

Miriam. "And our son!"

Seldom does Mr. Gibson set down definitely what might be called a view of life but such is to be found in "Summer Dawn". Of man he writes,

"Aye! then I little knew—
 I little knew that life was labour, labour
 And labour to the end.
 I thought that there'd be rest somewhere."

And of woman,

"It's ever children, children;
 A woman slaves her very life away
 To rear her children;
 And they grow up and slave their lives away
 To rear their children."

By so far the reader will have seen that it is quite impossible to judge Mr. Gibson by the commonly accepted standards of metre or even of rhythm. Owing to the lack of poetic form, some may be unwilling to allow that the term poetry is properly applied to these productions at all. It

will be necessary, however, only to point out that they are in the highest degree dramatical and that the dramatic substance is closely packed and highly suggestive. The material is cut down to the last essential and the heart of the situation is set forth in the fewest possible words. His poems seem the absolute transcript of the facts, told in the bald words of the poor. A Reviewer in *The Daily Chronicle* says, "Within a framework of lucidly and rigidly economised diction, shades of psychology and the play of pregnant forces are thrown into stronger relief by the emphasis not of highly pitched language but by the passion and simplicity".

To a superficial glance the dramas may seem formless. They are formless if that means they are fashioned after no approved pattern, but they have the truest form in their perfect unity. Each is absolutely complete.

Nor does the poet obtrude his own ideas. He is simply the eyes through which we see life. Of the dramas which make up *Daily Bread* one writes, "They are not lyrical. The writer in this respect but follows the best modern canon of dramatic construction, which asserts that the proper function of the poetic drama is not fundamentally lyrical but that, on the contrary, the web of circumstance should be so closely woven that the lyrical element—after all entirely personal—is deliberately excluded from the play as a menace to unity".

So far the work which has been discussed has been dramatic in arrangement and rhymeless. But Mr. Gibson can use rhyme when he wishes and he proves this in the collection named by him "Fires". In these poems there is a most enchanting waywardness both in metre and in rhyme. But whether the lines have two feet or six all of them have a graceful, easy movement. Many of the apparent irregularities are due simply to the division of regular pentameter lines.

The subject of the poems is in general, human love—the love of mothers, of wives, of fathers, of sweethearts, of young men. Each piece deals with ordinary, or extraordinary moments in the life of the so-called common people. The

same power of graphic, concise description, which we have already mentioned, is displayed. Mr. Gibson's strength lies in an intense visualisation of his subject and an unfailing sense of the romance of actual things.

Since we have emphasized so far the humanity side, it will be interesting to turn now to a different phase of Mr. Gibson's work. And there are mysterious tales which sometimes make the blood to tingle and sometimes the flesh to creep. A short reference to these will bring us to a close.

Take two stanzas from *The Dancing Seal*.

"And at the rising of the moon
Half daft I took my stand before
A young seal, lying on the shore;
And called on her to dance with me.
And it seemed hardly strange when she
Stood up before me suddenly,
And shed her black and sheeny skin
And smiled all ready to begin. . .
And I was dancing, heel and toe,
With a young maiden white as snow
Unto a crazy violin.
We danced beneath the dancing moon
All night beside the dancing sea,
With tripping toes and skipping heels,
And all around us friendly seals
Like Christian folk were dancing reels
Unto the fiddle's endless tune
That kept on spinning merrily
As though it never meant to stop.

Then with a skirl
The fiddle broke:
The moon went out:
The sea stopped dead.
And in a twinkling all the rout
Of dancing folk had fled. . .
And in the chill, bleak dawn I woke
Upon the naked rock alone."

Such verses weave a spell as did *The Ancient Mariner*.

Those who have a taste for eerie stories will be pleased with *The Blind Rower* and *Flannan Isle*. The Blind Rower is a blind boy who rows his father to and from the lobster

pots. On a certain day just after they had started for home the father dies:

"A sudden stroke
And he lay dead
With staring eyes and lips of lead.

The son rowed on and nothing feared;
And sometimes merrily
He lifted up his voice and sang
Both high and low
And loud and sweet:
For he was ever gay at sea
And ever glad to row;
And rowed as only blind men row;
And little did the blind boy know
That death was at his feet.

So merrily he rowed and sang
And strangely on the silence rang
That lonely melody
As through the livid, brooding gloom
By rock and reef, he rowed for home
The blind man rowed the dead man home."

Flannan Isle is the story of a lighthouse. Three men were supposed to be on duty there but one night no light was seen.

"Quickly we set sail
To find out what strange thing might ail
The keepers of the deep sea light.

And as into the tiny creek
We stole beneath the hanging crag
We saw three queer, black, ugly birds
Too big, by far in my belief,
For guillemot or shag,
Like seamen, sitting bolt upright
Upon a half-tide reef—
But as we neared, they plunged from sight
Without a sound or spurt of white.

But though we hunted high and low
And hunted everywhere,
Of the three men's fate we found no trace
Of any kind, in any place,
But a door ajar and an untouched meal
And an overtoppled chair."

The article must not end without mention of *The Hare*, a narrative poem of some four hundred lines which centres in the love affairs of a gypsy girl. No criticism will be offered except to say that it shows that the poet can carry into a more extended poem the ability so marked in his shorter sketches.

However, as we think of the work as a whole, it is not so much the skill we shall remember as the social message. Mr. Gibson has, of course, a next of kin in Mr. John Masfield. These two men stand in a class by themselves. Of the two we think Mr. Gibson the finer. He is quite as profound and exact an observer. Certainly he is more delicate and more musical. But both men have broken away from the guarded lawns of convention and have blazed a trail for poetry off into the wilds of common-place life. Their way is a new way but it is alongside the great high-road of the present day social movement. Literature may assist the cause of the poor in two ways—by espousal and by portrayal. Mr. Gibson's way is as emphatically the latter as it is not the former. He does no preaching. He has a very sensitive social conscience, but he proclaims no remedy. He presents the facts sympathetically, without pessimism and without sentimentality. This kind of presentation is a very important part of the social awakening. *The Outlook* reviewer says: "In Mr. Gibson's work the reader does not face problems; he faces life as life shows itself to those who work with their hands and work close to the line of poverty. . . . And there is wisdom in this manner of approach, for nothing is so effective as the dispassionate portrayal of the bitterness of poverty and no appeal is comparable in eloquence with the appeal of facts vitally reported". It is with the hope that the reader will be interested not only in the beauty but in the purpose of Mr. Gibson's work that this paper has been prepared.

We regret to say that Mr. Gibson's works cannot be purchased in Canada at the present time. But from Elkin Mathews, Vigo St., London, England, may be obtained the following: *Daily Eread* (1910), *Fires* (1912), *Thoroughfares* (1914) and *I orderlands* (1914).

Some German-Americans on the War

H. G. ROBERTSON, '14.

It has been the writer's lot to spend the last few months in a certain American city, which has been described as "one of Germany's few remaining foreign possessions". This fact has led the editor of ACTA to suggest that he should write a few pages about German Propaganda in the United States of America or something of the sort. Consent was finally given and the editor duly warned to expect an article which would exhibit a power of research and a grasp of the facts comparable to that of Mrs. Leo Hunter's friend, Count Smorltork. A sojourn of a bare three months and an inadequate knowledge of the German language are poor qualifications for such a task.

The German-Americans number many millions, and none of the "hyphenated Americans" are more firm in their attachment to their parent country. This loyalty usually appears to survive naturalization and persists for generations. In many cases its intensity has aroused the disapproval of the non-German press and people, who are naturally displeased when *bona fide* American citizens identify themselves with the Kaiser's subjects and speak of "our cause", "our armies", or "our victories". Newspapers of a neutral or even pro-German tendency have denounced such utterances as "anti-American" and as "subversive of national unity".

This pro-German propaganda takes many forms. It is seen in mass meetings, letters to the papers, the publication of books and pamphlets, and the establishment of daily papers printed in German to supplement the unsympathetic American press. The views expressed and the tone adopted in all these varies so much that no generalizations are possible. Some are argumentative and conciliatory, others are merely abusive and spiteful. Some take their cue from Berlin sources or from the utterances of Ambassador Bernsdorf and Doctor

Dernburg, while others evolve wholly original arguments; and it is a question whether Germany's case is being helped by these numerous lawyers for the defence, working out their briefs without collaboration. Take the case of Louvain. The counsel for Germany inform us that (1) the city is not burned at all, only slightly singed, (2) the fire was started by some Belgians who were trying to burn out some German barracks, (3) the garrison were forced to burn the town because of a general uprising, (4) the British, with characteristic low cunning, persuaded the Belgians to burn the city, so that they could say that the Germans did it.

However, such glaring inconsistencies are not general and the differences to be found are largely due to the different degrees of reasonableness or partisanship exhibited by different writers. As an example we may take the series of pamphlets issued by the local Germanistic Society. These constitute a series of graded lessons in Germanism. Number One, although written from a German point of view, is so sane and judicial that only the most rabid partisan of the Allies could dissent from more than a few of its statements. The following extracts will best describe it:—"There remains the question of Belgium. . . Whether the German excuse be allowed or not depends on one's evaluation of what constitutes a nation's necessity, but in any case the illegal infraction of Belgian neutrality must stand against the German account until such reparation as is possible has been made". "If it behoves us to distribute blame, the Kaiser is perhaps not altogether free from guilt, but neither, in varying measure, is every other government of Europe. Together they must bear the blame with their alliances, their armaments, their lusts, their revenges, and their jealousies". "The real reasons lie deep down at the very roots of our culture. They lie in our wild pursuit of wealth, in our rampant commercialism, in our race hatreds, in our insufficient love of our fellow men, in our competitive and military psychology, and in a hundred other things constituting in their totality what we boastingly refer to as our civilization". "Brothers, let us pray for peace—but not for the peace imposed by the sword or by an irre-

sistible combination of the strong. That is the military peace of which Europe has proved the danger and the impermanence. Let us pray rather for the peace that is based on the deep conviction of every man and woman in the civilized world and grows and blossoms in the individual consciousness". These extracts are taken from the concluding paragraphs. The earlier pages deal specifically with the events and policies that led up to the war, but the same spirit of tolerance and impartiality is there too.

Very different is pamphlet Number Two. The writer is an American exchange professor who has been invited to dinner by the Kaiser and other august personages and has talked about international politics with his hosts. As a result, his eyes have been so dazzled by the splendors of Teutonic civilization that he now can only peer at the world through heavy German goggles. Fortunately there are comparatively few professors like him, even among those who have studied in Germany.

I have selected a few gems. "It was the moment of greatest tension in the Morocco affair, when all feared that, *at British instigation*, France would grasp the sword". "Great Britain was in dire need of an opportunity to divert the mind of her people away from the internal questions which were threatening to disrupt her constitution". Then as to the outcome of the war we are told that "the triumph of Germany-Austro-Hungary can never be so complete as to make any changes in the present map of Europe. On the other hand the triumph of Great Britain-Russia-France cannot fail to give Russia the mastery of the continent of Europe and restore Great Britain to her sovereignty over the seas. We may well draw back in dismay before such a consummation. The burden of taxation which we would be obliged to suffer in order to create and maintain the vast navy and army necessary for the defence of our territory and commerce would sap our wealth and threaten the very existence of republican institutions".

Numbers Three and Five give us the German case undiluted. To quote, "With the war already begun it at once

became a war for national preservation, and the matter of Belgium's *lesser rights* must remain to receive justice later on". "It is said in the best informed circles in Berlin that not very long ago England's king solemnly pledged that England should remain neutral in the event of a continental war. How much weight can be given to the promise of an English king?" "The German naval programme has had in view above all the building of a fleet for coast defence. Germany's weakness in fast cruisers has enabled the English to sweep German commerce off the seas, but the German battle fleet still guards successfully the German coast". "Germany, if she wanted to retain the slightest chance of extricating herself from this world-wide conspiracy against her, had to strike the first blow, even at the risk of offending against international good manners".

Numbers Four and Six in the series deal with speeches in the Reichstag and with refutations of charges of atrocities, and need not be discussed here.

The passages quoted will serve to show the general trend of German-American thought, so far as the writer has been able to observe it, omitting the frantic tirades that one occasionally sees in letters to the papers and in certain rabid journals.

As to their general creed, the first article of belief is that Britain is solely responsible for the war. At first they thought it was a conflict of Teuton and Slav, but they have since changed their minds. King Edward, whom we remember as a peacemaker, was the originator of the war policy. The logic involved is as follows—England and France are near neighbours and therefore are natural enemies and rivals, hence it was unnatural and improper for them to get together, settle their differences and come to a friendly understanding. Britain, then, was preparing to make trouble. "Eight days before the declaration of war the commanding admiral telegraphed to Sir Edward Grey: "We have the German fleet in our grasp—a word and we will sweep them away".

With Britain in this frame of mind, all that was needed was an excuse, and this was provided by the question of

Belgian neutrality. There is no point on which German sympathizers more persistently misunderstand the attitude of the British people. In their eyes we are a nation of arch-hypocrites, while the disciples of Bernhardi and Treitschke with their outspoken ruthlessness are positively virtuous by comparison. At first it was taken as axiomatic that Britain would have invaded Belgium if Germany had not. Then when proof was called for, the demand created the supply, and we are now furnished with evidence to show that this was actually planned and approved by Belgium, which thus made itself a "vassal state of England".

The German-American attitude towards the United States government has been full of fault-finding and criticism. Innumerable charges, specific and vague, have been hurled at the President and the State Department. Again and again it has been affirmed that the government's "partisanship" has made it impossible for Germany to accept the United States as a mediator when peace is made. To modify the Wilson-Bryan policy many suggestions and demands have been made. First, to prohibit the shipment of war material to the belligerent powers, which would mean, of course, to the allies. This meets with little favour from the non-German press who seem to be very generally of the opinion that such a measure would be an unjust discrimination against the Allies. On the other hand it has been urged that the United States should demand free passage to Germany for war materials, and if necessary insure their delivery by convoys of warships.

The note of protest addressed to Britain was hailed with delight, although its friendly tone provoked much displeasure. The administration is being urged to go further and "put an end to the freebooting activities of the piratical English state", and to show what they think of "the arrogant navalism of the race who denounce Germany's defensive patriotism as militarism". At the time of writing all German America is breathlessly awaiting the result of the *Dacia's* escapade.

All this propaganda has had an unmistakable influence in this city. It has caused many former sympathizers with the

Allies to climb up on the fence, even if it has brought comparatively few over to Germany's side. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the circulation of the German-American papers is not very large. I tried the other day to get a copy of the *Fatherland* and visited six or eight stores, but all I could get was a copy of the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt's* "War Chronic". The only benefit to be gained from reading any of these partisan papers, is to cause the reader to realize how unjustly and blindly peoples at war misunderstand and mistrust one another, and to examine his own brief again to see whether his case is wholly just and if so whether it could not dispense with vituperations and slanders against his opponent. When the war is over we want to be able to live with the Germans in peace and friendship, and this will be possible only if both sides publish much less that is spiteful and much more that is sane and conciliatory. and try to realize, as we are told the men in the trenches are doing, that the other fellow isn't a bad sort after all.

Almost a Fish Story

W. F. B. '13

The East Coast towns of England lie in darkness all the night long in these perilous times. The great lights on the piers and headlands, that tirelessly flashed out their guiding and warning signals, winter and summer, in all kinds of weather, are asleep; while coastguards and lookouts watch for moving shadows, or listen for the whirring of great air paddles, that might announce a Zeppelin attack.

Yarmouth has recently been in the limelight because of a night raid, and Lowestoft, ten miles south along the coast, has been playing a busy and important part in the grim business of warfare. Six months ago, there was not a hint of these things. The train that pulled out of Liverpool Street Station in London on a certain rainy July afternoon last summer, bound for Lowestoft, and running on regular schedule, carried peaceful tourists and holiday-makers a hundred odd miles through smoky suburbs and quiet countryside, and over the fresh green Broadland, where the sun broke through the drifting clouds, and the blue sky smiled into the placid waterways, and brought them, after a comfortable journey, to a town by the sea, where children played on the shore, and fishermen walked leisurely down to their boats.

Lowestoft lies partly on the cliff, high above the sea, and partly on the slopes that lead down to the beach and the harbour. The Esplanade is a whole mile in length, paved in black and white mosaic, and the seaward view from it is magnificent. There are fine piers and pavilions, and the bathing machines drawn up on the sands in rather gaudy array are of substantial and prosperous proportions. To the south lie Kirkely Cliff and Pakefield Parish, where the waves have made such inroads in recent years that dozens of cottages have tumbled over the crumbling cliff into the sea. Northward lie the gorse-covered Denes, wild and

beautiful. Old Town is on the beach. Here live many of the men that man the fishing fleet—fine, stalwart fellows, with ruddy faces, and affecting the queer little fringe of beard under the chin that is not merely a traditional adornment, but serves to keep the coarse collars of canvas smocks or oil-skins from chafing the neck. Here, too, are the net chambers and curing sheds—not exactly suggestive of bowers of roses in really warm weather. The descent to the Old Town from High Street is by steep passageways or “scores”, some winding and paved with cobbles, other straight and in steps. They are fairly numerous, and offer a convenient, if strenuous, avenue of escape to the esthete.

Lowestoft ranks second among the fishing ports of the United Kingdom, and her smacks and trawlers are of the finest afloat. All summer long, they ply in and out of the Trawl Basin. One could never look out over the harbour-mouth without seeing some of these sturdy little craft, with black hulls and reddish-brown sails, tacking out with the tide to the fishing grounds, or working in with the catch. Lately they have been bringing in deadly cargoes—mines swept in from the North Sea. Lowestoft was made headquarters for this new sort of fishing. It is dangerous work, and some of the boats have been blown up. Not long since, too, the swing bridge swung open as a fleet of trawlers made way, one by one, into the Inner Basin, each laden with a huddled freight of shivering Belgian refugees. The crowds that gathered to see them, touched by the misery and dejection of these homeless fellow-creatures, threw in shawls and coats in showers as the boats passed by the bridge.

There used to be two or three light cruisers, the “Halcyon” one of them, stationed in harbour waters for the protection of the fishing industry; and once in a while a poaching Dutch trawler was interned, and her crew set ashore to clatter about over the cobblestones in their wooden clogs. Submarines, too, had an odd habit of filing in under Admiralty orders, and ranging their whaleback hulls, nose outward, along the pier. But the townspeople were waiting for the day when the big new Dreadnought, H.M.S. “Lowestoft”, should

steam majestically in, with colours flying, to receive the handsome gold service presented by the Town. That particular ceremony has been temporarily postponed.

The Fish Market is busy enough in season. Into the Trawl Basin come the boats, crowding and bumping together along the pier, where they unload all sorts of flat-fish, soles, turbot, brill, plaice, skates and dabs, in brown wicker baskets. Business begins in the early hours, for the bulk of it must be over by eight o'clock. Brown-smocked fishermen, in heavy, high-topped leather boots, sort the catch on the decks, and pass the baskets ashore, where the fish are dumped in great slithery piles on the market floor. A hand-bell rings, and an auctioneer jumps to his place on a box in front of a fine heap of soles, it may be; and before you can say "Jack Robinson", the lot has been sold and ticketed, with clatter and laughter to help out the sing-song of business. The dealers have their boxes ready, and, with incredible swiftness, the packers fill them with broad, flat, slippery fish, stacked four or five inches above the box-level by means of heads and finny tails tucked deftly in, till the whole is a neat, compact parcel that will "stay put", piled in tiers, loaded and unloaded, with the dislodgement of hardly a single fish. The Herring and Mackerel Market is the largest in the world, and hundreds of Scotch boats come down in the Fall to share in the harvest. Scotch lassies come, too, to clean the fish, in the doing of which they manage to slash their fingers unmercifully with their sharp fish knives. The prosperity of the town depends largely on this industry, and upon the building of trawlers and drifters. One wonders when the next Harvest of the Sea Festival will be held in old St. Margaret's.

One might as well expect to "do" London and miss Madame Tussaud's as to visit Lowestoft and fail to sample shrimps. Prawns, winkles and whelks ("wilks", they call 'em), may be relished, and one can extract succulent morsels from the armour-plate anatomy of a deep-sea crab properly segmented and "cracked". But shrimps are the daintiest and most refreshing of fishy tidbits. There may be something to prejudice one in their favour in the very dexterity required

to nip off head and tail, and leave the meat whole in a broken shell—not an easy feat, if one be not “to the manner born”. The difference between Lowestoft and Yarmouth shrimps may seem a trivial matter. But the tact with which one discusses their relative merits will have much to do with the degree of popularity one will enjoy, and, what is vastly more important, will determine the number and variety of flat-fish he will be called upon to consume amid various hospitable surroundings. It is really not difficult to prefer the Lowestoft variety, because of their prepossessing colour—a rich, whitish salmon-pink, while the others are of a grayish hue. “*De gustibus non disputandum*”.

Perhaps a coffee-taster would know how to avoid ignominious confusion in satisfying the anxiety of a kind hostess as to the flavour and delicacy of each of several kinds of flat-fish prepared in liberal quantities and in most appetising fashion. Biological data fail one at the crucial moment. When is a fish not a fish? When it is a skate, of course. A skate is a tender, fan-shaped creature, supposed to be eaten “bones and all”. Plaice and brill are tasty, as are the rest of the fifty-seven varieties. But to decide such weighty matters at eleven-thirty p.m. is rather a problem. Shrimps are the most trivial entrées, intended to whet the appetite. That might be well enough if one’s appetite were accustomed to the whetting-up process at that late hour. The easiest way out of the difficulty eventually proves to be a determined and smiling acceptance of the whole ordeal, with dreams to follow. Unfortunately, there is always, at the Trawl Market, a heterogeneous heap of deep-sea monsters of all dimensions and colours, cast aside as unsaleable. They must be the Policemen of the Sea, for they have an uncharitable and wholly disconcerting fondness for patrolling the “dim aisles of night”, with lurching gait and ogling leers, in a way to make a man’s hair stand on end for ever after.

There are some splendid roads out from Lowestoft, excellent for cycling. The Yarmouth Road gives one occasional glimpses of the sea, where the Belle Steamers pass to and fro from London, and where sometimes patrolling squad-

rons of His Majesty's Navy lie at anchor in the mist. Somewhere along the coast, just outside the town, is an aviation ground, intended particularly for sea-plane work. One delightful road leads across country, among hedges and through great parks of wonderful old trees, to the little village of Blundestone, the Blundestone of "David Copperfield". The old Rectory or Rookery still stands, and the church, with the sundial on the porch. The original of Peggotty's Cottage is up Yarmouth way. The barmaid at the "Blundestone Plough" sets out glasses with a flourish and a dust of her apron over the table and benches in the quaint little chamber just off the tap-room. Stone ginger may not be quite so picturesque as a flowing bumper of sterner stuff; but one has the advantage of doing his meditating with a clear head. There *is* a difficulty in the way, if one calls at too many Wayside Inns for directions and information. The old custom of spending at every such stopping place is not allowed to go into disrepute—and stone ginger is not served in a modest port-wine glass.

There are many fine old churches all about. Many of them have tales to tell of the days and ways of Oliver Cromwell. Here he stabled his horses in front of the altar. There he robbed the memorial tablets of all their brass and copper. Many a tower with embattled top stands as a quiet reminder of days when wars and rumours of wars were not scarce. The churches will help to keep the record of this latest war, too. In St. Margaret's, the Parish Church, is a piece of oak panelling, erected by the fisherfolk a few years ago for the insertion of the names of fishermen drowned at sea. Drifting mines will be responsible for some of the names carved there.

On one particular road, not far from a corner where geese were flapping about in a great pond, was a gap in the hedge that revealed a peafield, where the peas were just ripe enough to be sweet and tender. It was the first thing for weeks that looked anything like home. The grassy bank was shady and comfortable, a welcome retreat from the warm sun. But it was most aggravating to be stared at by passers-by, as though the inconspicuous munching of a few pilfered field peas were

an extraordinary thing. Later on in the afternoon, the remarks of certain polite but frank schoolboys quickly settled all doubts as to the reason for such obvious interest. Shirtsleeves!

It is surprising how quickly a lunch of bread-and-butter, shrimps and stone ginger can restore one's peace of mind and body. Then one is in fit shape to watch the tide go out.

Blind

"Mid all the chaos have you seen
One gleam, one light of a star?"
And the woman answered: "No, not one,
Though I have gazed near and far."
"But not one word for calm, sure speech?
There is surely that somewhere."
But the woman answered: "When I pray
'Tis the stutter of despair."
"Look! on the far world-margin gleams
The Dawn that is Victory!"
But the woman said: "My eyes are blind,
I am bent and cannot see."
"Hearken, the very hour is here,
White Peace has been bought at last!"
But the woman said: "How many slain,
And how many souls have passed?"
"Ah, but the world is better now,
Men say it is true and plain."
The woman murmured: "Whose Heart was hurt
When you paid for Progress Pain?"
"People are sobered, cleansed, made pure,
War has made its work complete."
But the woman said: "When passed you by
The Sign of the Bruised Feet?"
"But there must needs be tragedy;
No lesser thing has sufficed."
The woman murmured: "O blind, O blind,
To the Tragedy of Christ!"

A. L. PHELPS, B.A.

Ghosts and Bubbles

H. B., '15.

"Lit." that night was rather dull. Besides, I had been out on a route march all day and was quite tired. The chief cause of it all, however, was a bright patch of light that kept dancing across the picture of the class of 189—, directly opposite me. In vain did I struggle to pay attention to the important Government measure which was before the House. My eyes kept turning back to that flickering patch of light. The voices about me grew indistinct and far away. Then suddenly everything went dark. Everything, that is, except that one patch of light, which continued its fantastic course over the faces of the class of 189—. For a moment there was silence. Then came a thin, ghostly laugh. I shuddered, and tried to cry out, but could not. Another silence, and then a thin, ghostly voice. I noted, without astonishment, that it came from the picture of the class of 189—.

"Ha! Ha! Still playing the good old game, I see." The light showed me that it was the graduate at the right hand top corner who spoke. The answer came from the opposite corner of the frame.

"Yes. Brings back the good old times, doesn't it? Remember when you were President of the Lit., old man?"

The voices had grown stronger, and the reply from the right hand corner was in natural tones.

"I should say I do remember. I tell you, Ned, I was a big man in those days. Nothing looked too big for me. I was going to set the world right as soon as I left College. And, Ned, let me tell you a secret."

"Go ahead."

"It was my ambition then to become Premier of Canada."

"Ha! Ha! That's a good one. Listen, Jim. I had my eye on the same job."

"You don't say so! How strange!"

"Not at all. I fancy there were a number of prospective Premiers in our class. It's in the air at College. Why, I'll wager that more than half the fellows in this room right now have the same idea at the back of their heads."

The speaker seemed to look straight at me as he spoke. I hung my head, and resolved thereafter to restrict my aspirations to a Cabinet portfolio.

There was silence for a few moments, while the patch of light executed a merry dance across and around the frame.

Then from the left hand corner:

"Hello, Jim!"

"Yes!"

"Those ambitions were foolish things, weren't they? Like bubbles, Jim, just like bubbles. Pretty and pleasant enough while they lasted. But the trouble was that each one of us thought that his particular bubble was different from any other and would never burst. Then when they did burst, it hurt, Jim, didn't it?"

"Yes, Ned, it hurt."

"How different it all turned out from what I had expected. I thought the legal world would receive me with open arms. I had mentally phrased the polite regrets with which I should decline the offers of the unsuccessful competitors for my valuable services. And why not? Didn't I lead my Course, win the Oration Contest and hold the Presidency of the Lit.? But the bubble burst. It was hard work to forget all that I had learned and start over again, at three dollars a week and an office-boy's duties, but it had to be done. I suppose you found it much the same, eh, Ned?"

"I surely did, old man. I had planned to look over the newspaper offices and choose the one I liked best, then walk in and shake hands with the managing editor, flourish my diploma before his eyes and inform him that I was ready to start work at once. If he showed the least hesitancy I intended to acquaint him with my successful career as editor of ACTA, feeling confident that he would then discharge his first assistant, if necessary, in order to make a place for me.

Seems funny when I look back on it now. What a conceited lot of idiots we must have been, Jim!"

There was no answer from the other corner. The patch of light commenced to dance again and became so lively that I thought I should hear no more from the picture. Finally, however, it came to a stop and I again heard a voice.

"Ned!" it called.

"Yes?"

"I have been thinking over what you said about the fellows in this room. Do you really believe they have the same wild ambitions as we used to have?"

"Why, yes, Jim. I believe they are just about the same kind of fellows as we used to be."

"Then, listen, Ned. Don't you think that we owe it to the old College to go back and tell them the truth about the world they are soon going to face? We might save them from some bitter disappointments."

There was a pause of several minutes. Then from the left hand corner:

"Perhaps you are right, Jim. But look here, if a disillusioned old Grad. had come back in our College days and had told us that we were catching at bubbles, do you think we should have believed him?"

"I suppose not, Ned; I suppose not. But still it seems a pity."

"Why so, Jim? Are you any the worse for having dreamed your dream? It hurt your pride to find that your ambition had been aimed too high, but wouldn't it have been ultimately far worse if it had never been aimed high enough?"

"Yes, I see what you mean. It's better as it is. Besides, Ned, to tell you the truth I am still blowing bubbles. Not such big and beautiful ones as before, but still bubbles."

"Of course you are, old man. Life must be a poor and dreary sort of thing when a man completely realizes just how narrow his own limitations are. Listen, Jim. Away in the West there is a mountain that I love. Every year when I grow tired and discouraged amid the rush of the world, I steal away to spend a little while within the spell of its soli-

tude and grandeur. Every year I try to climb it. I have never succeeded and probably never shall. The glories of its highest peak are not for me, but I love it none the less. And every year when my pilgrimage is over, I return to my work with a nobler purpose and a wider sympathy. Is your imagination lively enough, Jim, to reveal any resemblance between a mountain-peak and a bubble?"

"I think I understand, Ned, and I agree with you. So we'll let these fellows go on admiring their bubbles, eh? Perhaps after all, there may be a Premier among them now; you never can tell, you know."

"Ha! Ha! A solid bubble, eh? Ha! Ha! Ha!" The laugh grew thinner and thinner, and the light dimmer and dimmer. Then suddenly there was a crash, and I sat up with a start.

"Private members' business," announced the Speaker, as he laid down his gavel.



Goetze's "Crucifixion"

C. T. CURRELLY, '98

In its evolution the modern picture is a development from a considerable number of ideas. At first pictures were probably used entirely for magical purposes, in order that the possessor of a picture of any object should have control of the object itself through sympathetic magic. This idea has remained until comparatively modern times, and laws have been enacted which took this idea of sympathetic magic for granted, *e.g.*, within comparatively recent times it was a criminal offence to make even the roughest image of a person and stick pins in it or put it before the fire or in other wise damage it, as it was taken for granted that it was perfectly possible for the person to receive as much damage as his image, and that a small wax figure put before a fire and allowed to melt away slowly, would be followed by the slow decline of the person whose image was so treated. This idea seems to be almost universal.

After the introduction of Christianity, the picture assumed a new importance—that of teaching, and was used largely by the Church to teach the Bible stories to people who could not read. The artist who catered for this demand had no historical knowledge at his command, and it is very curious how modern a subject accurate history is. In the mosaics and frescoes and later in the oil-paintings, the artist painted Biblical subjects as if the characters in them had been the people of his own time and country, but as far as we know he gave all the information which he had; for instance, the Jews (and it is very interesting to notice that Christ and His apostles are never considered as Jews) are almost invariably represented in Turkish costume—the costume of the one oriental race with which the artist was in close touch. Slowly there arose with this idea of the picture as a teaching agent

a feeling of its decorative value, and different schools of painting developed different theories and laws of composition and perspective. The main idea was, naturally, to draw the gaze of the beholder gradually to the central subject.

After the death of Michael Angelo the picture of instruction in some way lost its vitality (it is possible that the general agnosticism of the more educated classes killed it) and there arose schools of portrait painters who took the place of these earlier masters, because nothing can thrive that does not meet a definite want and play a real part in the world. Consequently the 17th and 18th centuries are noted almost entirely for their portrait painters. The period that followed the Napoleonic wars was not very prolific in pictures of any excellence. Quantities of second-rate things were turned out, to either decorate or mar the houses of the people, but as something else would probably have decorated them just as well as pictures, they were meeting no great want and were decidedly second-class. As far as English art is concerned the revival came in the middle of the century, when the Pre-Raphaelites broke loose from the traditional "rules of art", so-called, and decided to paint for a very definite purpose. The real leader of the movement—Holman Hunt—was a deeply religious man, and determined to give his life to bringing before the world the story of Christianity.

A new factor had arisen—the scientific spirit. No one is connected for long with the study of science before realizing the difficulty of expressing a great many things in any words at all, and almost at once the books had to change, till now in many sciences—especially in archaeology—the picture is the main thing and the text commonly little more than an explanation of it. Holman Hunt realized this, and also realized that now there was the possibility of obtaining an accuracy of representation for which people had had neither the opportunity nor the desire in the earlier periods. He went to the East, and in spite of great and continuous danger to his life, he produced a series of pictures which have given to the world the power of appreciating scenes in the life of Christ that it could not have before. The detestation and



CRUCIFIXION.
Sigismund Goetze.

From a painting in Victoria College Chapel.

enthusiasm with which his pictures were received have shown that they were filling a very definite want.

Since the days of Holman Hunt's life in Palestine, archaeology and history have advanced enormously. Practically the whole of archaeology as an exact science has developed since that time.

The picture which Mr. Sigismund Goetze has so generously presented to Victoria is an example of the continuation of the scientific idea which has had, among other men, Alma Tadema as one of its greatest exponents. This picture of the Crucifixion is accurate as far as our knowledge to-day goes. The accoutrements of the soldiers, the form of the Cross with the rest for the body, the costumes and setting are all accurate, as far as we can tell. This, however, together with the power of painting, *i.e.*, making his arm do what his brain wants it to do, is taken by the artist only as a foundation on which to build a picture, neither is looked upon as an end in itself. It is no archaeological diagram, but a picture, a statement of the world's great tragedy, stated as it can never be stated in words. The artist has chosen the moment when the day is done; the sun has set behind a wild and terrible sky and that, to an Oriental, is the end of the day. The soldiers not on duty have lit their fire, the Jews are shaking a last fist and hurling a last curse at the One they have killed. Christ's friends have been bearing up as well as they could; for them too the day is over. Christ is dead; His mother has collapsed and is more or less unconscious. Mary Magdalene has hurled herself to the foot of the Cross, while the other woman is turning and hurrying away. John is stunned, but still feeling that he must not give way he is supporting the Virgin and gazing sadly at the dead face of his Master. This collapse has excited the mirth of some young soldiers who are warming themselves by the fire. The Centurion, however, an older and more highly developed man, is taking the matter very seriously. He has seen many executions, and this one differs strangely from anything else he has known, and his shrewd and well-educated brain sees that this is no tribal malefactor, and that something very

great has happened. The newly-sharpened lances, with their terrible fitness for their work, are held by the guard that forms a ring around the Cross, in a way that shows better than I have ever seen before, an idea of the power and discipline of Rome. The few soldiers are standing several paces apart, holding back the screaming mob with a carelessness that shows long discipline, and the knowledge on their part and on the part of the mob also, that those lances can come down and stab, stab, stab, with a deadliness that was known only to Rome up to that time.

Mr. Goetze has used many of the well-known artifices to draw our attention to that which is central. The first and most striking one is that the head of the magnificent and athletic Christ—the Man Whose pure and wholesome life would not mar His body—is at the apex of a kind of pyramid, so that whichever side of the picture one may glance at the gaze is gradually drawn up to the central point. Again, the light strikes upon points which make a circle, slightly tilted towards the foreground, and the centre of that circle is the Cross. The two thieves are so placed that the lines somewhat break the pyramidal structure, and so avoid any sense of a mechanical building-up, which is so conspicuous in some of the greatest of Raphael's pictures.

Ever since I saw it some years ago on the walls of the Royal Academy, the picture has had a very powerful hold upon me. I have never before seen anything expressed in either words or painting which has made me feel in the same way what this must have been, could we have seen it, the absolute power which her discipline and organization gave to Rome, the utter brutality of her punishments where the man was nailed up and supported on a seat in order that his death might be one of lingering torment, of thirst and fever from the wounds not big enough to hurry on the death, yet big enough that flies and ants might crawl in and out and so cause fevers and torments. Then there is the devotion and love of those who were around Him, so strongly contrasted with those who knew nothing of Him as in the case of the soldiers, and hated Him as in the case of the Jews.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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EDITORIAL

"On what Compulsion must I?"

With the steady maintenance of drill throughout the winter months, and the recent announcement that we are soon to be equipped with military uniforms, we have again heard from the cautious student who warns us that the whole scheme of military training is nothing less than a cleverly disguised system of conscription. His little mind is firmly convinced that immediately after the spring examinations, all those who have taken military training are to be herded into a camp and practically compelled to enlist for active service. This is, of course, utter nonsense. There may possibly be an opportunity for several hundred Varsity men to go on foreign service in a battalion made up from all the Canadian universities. It is altogether likely that more men will desire to go than can be accepted for this battalion. Certainly no compulsion will be placed upon any man, un-

less it be the compulsion of his own conscience. Each one must settle the matter for himself. The question we should ask ourselves is simply this: "Where can I serve my country best?" If we answer the question fairly some of us will have to stay at home, others will have to go to the front. But let us be perfectly honest about it. We must allow no self-deception or hypocrisy. No matter what the cost may be, a man cannot afford to lose his self-respect.

Let us consider the matter carefully, for the time will soon come when the decision must be made. In the meantime, however, let us hear no more of this baby-talk about compulsion.

The Senior Dinner

The decision of the Senior Dinner Committee to withdraw that function this year in accordance with the request of the graduating class, has been received with a considerable diversity of student opinion. Some have expressed entire disapproval and would extend the slogan of "Business as usual" to include also "Pleasure and Extravagance as Usual". This, however, is the opinion of only a very few. The greater number feel that, under the peculiar conditions which exist this year, it is well that this tradition should be temporarily suspended. Many add, however, that they hope it will not prove to be the thin "edge of the wedge", which when driven home will mean the permanent discontinuance of this function.

Undoubtedly there are many features connected with the dinner which make it a tradition of the College, and we should all be extremely sorry to see it entirely abolished. We are quite convinced, however, that the dinner in its old form is no longer suited to the conditions of the College, and believe that the withdrawal of the function this year will afford an excellent opportunity for making the necessary changes.

The two main objections to the present form of the dinner are lack of accommodation and expense. The increasing size of incoming classes has made it impossible for all the students

of the College to be present at a dinner held within the College building. The function has become unpopular among the lower years of the College, or else it would have been impossible to continue the present arrangement so long. The second objection, that of expense, is equally important. In addition to the compulsory fee which is levied upon all students whether they attend the dinner or not, the money expended individually upon flowers, evening dress, and such "extras", has of late years risen to such figures as to characterize the function as extravagant if not actually wasteful. For these and other reasons many of the students of the senior years feel that the time has come for a change, and when the Senior Dinner is again revived we believe that it will be in a new form.

Even this year the custom may be maintained in a very modified form. There is a feeling among the members of the graduating class that they would like to hold an informal dinner for themselves, at which they could gather for the last time as an undergraduate body in the old College halls. A little "family affair" of this kind, if the President and other members of the Faculty would consent to honour it with their presence, would preserve all the best features of the old dinner except the farewell of the lower years. This will be tendered under a slightly different form at the Senior Reception.

We are inclined to think that the solution of the whole problem may lie in some such arrangement as this. If it is tried this year and proves a success there is no reason why it should not be continued and made the permanent form of this function.

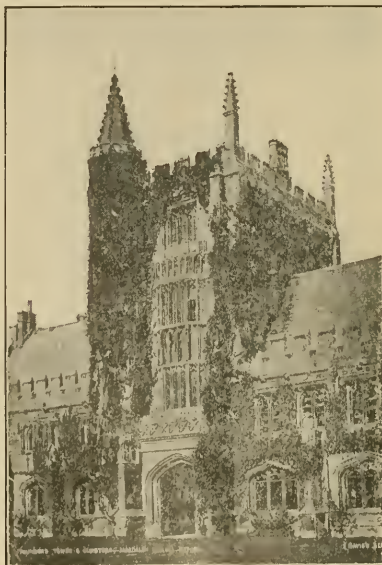
The Glee Club

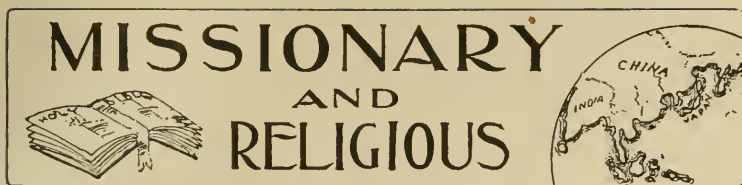
We do not intend either now or in the future to use this editorial column as an advertising medium, but we feel compelled to say a few words in this issue regarding the Glee Club Concert which is to be presented in Convocation Hall on the evening of February 19th.

This is the first opportunity we have had to hear the club since their return from their trip to England where they won honour for themselves and for the College.

There are several reasons why the concert this year is particularly worthy of support. In the first place the club has decided to contribute the whole of its surplus this year to the Red Cross Society. It is quite unnecessary for us to say anything of the merits of this cause. Then again, the club is making a new venture this year in giving its concert in Convocation Hall. This will be a decided advance in the prestige of the club and of the College, and it is therefore to be hoped that the attendance will be such as to justify the continued use of Convocation Hall for subsequent annual concerts. An excellent programme has been prepared, and the club will be assisted by artists of high talent.

We hope that all Victoria and all Victoria's friends will turn out on this occasion to show their appreciation of the Glee Club's work, and at the same time to contribute something to a very worthy cause and spend an evening of profit and enjoyment.





The Minister and the Service of Worship

W. H. G.

In treating the matter of the conduct of worship from the standpoint of expression one may say that two great essentials for a minister to keep in mind are, first, that voice and body are languages, each in itself capable of expressing thought and feeling, and, secondly, that the entire problem of delivery may be said to consist simply in creating harmony between thought and its vocal and pantomimic expression.

In order to get this harmony voice and body must, of course, respond involuntarily to the actions of the mind, and to get this immediate and normal response from agents which may have become sadly perverted through years of misuse, voice training is generally judged a primary requisite. However, it is surprising how much can be accomplished when, keeping in mind the fact that voice and body are natural languages, one simply observes what his vocalization does express and then experiments to see what it can express. A good method is to experiment with short extracts of entirely different character, *e.g.*, Proverbs 18, Ps. 139, Ps. 47, John 9, together with a bit of dramatic literature, and, say, a rollicking sailor's song. Because each of these is so essentially different in character there should be a corresponding difference in their vocal interpretation. But in trying to get the desirable expression, one should bear in mind that satisfactory results will seldom be gained by manipulating the voice or imitating the voice of another. The *sine qua non* for all improvement in public address is for the speaker to

have an intense and sympathetic realization of what he is saying, *while he is saying it*; and in developing this faculty every man can do much for himself apart from an instructor.

If many ministers, as well as other public speakers, had the gift of seeing themselves as others see them they would realize how far short they come in creating this harmony between their thought and its expression and, because, after all, we have nothing to give but ourselves, they would realize how far short they come of giving a true expression of what they themselves really are. Thus we hear many a man of good size and apparently abundant virility, whine out the service in a thin, squeaky voice suitable only to that sissified, effeminate male whom we all heartily despise; and we hear men of large minds and broad sympathies twang out their ideas in high pitched, nasal tones that are instinctively associated with men who are sordid and narrow minded and mean; we see men of joyful spirit, humble in mind and heart, who long to keep in sympathetic touch with their congregations, strut about like the little lords of creation, with countenances as stern and immobile as blocks of granite, and with voices as hard and harsh as a Nero's, thunder forth—messages from the *Gospel*. And because human nature is so fundamentally charitable we "make allowances" for these men, and are happy to feel that they are not what they seem, and, if their ideas are really worth anything, we are satisfied to interpret them through our own emotions and mental attitudes, and, because we are really interested in the church we probably suffer in silence till the Lord or the conference calls the good man elsewhere.

Of course the two parts of the service which are generally conceded to be of chief interest to the clergyman are the prayer and the sermon, though there is no part in the service which may be considered unimportant. The very way a man enters the pulpit may cast an atmosphere over the entire service. His entrance can indicate the spirit of a big Jack Horner, or of a man with a grouch toward his neighbour, or of one who receives but little consolation from the Lord, or it can indicate the spirit of the man who lives honestly and

sincerely in the fear of God, who feels the sacredness of his work, and who is humbled, though unafraid, in the service which he is rendering. But the terrible pity of it is that many a man of the last class carries himself in a way indicative of one of the former types.

The subject of pulpit prayer is a difficult one to discuss and one hesitates to make suggestions regarding it, but perhaps it stands in as great need of improvement as any part of the service. But little has been written on the subject. Various books of Homiletics give certain principles to follow, but when we have listened to some of these "homiletic prayers" containing the required words of adoration and praise, thanksgiving and petition, with oftentimes a good bit of information given to an omniscient God (which, of course, our books on Homiletics do *not* advise), we are sometimes reminded of what Jesus said about the Pharisees and their much speaking, and we feel that somehow the great essential is lacking.

In his "Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible", Dr. Curry suggests that perhaps, after all, prayer in the best sense is simply the manifestation of receptivity, and he quotes Mrs. Browning's statement that in its deepest agony the greatest prayer of the soul is expressed in the simple words "O God"; "for", she says, "in such a time it is God we want rather than anything He can do for us". We think of these statements in the light of what Jesus said about prayer and the way He prayed, and we feel that the two essentials of prayer which must not be overlooked are subjectivity and intensity.

If prayer is the soul's communion with God, and if God is an omnipresent and omniscient spirit, it must be subjective. In this respect it is different from all other parts of the service. In the sermon man speaks to man; in the scripture lesson he stands as God's representative giving His word to man, but in the prayer we have man speaking to God, the human talking to the Divine, the finite to the Infinite. Surely the prayer is in this sense the highest, most sacred part of the service and should be characterized by very definite reverence, intensity, humility and simplicity.

Probably the most common faults in the delivery of pulpit prayer would best be characterized by such shocking terms (in this connection) as flippancy, undue familiarity, bumptiousness, pomposity, indifference and weak emotionalism. But I must emphasize it again, that such qualities are, in most cases, not at all true to the character of the men themselves. They are simply faults in vocal and pantomimic expression which belie the words of the prayer as well as the real spirit of the men who are praying; but voice and body are agents of expression as much as words, and if used carelessly or ignorantly are very likely to produce tragic results. For example, a practical, straightforward and honest man despises artificiality, superemotionalism, and "heavenly tones", as he is likely to call them. He feels that he should talk to God with directness, earnestness and simplicity. But when we come to analyze the delivery of his prayer, we find that he has been talking to God in exactly the same manner as he would talk about the weather to Jack Jones or Mr. Smith. Now whatever one's ideas may be of filial relationship between God and His children, the thoughtful man realizes that even the greatest should address the Almighty differently than he does his fellowmen.

Another man of extremely emotional temperament finds his feelings deeply stirred whenever he approaches God in prayer and unless this man watches himself carefully with some knowledge and control of voice and vocal expression he is likely to run adrift into sloppy pools of weak, whiney, tearful tones, expressing a shallow and flabby emotionalism utterly foreign to the man himself and of which he would be heartily ashamed.

When it comes to the sermon, Methodists are, as a rule, concerned chiefly with the extemporaneous form of address. This extemporaneous style is, of course, characteristic of Methodism, and it is at once the glory and discouragement of Methodist preaching; the glory, because it is unquestionably the highest form of oratory; the discouragement, because it is oftentimes abused until it degenerates into nothing more than a glib flow of words, utterly without form, and void.

In extemporaneous speaking we take for granted that there is a thorough acquaintance with the subject matter and this implies a certain method in the thought development, an arrangement of ideas in logical form, but it does not mean that the speaker is to be held down to any particular form of verbal expression.

Extemporaneous speaking is the best type of oratory because it is based upon conversational form; and conversational form is worthy of adoption and accentuation because it is the most natural and effective medium of making ourselves understood and influencing men. As a rule, in conversation, ideas, rather than words, are the units of attention, and the speaker himself gets the force of his idea before he tries to impress others with it. This is the very thing that many public speakers do not do. However much they may have felt the forcefulness of their ideas at some time (probably during the preparation of the address), there is nothing in the pulpit delivery significant of this intense realization, and they give us merely a flow of words in various degrees of glibness and indifference. The efforts of some men to counteract this defect are oftentimes as pitiful as ridiculous. They instinctively feel that the sermon must be characterized by animation and earnestness and they foolishly attempt to supply this by shouting, even to the point of deafening noise, or by physical contortions, expressive of nothing except crude physical force, or through an uncontrolled emotionalism, venting itself in a quavering singsong or the so-called "ministerial tune".

How many of us when occasionally forced to listen to such tremendous efforts have not sort of wished to interrupt the service long enough to say, "Just one moment, sir", and then in that very delightful stillness which would follow this shocking interruption, "Now what's it all about? You are trying to impress us with the beauty and reality of the truth of the Gospel, as well as the need of applying it to our lives? Well, that is just what we came for. And, mind you, we came on our own accord—we weren't compelled to come. We are conscious of our need and we want to have this blessed gospel revealed unto us with earnestness, and simplicity and

sympathy. We want to be led, but, my dear sir, we cannot and we will not be driven. We think that what you have been saying is really good, but we have been so disturbed by the terrible noise of your voice and have been so concerned with your tremendous waste of physical energy that we have been quite unable to get much meaning out of what you have said”.

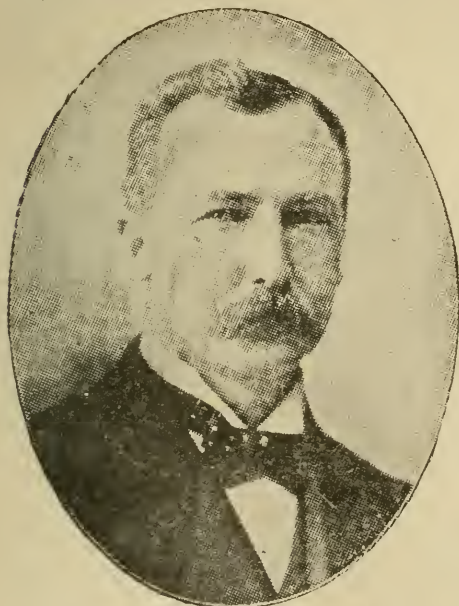
It is well for the minister, or for anyone in any form of public address, to remember that the audience consists of men and women very much like himself; and that while most men are wonderfully influenced by a simple and straightforward presentation of the truth, they easily detect and heartily despise the bombast and pomposity of the demagogue, or the frills and furbelows of a certain antiquated type of elocution.

Oratory will always stand as one of the most powerful means of influencing men because oratory may be said to be nothing else than the expression of thought and feeling through personality, and nothing appeals more strongly to human nature than personality.

In the sermon then, the minister is revealing the Gospel through the medium of his own personality, and he may hardly expect the audience to respond to his thought if the audience sees no response in him. Indifference in the pulpit means indifference in the pew. And a sermon which may be good in itself, if delivered in an indifferent fashion or with an affected earnestness, or in any form which is not in close harmony with the thought and feeling of the man himself, is in danger of having no more effect than the seed which fell upon stoney places.

Personals and Exchanges

The recipients of the King's New Year's Honours recently announced, include a distinguished graduate of this college. Sir Clifford Sifton, K.C.M.G., is of Irish descent, his birth-place being London Township, Middlesex County. After preliminary training in the London High School and Dundas Boys' School, he entered Victoria University, Cobourg, in



SIR CLIFFORD SIFTON, K.C.M.G.

1876. His career at College was a brilliant one, and at the age of nineteen, he graduated with the Prince of Wales Gold Medal.

ACTA VICTORIANA of May 1880 contains an interesting table of information relative to Victoria's twenty-six graduates of that year. Here, it is recorded that Clifford Sifton's age was 19; height 5' 11"; weight, 155; Course, Arts; Occupation, Law; Politics, Reformer; Societies, V. P., Sci-

ence; Address, Winnipeg. It is interesting too, to note from this table that of these graduates, thirteen were Reformers, eight Conservatives, four Independent, and one who owned no party. The number of graduates who smoke, was also duly recorded, as six—no names given.

Some of his contemporaries in College who have since become widely known, were his brother, Hon. A. L. Sifton '80,

Premier of Alberta; Rev. R. N. Burns '79, Toronto; C. C. James, C.M.G. ('83), Commissioner of Agriculture at Ottawa; C. A. Masten, K.C. ('79), of Masten Starr & Spence, Toronto; and the late Hon. J. W. St. John '81, a former Speaker of the Ontario legislature, whose daughter is now a student in her first year at Victoria.

Sir Clifford during his student days, took an active interest in college affairs. He was Cor. Secretary of the Literary Association in 1878, Asst. President of the Science Association in 1879, and what is perhaps of special interest, he was Business Manager of ACTA VICTORIANA in its first year of issue—1878-9. Since leaving college, his advancement has been rapid, and his career well-known. After studying law for two years in the office of Hon. S. C. Biggs, then one of the foremost barristers in Western Canada, he was called to the Manitoba bar and began the practice of his profession in Brandon. He was created a Q.C. in 1895. In 1888, he entered the Manitoba Assembly as Liberal member for North Brandon, and in 1891 became Attorney-General in the Greenaway administration. On the accession to power of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896, Mr. Sifton entered his Cabinet, and as Minister of the Interior was largely responsible for the rapid development and progress of the Canadian West. In 1911, he retired from parliament. Sir Clifford has rendered distinguished service to his country outside the political arena, notably as President of the Commission of Conservation.

In military work as well as in other spheres Victoria has the advantage of a splendid *esprit de corps*. The history of C Company of the Toronto Contingent of the Officers' Training Corps is eloquent of the excellent traditions which are so strong in the College.

When the O.T.C. was formed in October, Victoria was given an establishment of one Company, fortunately of vague numbers because the regulation 113 men—rank and file—was soon more than doubled. During most of the autumn season the Company was organized into three platoons with Messrs. G. M. Smith, J. H. Pearce and H. W. Cheney

as Commanders acting under the command of Captain Massey. The work during the early months was naturally of an elementary nature, consisting of the various sorts of drill described with relentless detail in the Infantry Training. The monotony, however, was broken two or three times by locally organized field-days at Leaside and once by battalion manœuvres in High Park.

The Company had the advantage of a slight start on the other units of the O.T.C., but it is perhaps not boastful to say that it has always maintained a distinct superiority in the Battalion both in the enthusiasm of its members and the excellence of their work. It is doubtless in acknowledgment of this fact that the Officer Commanding the Battalion has given Victoria the establishment of two Companies, to be known as C and D, and to be commanded by Captains Massey and Smith respectively. The new Subalterns are Messrs. J. H. Fenton and F. G. Scott. It was also flattering to Victoria that she was asked to furnish 100 men to be armed with rifles and lead the whole Corps in the march past on the occasion of the inspection of the battalion by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

The efficiency of the Victoria organization is due in very large measure to the efforts of Captains Massey and Smith. From the very beginning they have given freely of their energy and time and every enterprise undertaken by the organization has received their enthusiastic support. The men of the College appreciate to the full the keen interest that these representatives of the Faculty have taken in the work. That appreciation is in part expressed by the regularity of attendance at drill and by the large number of men preparing for the Certificate A Examination.

Already the Victoria Companies have supplied six volunteers for active service in Messrs. Bennett, Jolliffe, Henderson Ridge, Wilkinson and Taylor who have joined the Second Contingent. Others are preparing to go and no matter how many men will be able to go to that vague place "the Front" we are sure that C and D Companies will do their duty.

Students of Victoria will be pleased to learn that G. I. Hagen '13, who went to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship from British Columbia, has been given a commission in the 15th Manchester Regiment. He is at present stationed at Hull, on the Humber Defences, but expects to be sent on active service within a short time.

H. O. Hutcheson, M.A., '12, who gave up his post-graduate work at Edinburgh in December, has gone to the front to join the Y.M.C.A. corps with headquarters at Havre. He has charge of a large group of Y.M.C.A. workers engaged in ministering to the allied troops who have the strenuous task of driving the Germans from France and Belgium.

Marriages

BROWN—HOCKEY—On January 6th, 1915, at the British Consulate, Chentu, was solemnized the marriage of Muriel Joy Hockey, B.A., '10, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Hockey, Niagara Falls, Ont., and Rev. Homer Grant Brown, B.A., '06. Rev. A. J. Elson, brother-in-law of the bride, officiated.

Miss Hockey entered Victoria in 1907. In that year she won the Oration Contest, and in her final year the Robertson Canadian Constitutional History Prize.

Throughout her course she was actively interested in all branches of College life, having served on the Athletic, Literary and Y.W.C.A. Executives. In graduating she succeeded in winning the Prince of Wales' Gold Medal.

After graduating she taught one year at the Berlin Collegiate, then went to the Methodist National Training School, Toronto, to take the Special Course for Missionary Volunteers prior to going to China, the chosen field of her lifework. The following year she remained as Assistant Principal at the Training School where the influence of her life and work still remains in the hearts of the students.

In the fall of 1913 she set sail for China under the Women's Missionary Society, but after a busy year at the Language

School at Chentu, she has transferred her allegiance to the General Board.

Homer G. Brown, '06, entered the Classics Course in Victoria in 1902; but did not confine his attention exclusively to the study of ancient literatures. He took a prominent interest in athletics, having acted as First Vice-President of the Athletic Association, and Captain of the Association Football Team. In his senior year he was the holder of the Victoria Athletic Stick.

After graduating at Victoria, he took his degree of Master of Arts at Columbia University and then spent three years at the Union Seminary, New York, in the study of Theology and Social Service. He preached one year in British Columbia and spent two years teaching English in a government school in Japan before he went to China in 1912, as the missionary supported by our Victoria College Missionary Society.

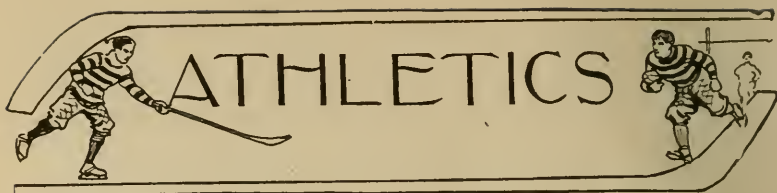
The many friends of both these graduates of Victoria College extend heartiest congratulations and best wishes for as great success in their life and work in China as in their college days.

Obituary

On January 5th, 1915, there passed away a worthy and esteemed representative of the Methodist Church in the person of Wilbert Perry Ferguson. He graduated from Albert College; Belleville, in 1882, with the degree of B.A., receiving the highest honours as a gold medallist. He was received into the ministry of the Canadian Methodist Church, but later transferred to the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States.

Mr. Ferguson was a graduate of the Drew Theological Seminary with the degree of B.D., and of Syracuse University with the degree of Ph.D. Wesleyan University conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D. He was President of Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, N.Y., for five years and at the time of his death was Principal of Mills College, Honolulu.

ACTA extends sympathy to the bereaved friends in their hour of sorrow.



Hockey—The Jennings Cup

This year Victoria is grouped with Sr. School, Sr. U.C. and Sr. Meds. A single schedule was arranged but Sr. Meds. have since dropped out, so there is some probability of home and home games.

Victoria opened the series with a 5 to 1 victory over Sr. U.C. Vic. were a little below form and did not back-check as much as usual, but still they deserved to win. U.C. scored the only goal in the first period but in the second period Vic. woke up. MacFadden livened things up with his fast back-checking, and Cheney and Chester got away with some good rushes, Cheney finally tying the score by a pretty piece of stick handling. A minute later Magwood beat the U.C. goal-keeper on a pass from Chester. From then on Vic. had the better of the play. In the third period Cheney scored again on a fast shot from the side and Duggan went through the defence for another. In this period McNiven, a husky freshman with a hard shot, and Arnold replaced MacFadden and Bowles. Cheney and Duggan were about the most effective for Vic., while Crawford was easily the best for U.C.

Victoria had previously played practice games with Junior School and Vic. "old boys". Junior School were twice defeated, losing the first game by 6 to 1 and second by 11 to 4. The old boys lacked condition and were beaten 5 to 1.

Vic. line-up—Goal, Huycke; defence: Chester, Duggan (McNiven); rover, MacFadden; forwards: Cheney, Magwood (Bowles and Arnold).



VICTORIA COLLEGE SOCCER TEAM

INTERMEDIATE INTERFACULTY CHAMPIONS, 1914.

J. F. Docherty	J. R. Brown	G. B. White	J. T. Oliver	P. H. Gallaway	S. R. Greer
J. W. Ansley	H. D. Taylor	Professor C. B. Sissons	H. F. Swann	E. A. Blatchford	
	H. L. Humphrey, <i>Manager</i>	A. L. Huebner, <i>Captain</i>			

SENIOR SCHOOL 6—VICTORIA 2.

Victoria met Senior School on January 29th, in the deciding game of the group, and were defeated by a score of 6-2. The game was much closer than the figures indicate, for until eight minutes before full time the score was 2-2. For Victoria, Cheney and Duggan played a fine game, and Magwood was always on hand with a hard shot. Huycke put up an especially brilliant exhibition in goal, time and again saving what looked like certain scores. Four of the goals scored by School were from scrimmages. Their forwards played an effective three-man combination, with Gray starring. It is unfortunate that only a single schedule could be arranged this year, as the teams were so closely matched that in a return game the decision might well have been reversed.

Victoria line-up: Goal, Huycke; defence, Chester, McNiven (R. Adams); rover, Duggan; centre, McFadden (Arnold); wings, Cheney, Magwood.

Basketball—The Sifton Cup

SR. VIC. 24; DENTS 16.

Senior Vic. won their first game from Dents by 24 to 16. The first half was very close and was featured by close hard checking; Brown especially checked his man to a standstill. Half time score, 7 to 7. In the last half Vic. showed more of their usual form and ran away from Dents by fast combination.

Line-up—Sr. Vic.: Centre, Horner; forwards: Maines, Musgrove; defence: Brown, Horning.

Dents—Centre, Hamill; forwards: Poag, McDonald; defence: Cooper, Barber.

Jr. Vic. were scheduled to play Forestry, but won the game by default. Sr. U.C. also defaulted to Sr. Vic. Jr. Vic. have now practically won their group, but Sr. Vic. have yet to play Sr. Meds.

Girls' Athletics

BASKETBALL

Although the girls' basketball series was over, the team played a friendly game with Oakwood Collegiate on January 26th. The girls had had no practice since Xmas. but were able to win with a score 24-9. The Vic. team had a great advantage in weight and practice which made the game very one-sided.

HOCKEY

Immediately after holidays the hockey practice began and the girls have been giving it their hearty support. The Intercollegiate Series began with a very exciting game with St. Hilda's on Little Vic. Rink. The score was 1-1 when time was called, but in a ten-minute play off Victoria secured another goal, making the final score 2-1 in their favour.

The Victoria team played the next game with University College on January 28th. The ice was in good condition, making the game keen and fast and the rooters did their part nobly. In the first half the team suffered a severe loss when Miss Hamil was injured and prevented from finishing the game. However, the rest rose to the occasion, the score resulting in a tie 1-1. In twenty minutes' play-off Vic. secured another goal, making the final score 2-1.

The interyear championship is going to be keenly contested. Each year has a very strong team and there is much speculation as to who will be the champions. On January 22nd the Juniors won from the Seniors in a close game resulting in the score 2-1. If the ice keeps in good condition this series will be finished early in February.



With apologies to Miss Locals, this was to have been a special moustache number, but as ladies and men now know all about them, it has been decided to summarize the month's activities along this line in—a poem. A more appropriate means of adequately expressing one's feelings on such a matter could not well be found and the author, *Alfred Wordsworth Keats*, has realized to the full the possibilities of his subject.

ODE TO A YOUNG MOUSTACHE.

O blithe newcomer to my lip,
O dusky promise of the coming days,
O happy harbinger of hair,
To thee my simple song I raise!

Thrice welcome darling of the heart,
As yet by the unthinking crowd unseen,
But oh! I see thee and rejoice,
Upon the lip once shaven clean.

To make thee grow I often tried,
And coaxed thy sprouting with a thousand wiles,
Till now thou wert a hope deferred,
At last success upon thee smiles.

My proud breast swells with manly joy
As down the staring aisle I often pass;
My heart leaps up when I behold
Thy dark reflection in the glass!

A secret hope I have that when
A president's moustache I've proudly reared,
To greater efforts spurred, I'll grow
A chancellor's patriarchal beard!

WE ALL KNOW WHAT HE MEANT.

Missionary Rep.—“Are you going to hear Dr. Mott to-night, George?”

G. W. Br-w-n '15—“I ought to, but I shouldn't.”

NO—WOOD IS A POOR CONDUCTOR.

J. P. N-th-rc-tt '16—“Gee, but I met a nice girl yesterday, and she was certainly a live wire.”

R. E. Z-mm-rm-n—“Why, did she shock you?”

“I hear that the Glee Club made a hit.”

“Yes, with the basses full.”

Prof. Lloyd (describing odd standards of measurement)—
“I found that the shoemaker's stick was marked off in barley-corns.”

Miss C-ws-y—“Say, what is Sanskrit, and who spoke it?”

Miss Ch-sh-lm—“It was never spoken, just written.”

Miss F-nch—“Written! Well I guess not! Sans-krit comes from sans scriptum, and so of course that language must have been used orally!”

Fred M---nes (at evening gathering, describing how he and his friends got rid of midnight “yowlers”)—“We used to throw old boots at them—then we threw all our empty bottles.”

The “Y” executive should investigate this.

A NEW USE FOR AN OLD WORD.

“Here is a cup with a fender,” said a pretty young hostess as she passed one of Vic's smart officers a cup of tea. The gallant military man, although trained for emergencies, was momentarily confused, but recovering himself, was soon sipping tea with his customary gracefulness.

Mr. N-th-rc-tt '16 (handing a slip of paper on which was written "Es geht mir gut" to one of the young ladies in German class—"Please translate."

Miss Ch-sh-lm—"I am delighted."

Mr. N-th-rc-tt—"Wrong.—'It gets my goat.'"

Miss H-gg-ns '18—"Have you ever heard Fr-d sing? What do you think of his execution?"

Miss S-ck-tt '18—"I'm in favour of it."

SAYINGS OF DR. LOCKE.

"You know the colour of Dr. Bell's hair,—well, I'm the fellow who started that."

"I was intended for a D.D. but it slipped."

"I mean London, England,—not London in the woods." N. R. Wr-ght, R. C. C-peland, et al., please note.

Barefaced Junior—"Yes, I'm trying to raise a moustache, and I'm wondering what colour it will be when it comes out."

Miss Green—"Gray I should say, at the rate it appears to be growing."

THIS IS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

J. Reginald Ad-ms (entering Burwash Hall for the first time after the Christmas vacation and greeting one of the waiters)—"A Happy New Year, Archie, and a bread and butter plate, please."

SUFFRAGETTES VANQUISHED AGAIN!

A suffragette has discovered that the Bible says a husband should wash the dishes.

As a matter of fact the Bible does not say any such thing. It says, "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down."

Miss Sm-th '18 (Tuesday, January 26th, on little Vic.)—"The male-service here to-night is pretty poor."

Miss B-sh-p '16 (of a scientific turn of mind; at the fire extinguishing demonstration given in Annesley coughed violently)—“I wish I knew what that stuff is that came from the extinguisher. It doesn't do me any good to cough if I don't know what I'm coughing about.”

Miss M-r-s '18 (buying a key at the Vic. book bureau)—“Is it a literal or a free translation?”

Mr. C-p-l-nd—“It will cost you forty cents.”

Young Lady—“No, I'm not the youngest. I have one brother younger but he knows more than I do.”

Mr. L-msd-n '16 (quickly and in an encouraging manner)—“Sure! Sure!”

Mr. L-w-s '15—“I've got an idea, Lummy. I'm going to try growing something on my face like yours and then transplant it up higher.”

On Saturday evening, January 30th, six of Victoria's students accompanying Canada's Second Expeditionary Force were the guests of the officers and non-coms. of C and D Companies at a dinner held in the Senior Common Rooms of Burwash Hall. Gunners R. M. Taylor, W. A. Wilkinson and R. C. Bennett, Signaller F. C. Henderson and Privates R. H. M. Joliffe and W. W. Ridge were present in uniform. Private Switzer was unable to join the merrymakers, who afterwards adjourned to Burwash Hall, where operations were continued on an extensive scale.

A furious engagement between rival squads of the Army Roller Skating Corps, in which Private K-s-r incidentally interpreted “Every Little Movement” for the pleasure of the onlookers, a blindfold boxing contest between Duke P--rs-n and Harry Cr-nd-ll (the vest-pocket Hercules), several selections by Zeeman's celebrated German band (in uniform) and humorous monologues by those popular comedians, Privates Church, Lewis and Courtice, featured this part of the programme.

Sergeant Meredith's Mis-fit Army was reviewed by Lieut. Pearce and found not wanting in soldierly qualities, although some of their manœuvres were extremely complicated. One private, who carried a hod was asked his name. "Hod or Williams" he replied as he stood to attention.

The capture of the enemy's trenches at 10.45 brought about a cessation of hostilities and vast quantities of coffee and sandwiches soon vanished. The fun continued until midnight when the signal to retire was given, and the grand "nuit de joie" as the posters described it, thus came to an end. Rumour hath it, however, that a small body of men, led by Sergeant Major F-nt-n (since promoted) afterwards wandered down town in search of fresh quantities of food and drink.

SOME OF PRIVATE LEWIS' "RAGS".

The Duke of Connaught spoke to Sergeant Ansley, you know—"I belong to the U. of T. C.O.T.C.," said Ansley. "O.I.C." replied the Duke.

Soldiers' Eyesight Test—Spotting Sergeant Lumsden's moustache at six paces.

Harry Cheney (lecturing on scouting)—The advance guard waves his hand to show that all is clear, and then the rest of the party *trot* up at the *gallop*.

A most interesting meeting of the Women's Literary Society took place in Alumni Hall, January 21st. The special feature of the meeting was the final inter-year debate between the Juniors and Sophomores. The affirmative of the subject: "Resolved that the militant methods of the English suffragettes are to be condemned" was upheld by Misses W. Mason and A. Shaw of '17 and the negative by Misses Sutherland and Hastie of '16. While the judges, Professor Auger, Misses Young and Hay of '15, were deliberating, one-minute speeches were given on the following topics:

The propriety of visiting Hunt's after skating.

Resolved that "movies" aid in preventing exclusiveness in a College girl.

How to prevent self-consciousness when passing Victoria militia.

Resolved that men who don't drill should knit or pay for knitting.

The decision of the judges was finally awarded by Professor Auger to the negative. The meeting closed with "God save the King".

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dug Hamilton—No, tickets of admission are not required for chapel. Just ask James to show you to a seat.

Duke Pearson: We have seen both Dr. Bell and the management of the Royal, but so far have been unable to effect any settlement of the Thursday afternoon clash.

Lloyd Seaman: We are of the opinion that the best students will commence study at least ten days earlier than usual this year. Your question, of course, is premature.

Roy Rickard: Yes, we shall be delighted to publish your poem on "Resignation". Please send it in at once.



MARTINE MESSIER

Phillipe Hébert

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Backgrounds of Future Canadian Poetry

J. D. ROBINS, '13.

This is in no sense an attempt at a forecast as to the possible future movements of those erratic bodies, the poets. The rôle of prophet is at best a thankless one. Most frequently he is remembered, not for the ninety and nine verified predictions, but for the one that was unfulfilled. Especially at this time, when the fountains of the great human deep are broken up, and when a spirit that appears to be far other than that of God, is brooding over the chaos, is the man endowed with all the three Audacities who should venture to say what the morning and the evening of the new First Day will bring.

The wise man, unless he be a paid journalistic expert, or have importunate publishers, will be sagely oracular in any prophetic utterances he may make. This is doubly true with respect to poetry. For, in so far at any rate as the lay Philistine can judge, poetry continues, in spite of well-meaning Boileaus or twentieth century literary anarchists, to blow where it listeth. The befitting hesitancy may then be forgiven of the layman who leaves to the experts, whether of the almanac-monging or meteorologist types, the task of charting the poetical areas of high and low pressure for tomorrow or the next century. Still, even a layman may hope for a southerly wind. This article is the expression of a wish for a southerly wind, not a promise of one.

One of the better results to Canada of the Great Struggle should surely be, as in the case of another crusade against the

unbelievers in the Ideal, a stirring-up of our little intellectual back-water and a joining in the great stream of human thought the world over. Our writers must come to recognize, to a fuller extent than has been yet the case, that their waters of inspiration are as much sprung from the ancient sources of the European races as are those of the dwellers in the home continent. They must claim their inheritance in the mighty past. Hitherto, Canadian literature has treated its European inheritance as something quite foreign, and our muse has suffered, both in range of subject and catholicity of treatment, from the consequent lack of background.

Poetry may very roughly and arbitrarily be thrown into four divisions, based on the relative prominence of the purely natural and the human elements. Much of the best of our verse has been pure natural description, with a minimum of interpretation or of the human interest. For such poetry, no mythological or historical background is needed. Eternal nature herself supplies a background as constant as the fixed stars and more enduring than the Laurentians. But, as was said recently, in an illuminating and stimulating lecture by one of the few in Canada who know, no body of national poetry could be built up that would deal solely with our weather and our woods. There are, indeed, signs, very pronounced in some of the work of the younger generation, that the nature cult is passing. While one cannot wholly deplore this, it is yet to be hoped that an occasional votive garland will still be dedicated to the Mother Goddess alone.

At the other extreme is the poetry that ignores nature entirely and concerns itself with man as if he were self-surrounded, as if his only environment were billiard-rooms, restaurants and factories. There are those who consider that the new realists of England were saved from such a danger only by the magnificent inconsistency of some of the leaders. The stamp of an over-civilized age is as much upon this type of work as upon an affected and conventional devotion to nature, and since Canada is manifestly free from any suspicion of over-civilization, she has been mercifully spared as yet most of its arid, pessimistic hardness.

Between these poles lie the two temperate zones, where nature and man are found together, but in one of which the natural is predominant, while in the other it is subordinated to the human interest. The former of these may for the present purpose be ignored. The latter and much more significant one stages human activity in a more or less sympathetic natural setting. Its subjects are the universal and eternal passions and emotions. Its setting is the setting which appeals to all, because all know it,—that of the waters and ways and woods. In this great field of poetic effort our writers have appeared to assume that we in Canada live unto ourselves, that our spiritual and emotional and intellectual problems are so unique that they have nothing at all in common with those of our European cousins and ancestors. Almost the only excursions into classical fields have taken the form of some excellent academic exercises on Greek themes. An exception must certainly be made in the case of one of our younger writers, Miss Marjorie Pickthall, whose exquisite interpretations of Biblical themes are so successful as to confirm us in forgetting that they are fundamentally exotic.

One sometimes wonders why there has not been more use made of this vast treasury. There can be little question of the advantage, possessed, unfortunately in ever-lessening degree, by the worker in Biblical material over the one whose themes are drawn from the past of our own forefathers. We of Christendom have for two thousand years breathed the air of Canaan. We have thought and spoken and sung in Hebrew figures and modes of thought. Our childhood's heroes have been Hebrew heroes. We have been adopted into a tribe of Oriental nomads. We have ceased to be the children of Odin and have become those of Abraham. His people has been our people and his God our God.

Nevertheless, let us not forget our kinsmen after the flesh, those Kelts and Teutons and Norsemen from whom most of us are descended. Why should not the deeds of our own rugged and honest fathers be sung? Why should we deliberately forget the tragedy and romance in the lives of the men from whose loins we are sprung?

That the great mass of more or less authentic history that has accumulated because of the discords of our ancestors could be of general service to our poets, is perhaps open to serious doubt. Its interests are too local, its machinery too temporary, or even too artificial and technical, for us to readily recognize ourselves in its events. The mail-clad knight, entangled in his own codes of chivalry, and his noble sheep-stealing successor of the Border, are strangers and foreigners, except to a raving Romanticist. They refuse to become naturalized. Then, too, the very superabundance of obscure events and characters militates as much against their effective and ordered use as does the diversity of nationalities into which the old races divided. Canadian history can and should be utilized, but the extent is limited to which that of Europe can be employed.

The same objections can scarcely be so strongly raised with regard to the mythology of our ancestors. The amount of material diminishes, and at the same time the complexity and artificiality are replaced by comparative simplicity, while the mists of years through which the old halls loom so uncertainly render the localization in the myths more apparent than real.

Still, it cannot be denied that the average Canadian identifies himself to a very slight degree indeed with either his historical or his mythological ancestry. The writer, then, who would make use of their thought must first undertake the task, difficult enough in this new and democratic country, of persuading the reader that the family did not originate with his grandparents, but that to his peculiarity of temperament, even to the remarkable uniqueness of character which every man believes to set him apart from all others of his kind, contribution has been made by his remotest ancestor. It would be idle to pretend that this is essential to an appreciation of the lore of bygone days. None but our classical professors have any feeling with regard to Greek and Roman literature which bears a faint resemblance to that which has been mentioned; yet with what breathless trepidation we all set out with Jason! At the same time, if we are to realize that

it was Canadians-to-be who fought with the gods in those wild, sad old days under the gleam of the Northern Lights, if we are ever to feel that we are wielding the old battle-axe anew in Canada, and have only carried the struggle to other shores, as was our fathers' wont, if their loves and griefs are to become consciously ours, as they already unconsciously are, and are to be absorbed into our conscious national life, then this process of education is necessary.

An inevitable part of education is the imparting of information. Hence, if the Canadian is to be made acquainted with his old heathen ancestry, its deeds must be recited to him. The poet, like the bard or scop or skald of old, must celebrate to the new generation the glories of its fathers. There is a very large number of materialists or romantic pessimists who will say that the time for this is past, that the modern man has put away these childish things, and that the poetry of to-day and to-morrow must treat of stocks and grain corners and aeroplane raids. But these are men whose social atmosphere is that of the club. The appreciation of writers such as Yeats, and an acquaintance with people whose connection with stocks is less close than that of the club classes, makes one bold to say that there are probably still seven thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal. Some of our literary Jeremiahs would be astonished at the number of plain people who can love the "Wanderings of Oisín". Not all the real lovers of rhythmic utterance haunt the clubs, nor have passed their dreams through the fire to Moloch.

But it is as a vehicle for symbolic expression that the old northern mythologies best lend themselves. The purely narrative is subsidiary to this fuller and broader use. At this point, probably, is confirmed the suspicion, already aroused, that another press agent of Mr. Yeats has escaped. Without necessarily concurring in the estimate of that writer recently expressed in *Acta*, one may still venture the opinion that Symbolism is not dead.

Symbols have been divided into two classes,—the universal and the individual. The latter are those that are employed by every child and by every adult possessed of imagination.

Everyone has some concrete objects that have come, sometimes quite logically, sometimes inexplicably, to symbolize for him alone definite ideas or qualities. These are his individual symbols. His right to them no one will deny; his right to inflict them upon others is not always so readily recognized, more especially if he declines to attach explanatory notes. There are those who think that Mr. Yeats may have sinned, though not mortally, in this regard. The strictly individual symbolist will have few hearers; the mystic like Blake, whose symbolism is midway between the individual and the universal, will be known and heard of his own.

There are, however, symbols that have come to be universally known and accepted, and there are others that from their inherent fitness may at any time become so. They are part of the equipment of every writer, and he who uses them does not thereby limit his circle of possible readers. For, to paraphrase a famous quotation, some of us are symbolists all the time, and all of us are surely symbolists part of the time. If this were not so, no poet could find a hearer, for all true poetry is symbolic.

Whence should the poet of Canada derive his symbols? Even at the risk of an accusation of inconsistency, it must be admitted that some of them must come from the present activities of the world of men around him. It is to be trusted that not all the poetry of to-morrow will follow after Masfield and Gibson. Yet these and others are journeying through a rich, albeit a most dangerous land. There is a world of Canadian human activity to be chronicled, and chronicled by our own people. In the "Canadian Magazine" will shortly be published a poem by A. L. Phelps, who in it does, and does well, for one of our economic home problems, what no outsider, however sympathetic or discerning, could do. This is a good and a noble task.

Yet, we want, too, that our poets lead us awhile out of this world of routine and sordid cares. We want sometimes to forget it. We want, sometimes, that they should cease trying to open the doors of the boiler-room where we are stoking coal, in order to cast a spell over us there, but that they should lead

us away for awhile out to where God casts the spell, and the furnace is forgotten. Weave your dreams about us in the heat and grime while we must be there, but in pity let us out too, to breathe that air that seems to us to be so unreal and impure, because it is not that of the furnace room.

It is in this detached, idealized form that the truest and most enduring expression of poetry is to be found. Poetry is essentially more elemental and enduring than prose, but not all poetry is eternal. And one of the prerequisites for immortality is an immortal symbol. Now, when the whole machinery of our existence changes with every generation, the poet whose imagery is that of a factory workshop of to-day will be read to-morrow only with the aid of a technical cyclopædia and will be discarded and forgotten next week, except by the historian and antiquarian. It is here that the old myths, with their simple, permanent symbols, serve so well. Do we wish to depict the age-long struggle of man with the forces of nature, or indeed his whole life conflict? Marconi battling with the problem of wireless may illustrate it,—for this generation. Marconi battling with nature for the secret of wireless is interesting and temporal; Sigurd battling nine days on the gloomy, mist-girt Drachenfels with the fiery Dragon is self-explanatory, sublime, eternal.

Nor need we fear that the number of mythological symbols is inadequate to express the complex psychological phenomena of modern man. It may be heretical to presume that the tendency of our civilization has perhaps not always been to enrich the emotional life. At any rate, we are, psychologically no less than physiologically, the children of our fathers who dreamed of Odin and Freya, of Pwyll and Rhiannon, and we possess in common with them, and derived from them, not only the great universal passions, but our peculiar racial characteristics. May not our major moods be reflected and expressed through the medium of the victorious and aggressive Teutonic-Skandinavian myths? Are not the minor chords of our life to be heard in the beautiful melancholy of the retreating Kelts?

It must be confessed that the idea of the myths as the spontaneous expression of the thought and soul of the individual race is somewhat disturbed by the probability that these are in large measure more myths of the soil than of the race, and that hence the mythology of our Keltic ancestors, for instance, was profoundly modified and enriched by the Neolithic men whom they displaced.

If this be so, it only serves as an excellent precedent for embodying in this background the wierd and fascinating legends of the soil that are to be found in Canada among our Indians, and whose spirit breathes so strongly and beautifully through the work of Pauline Johnson. Of these we are the sole heirs, and the necessity of preserving them is urgent. It may be objected that by the addition of this new element to the mass of already heterogeneous material the task of welding all the parts into one symmetrical whole is rendered immeasurably more difficult. But it is by no means certain that such welding is necessary, and, if it be found so, the correspondences will also be seen to be more frequent and striking than one might expect.

It has, unfortunately, been impossible within the limits of this article to do more than barely outline suggestions, without any attempt to defend the position at any of its numerous vulnerable points. It has been prompted, however, by the conviction that it is time for Canadian poetry to become self-conscious. But to be self-conscious and national is not to be provincial. It would be paradoxical if we, the most heterogeneous of all peoples, should be provincial in matters of the intellect and art. The waters of Canadian thought, thrown on an outer bend of the great stream of the World's Mind, need not eddy there, responding to the quickenings of the main currents only by a more frantic and confused whirling round our own petty centre. But to be national and self-conscious is not to be provincial. Good work has been done in Canada. No reason exists under Heaven why it should not be done. Then let our poets assert themselves, and assert themselves as Canadians,—only let them claim all their inheritance.

There is a task, too, for us of the laity. We have resignedly accepted the dictum that no good thing could ever come out of Canada, and we have complacently condemned, usually unheard, the work of our writers as inevitably provincial and inferior. There is in existence to-day Canadian poetry which, if sent abroad, labelled, "Made in England", and returned, might arouse a furore of excitement in some of us of the modish sneer. Let the Canadian poet be encouraged to expect recognition for good work. Let us not forget that we should not now be revelling in the wonders of Shakespeare had not the grimy London 'prentices applauded them.

J. D. R.



Shades of the Mighty

(With apologies to John Kendrick Bangs).

J. N. D. B. '18.

It was the ——teenth meeting of "The Club". By "The Club" is meant, not that famous company which used to gather at the Turk's Head, but one that was composed wholly of Shades. Its meetings, of course, were held in Hades. When they first came together to organize a society, Dr. Johnson, addressing the temporary chairman, had spoken as follows: "Sir, after protracted and serious cogitation, I am of the opinion that this association of spirits should be designated as "The Club". That designation, Sir, met with the approbation of that illustrious society with which I had the honour to be connected in the other world, and I venture to hope, Sir, that it will be approved by the present assembly."

After, saying this, the Doctor had gazed about at the august company, waiting in case some bold spirit should offer any objection. But no one had had the necessary courage, so the society had received the name of "The Club", and "The Club" it had remained.

Dr. Johnson was elected perpetual chairman. A few of the Shades protested against this instance of unmitigated Toryism. Rousseau jumped to his feet and made a vehement speech, proclaiming that all men were equal and should have an equal chance of becoming chairman. But the Doctor rose with a roar: "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig," and even Rousseau quailed beneath the withering invective that followed this mild beginning.

At first the executive of "The Club" had planned a series of debates on topics of common interest to the inhabitants of Hades, but the meetings proved dull, so it was decided that the members should be at liberty to talk when, how, and to whom they pleased.

During the ——teenth meeting, which was governed by the new rules, the club-room presented an interesting scene. At the front sat Dr. Johnson, with his lemons on the table before him. Just behind him was Boswell, with note-book and quill, drinking in the streams of eloquence that poured from his idol's lips. And eloquence was not all that he drank in the course of the meetings. Burke was there too, but he seldom talked—his chief function was to ring the bell for the chairman.

Truly the various groups were oddly constituted. In most cases earthly feuds seemed to have passed away, and those who had been enemies on earth were brothers in Hades. As Carlyle observed to his friend Sterling at one lively meeting except in opinion they never disagreed. Cicero was hobnobbing with Verres and Catiline. In the centre of one group sat Macaulay, discoursing volubly on his favourite theme, the Reform Bill. His listeners—*mirabile dictu!*—were Croker, whom he had hated "worse than cold boiled veal", Robert Montgomery and Michael Sadler. George Meredith and Tennyson were bosom friends, although Tennyson confessed to Carlyle that reading Meredith was like wading through glue, and although Meredith admitted—confidentially, of course—that Tennyson's verses were "yards of linen—drapery for the delight of ladies". Around a table sat a larger group which was an even better illustration of the way in which earthly dissensions had been forgotten. On one side were Sir Philip Francis and His Majesty George III engaged in an animated discussion on the alarming growth of political corruption in the twentieth century. On the other side were the elder Pitt, the Duke of Newcastle and Henry Fox. The latter two were also talking on politics, but their theme was the evils of coalitions. Pitt was listening to them with a half-smile playing over his massive features—he was probably thinking of the union of the Rhone and the Saône.

The feminine members of the Club were having a debate on a momentous question which had already caused endless argument—namely, Women Suffrage. Mrs. Carlyle and Joan of Arc headed the affirmative side, while Penelope and

Jane Austen supported the negative, Miss Austen, however, paid little attention to the debate—she was too busy admiring the slippers that Joan wore. Mrs. Carlyle claimed that Socrates and Mill were whispering arguments to her opponents, and amidst hisses from the feminine Shades, the two were led away. As the interest of the debate increased, the voices of the debaters waxed so loud that the din disturbed some of the other Shades.

"Oh", sighed poor Cowper to his friend, Warren Hastings, "do you remember those lines of mine?

'Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate.
Vociferated logic kills me quite.
A noisy man is always in the right.'"

"Yes, Willie," said Warren, with an involuntary glance at Burke, "but if you had been in my place in Westminster Hall for a few days, you wouldn't let these petty squabbles annoy you".

The Ancient History group was rather sparsely represented—a number of its prospective members had been given a less comfortable abode. Still there was a fair sprinkling of classical figures. Juvenal had found an affinity in Swift. Horace and Herrick were having a convivial time with some bottles of Falernian. Thucydides was talking of his boyhood days to Grote and Thirlwall, Southey was instructing Vergil in the art of writing epics, using for illustration his own "Thalaba", which, in the words of Porson, would be read when Homer and Vergil were forgotten—but not till then.

In one corner Ben Jonson was holding forth to his friends on the decadence of modern drama. "Why, Will", he was saying to Shakespeare, "there's a petty scribbler named Bernard Shaw, who pretends to be a dramatist. He writes things he calls plays, that have only three acts, and prefaces twice as long as the plays, and," Ben almost wept with vexa-

tion, "he neglects the dramatic unities! Think of it! No unity of time or of place! Think of it!" "Well, Ben," was Shakespeare's good-humoured answer, "you know Shaw thinks he has superseded me, so *you* shouldn't worry." "But Shaw does write good plays," interjected Matthew Arnold, feeling bound to say something in defence of Shaw, who shared his opinion of "the British public".

Next the stove, swathed in flannels, lay the two invalids Pope and Kant. Addison and Dicky Steele had been talking to them, but had been lured away by the popping of corks and clinking of glasses that were heard from the direction of Horace and Herrick.

The present war had excited considerable comment among the Shades. Ruskin was deploring it from an economic standpoint. "To think", he would say, "of the destruction of magnificent cathedrals, and of the millions being wasted that might be spent in beautifying the homes of the people!" And in answer there would come a growl from Carlyle that seemed to end with the words, "mostly fools." As Ruskin was declaiming in his own grand but tempestuous fashion, Mrs. Ruskin, who was sitting behind him had her eyes fixed with fond pride on her boy Johnnie. "Oh", she sighed to her neighbour, "how is it that his books on social reform weren't half-appreciated on earth?" "Sh! Immanuel!" whispered Pope to his fellow-invalid—

"But random praise, the task can ne'er be done,

Each mother asks it for her booby son."

"True, isn't it?" And Kant responded with an eloquent wink.

Wellington and Napoleon were discussing the strategic side of the war. Epaminondas hazarded a few remarks on the subject, but Napoleon told him he was a "has-been", and Epaminondas, rather affronted, went off to seek comfort from Alexander the Great, who was more of a contemporary.

The general inferiority of the twentieth century to "the good old times"—which term meant anywhere from 2000 B.C. to 1850 A.D.—was the theme of most of the Shades at "The Club". Just now it happened to be the decadence of poetry that they were talking about. Byron, Keats, Shelley and

Wordsworth were all agreed that little deserving the name of poetry had been produced since 1850, and they took peculiar pleasure in dwelling on the faults of their successors. "Just take John Masefield, for example," said Keats, "what poetry is there in:—

'From '51 to '61,

I cut my teeth and took to fun'?"

"Well," began Wordsworth, "there's a certain naïve simplicity about those lines. Of course the sentiment that they express is strongly to be deprecated." "Pshaw!" said Bryon, glad of an opportunity to disagree with Wordsworth, "to think that the critics praise such stuff! I applaud the sentiment expressed in those lines, but the diction is crude. What is needed now is a poem like 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers', to wake those critics up to a sense of their responsibility." "Well", said Shelly, anxious to get off the subject of critics, which he knew Keats was unable to enjoy, "what do you think of Francis Thompson?" "Piffle!" said Wordsworth scornfully. "He isn't!" said Keats, up in arms at once to defend one who had written so eloquently of his friend Shelley. "He is," said Wordsworth, quietly but positively. "He isn't!" shrieked Keats, getting up and giving Wordsworth a right hook to the jaw. At this juncture Disraeli rushed up and tried in vain to secure peace with honour. But neither Keats, mad with rage, nor Wordsworth, as ruffled as a wet hen, would listen to him. The Marquis of Queensberry, amid cheers, begged to be allowed to referee the bout. Shrewd George Selwyn and Charles Fox, remembering Keat's pugnacious boyhood, began to offer odds at ten to one, against Wordsworth, and the meeting adjourned to prepare a ring.

Two Soldiers of the King

E. F. CHURCH, '16.

Ralph Brenton raced along the crescent streets of upper Rosedale, on a certain evening of a week or so ago, at a speed that is quite inexplicable unless one knows something of the most urgent impulses of the human heart. Perhaps if anyone who knew him well had seen him turn in at the gateway of No. 6 Belleville Crescent, he would not have asked for any further explanation of his speed, for at that beautiful spot in that most beautiful of neighbourhoods, there lived a certain lady whom I shall introduce at once, because she is the only other personage that appears in this fireside tale.

Now, in describing this interesting young lady, I must tell you frankly that the information which I shall give concerning her comes directly from Ralph Brenton himself—when one desires information of this kind it is always better to go direct to headquarters for it, rather than to trust to unreliable secular sources—and without hesitation, I can freely tell you, that Miss Mildred Colville was tall, fair and beautiful of face, slender and graceful of form, and as pure and noble of character as a Canadian bred lady can well be. Moreover, she had taste, grace, and kindliness; sound judgment, a strong will and a gentle heart. Indeed this last quality came near to being her only weakness, for so gentle and sympathetic was her nature toward the world of suffering poor, everywhere present in our large cities, her young lover was forced to laughingly confess at times that even he came a very poor second in her affections.

As for the hero of this story, to whom rumour said, she was soon to be married, he was known to the world of men—I will not attempt to say what she thought of him, — as Ralph Waldo Brenton, B.A., late of the undergraduate body of Toronto University, but now a finished gentleman, a profound scholar, and clerk in a shoe-store, equipped with all the latest ideas under the sun, and none above it.

But if anyone thinks that this explains the unwonted haste of Mr. Brenton, on the night in question, he doesn't know the most urgent impulse of the human heart. Going to see one's lady friend may be a very impelling affair, but to be the bearer of news that one longs to tell is surely the most speed producing thing in all the world, and truth to tell, just at that time Mr. Brenton was carrying in his pocket a letter from Ottawa, bearing all the official marks of military headquarters, the contents of which he was eager to pour into the ears of the one whose life above all others in the world would be most affected by them.

"Why, Ralph", she said as she greeted him at the door, her calmness and repose making a strong contrast with his excitement, "has something serious happened that you should hurry so?"

For answer he took her hand, and drew her hastily into the familiar drawing room, all delightfully prepared with burning grate and cozy chairs against his coming, pressed the letter into her hand and then stood back and watched her face pale as she read it. Then as he saw her hand slowly lowered, the letter fall to the floor, and the mist rise to her eyes as she looked away, he made the discovery that there is a kind of good news that saddens rather than gladdens the heart.

"Oh, come Mildred", he said at length stepping impulsively to her side, "I thought you would be glad to hear it, and that is why I hurried so. I tell you it isn't everybody who applied that succeeded in landing a commission". And here he pulled the short ends of his brand new lieutenant's mustache with all the pride of a Kaiser.

"I am pleased, Ralph", she replied, slowly and painfully, as he led her to a seat, "and I congratulate you with all my heart; but it seems so different when this dreadful war comes close home to one." And then she went on half musingly, but all the while stifling the pangs of separation already at her heart. "It all comes so suddenly. I was not prepared—I cannot bear to think that this is the last evening we shall spend in the old way." And she covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, I say, Mildred", he interjected, in desperation as a wave of sympathetic feeling seized his own heart, and groping wildly for a happy change of subject, along a line that he knew would divert her from this subject now grown so painful to them both. "What became of the little chap who led us such a merry dance last night. He was the slickest cub I ever did see. Imagine a professional vagabond at eight years of age. It is past belief. And yet I dare say they are being bred among that class of worthless poor every day of our lives. I am surprised that you should persist in trying to help them when it brings you nothing better than disappointment for your pains".

"But Ralph", exclaimed Mildred, roused into new interest by the introduction of her favourite theme. "Must we not help them for all their failings? I know you are impatient with the poor because of their indigence and incompetence, but we cannot abandon them to themselves on that account. If every poor family in this city were rascals, I could not sleep comfortably a single hour and know that little arms and chubby legs were suffering from inadequate protection these bitter nights."

"I will confess that I am thinking not so much of the poor individually as the effect they are having upon our fair Canadian cities. We seem to be developing slum life in spite of all that we can do, and I think that our system of charity doling is one of the very largest factors in that development."

"And what others do you associate with it Ralph?"

"Well, I should suggest bad marriage laws. At present our marriage laws do not bar the most vital wrongs from our marriage contracts and if the secular and sacred scoundrels who deal in them continue to have their way in the construction of slum conditions, then the trend of reform must lie in the direction of civil contract. Much could be done toward saving the situation if the government would more strictly supervise the issuance of marriage licences, but while licences are hawked by every sort of incompetent in the city, not to mention the skinflints who use them as means of extortion then we must expect conditions such as we have."

"Then Ralph", continued Mildred, ignoring his tirade on marriage licences, and reverting to the theme that lay nearer her heart. "If you take away the charity system, because it is inadequate, and I do not say it is not so, what means of helping the poor would you substitute?"

"What I should like to see," answered her fiancé, pursuing the subject enthusiastically, is a wholesale transplanting of our charity poor to some of the many rich tracts of government land which are as yet unbroken. It seems an unpardonable paradox, that a rich agricultural country like Canada, should corral the major portion of its population into a few large cities where the weak must either die or descend to crime. Thousands of dollars of our penal cost could be transferred to the credit side of our national account, and what is much more important the people themselves could be reclaimed and the slum put out of existence."

"Why not give the poor a real chance", he continued with increasing earnestness, "to attain to respectable citizenship? Why not take them from the polluted alleys of the city where hope never comes to cheer and where vice and crime are the black accomplices of poverty in the breaking of their lives, and place them down in God's green country where every agency in Mother Nature would combine to redeem them to wholesome life again".

"Why Ralph, I am positively astonished at your plan", was Mildred's sympathetic answer to his earnest utterance, "and I like it above all things because it is in harmony with the Christ treatment of this very question."

"Now there's your religion again", responded the practical man of affairs. "The affinity between women and religion is a most remarkable thing. I had no thought of religion whatever, and what is more, Milly, this whole plan depends for its successful working-out not upon the church, but upon the legislature."

"All you say may be true, Ralph, but it is Christ's method of treating the poor just the same. Christ encouraged the giving of alms for the cure of parsimony perhaps, but when He dealt with fallen and broken lives, His plan was the same as yours—redemption and reclamation."

"Well I never heard of such an ingenious analogy," said Ralph, with real surprise, "I believe, Mildred, you would find something Christian in my ideas about war." He said it half-banteringly, half-playfully, but it touched the one theme that lay nearest the hearts of both, and the silence that followed his reversion to it showed how imperfectly they had succeeded in covering it up with the discussion of other things.

"I do not know whether I shall find anything Christian in it or not, Ralph, and I promise you I shall not search unduly if you do not wish it, but seeing that you are so soon to give yourself to this dreadful struggle, I do hope that you realize all that it means."

She spoke with tenderness and he answered her in kind.

"I know this much Mildred, that it means separation from you and that is almost a death in itself. If I could take you with me now, I would have something to fight for." A slight smile crept into his face, yet Mildred's face was full of seriousness as she said,

"You have greater things than me to fight for, Ralph."

"I suppose you refer to religion again, but I tell you Mildred you are my religion and I do not believe in any other. As for Christianity its principles do not appeal to me. Its dream of peace and goodwill to men is only a dream. The law of life and progress is the law of conflict and struggle. The Christian is right when he likens his Christianity to a warfare, and he is wrong when he constructs even a heaven in which conflict has no place. There can be no progress without it. War is just a conflict upon which national, social and industrial progress depends. Great wars have always marked the transition from lower to higher levels of civilization."

"But, Ralph", exclaimed Mildred, thoroughly alive to the fact that Ralph was expressing his deepest convictions and fully determined to draw him out to full conclusions. "Is it not possible for civilization to develop to a stage when it will not depend on war to advance its interests? Are there not higher interests than those you have mentioned which do not depend for their advancement upon war? You will recall that Britain speaks already of a moral war because of Belgium's desolation."

"And yet Mildred, you know yourself that Britain would have fought had the scrap of paper episode never taken place, and this in itself is quite in keeping with Christian teaching, which seems to be war in war, peace in peace, and anything else when anything else is uppermost."

"And are there then no higher needs of a nation, which peace can serve much better than war?" continued Mildred, adding question upon question of such a pointed character as to show that mere criticism of Christianity did not answer the great verities that required to be met with arguments strong and constructive. "I have heard it said that a nation's wealth does not consist in its natural resources; nor the development of them, but in the goodness of its people, a quality which does not depend entirely upon their ability to fight. If it is true as you say that our national progress depends upon the sinking of thousands of precious lives in the cruel sea, and the destroying of millions of others in bloody battle, then I am not a good patriot, Ralph, for I would certainly favour less progress and more humanity."

"But you fail to realize that armies are only ideas in arms and it is the universal strife of ideas that is going on," said Ralph with a shadow of that impatience that all men display when they are being beaten in argument by a woman. And yet if the truth must be told he was not so sure of his ground as in the beginning.

"Ideas would use other weapons if men would have it so," was Mildred's ready retort. "You must surely know, Ralph, that there is a large class of people who are just as truly patriotic as people can be, but they cherish the highest ideals, moral and spiritual for their country, and love them more dearly than ever Napoleon loved an army."

"Then why do they actively acquiesce in this war?"

"Because they see in this war an instrument which will strike a vital blow at a black malady that lies deeply embedded in our nature, and our civilization; a malady of which war is only one of many terrible manifestations. To passively acquiesce in this slaughter is only to allow the death disease to work its will now and leave its deadly germs in our national

system for future outbreak. That must not be and the Christian idealists are determined that it shall not be, and hence every blow that is struck is a blow against war itself and the dread doctrine that gave it birth."

"But how can war be used to serve humanity in redeeming it from evil?" was his next question.

"In much the same way I take it that law and legislation can be used to eradicate the slum evil according to your own plan," was the quick reply.

"But tell me Mildred, what is that malady which you say is running in the blood of our civilization? What is this black doctrine, this death disease, this basic evil to which you refer so mysteriously and against which the guns of this present war are levelled. If you can prove your case you will add strength to my arm and sharpness to my sword in the day of fight."

The manliness of his speech took some of her confidence, and it was in a more truly womanly spirit, but with somewhat less assurance than before, that she announced her faith. "It is the belief that men seem to hold almost universally, less in Christendom I am glad to say than in heathen lands, that they have a right to kill their fellow men, both by the slow process of social, industrial and political injustice, and the quick process of war. This doctrine is often operated in the name of all that is good—liberty, justice, truth, religion, honour and progress, but always produces the same result—violent deaths, maimed lives, foul slums, and full cemeteries."

"Why, this Mildred is nothing more nor less than a biological law, the law of competition by which the fittest survive and improvement comes to the human race". There was a momentary exultation betrayed in the tone of his voice.

"Not so, Ralph. There is no biological law that sanctions the killing of our best and the propagation of our worst people, as we are doing to-day in war, industry and slum. To my mind it is decidedly a moral question, the largest one that confronts our humanity."

The exultation was not noticeable in his next question.

"But after all, Mildred, is death the worst thing than can

befall us? In my humble estimation it is not necessary for the good of the world that any should live, but that all should live well."

"And there, Ralph, you have anticipated the most important thing I was going to say. So the conclusion is not only mine but yours. To live well in the highest sense of the term is to help others to live, but that is part of another law, a law which has for its originator the very Christ whom you profess to ignore. He believes in life not death, in love not hate, in co-operation not in competition. Even in the matter of physical death which is the least of all deaths he would not himself permit even a criminal to be killed. He believes in life unharmed by sin, sword or oppression, and untrammelled by man or master. A life of liberty under that law which commensures perfect freedom. He would not kill the best and propagate the worst, He would rather save the best and redeem and reclaim the worst. But, Ralph", she continued earnestly. "Are you not somewhat inconsistent? You are in perfect accord with Christ's programme for the reclamation of the poor, and at the same time oppose his ideas concerning war, when both are integral parts of one great question."

"I do not oppose them, Mildred", he said gently after a moment of thoughtful silence. "But I didn't associate the two things in any way. I see them different now. But, Mildred", and here he seemed to rouse himself as though by a determination to push to the last ditch the question that they had so earnestly worked out together, "is there not some inconsistency in your position? You do not believe in war and yet you are content that I shall engage in it. You know what it means for us—separation, hardship and suffering, and yet you have never uttered a word to discourage me from my present course."

She rose to her feet, flushed by the feelings that thrilled her whole being.

"And that word never shall be spoken by me. Not that I would not love to say it, but because duty is calling us both to the performance of tasks that cannot be postponed.

Just as I cannot reclaim the poor without doing all I can to serve their present needs, neither can you lift the curse of war from humanity without taking up the sword in this present crisis. The immediate calls us both, but let us not forget that we are fighting for the ultimate."

He had risen to his feet himself, stirred by the words of the noble little woman at his side, and looked every inch a soldier as he stood squarely in front of her and looked into her deep dark eyes.

"You are the truer soldier, Mildred, because you have seen your duty more clearly than I. If I understand correctly, we are fighting the same battle, you here, I there, at opposite ends of a long battle line. I salute you as my superior officer. We shall be soldiers of the King together"—and then after a moment's pause, during which their souls seemed to rise into the unity of high and noble purpose, he added:—

"And of the King of Kings."

Unseen Allies

E. J. P. '11.

Watchful our statued dead! With calm divine
Facing the front where British troops have gone—
Sydney, Cromwell, Marlborough, Wellington,
Steadying old England's shell-scarred battle-line;
And from the chiselled marble bust or shrine
Glow deep those eyes which victories oft have won;
Drake, Grenville, Hawke, and Nelson looking on
Flashing their deathless signals o'er the brine.

Firm base of Hope! The present issue stands
In aim confederate with the gallant Past:
Across the bourne of Time we join our hands
With serried hosts. Behind our lines are massed
Battalions of a memorable age,
Whose deeds emblazon Freedom's valorous page.

Marjorie Pickthall

VIOLA L. WHITNEY, '13.

Have you ever spent a night in the woods, with the starry sky above you, and a wide lake melodiously lapping the shore at your feet; and have you awakened just at dawn when two or three golden-tipped clouds—harbingers of the sunrise—have just appeared over the horizon's rim, and have hovered like young angels at the water's edge; and have you watched the leaves and flowers all shimmering with dew, and throbbing with life; and as you watched have you almost heard fairy voices making inarticulate melody, almost seen wonder-lit elfin eyes—all misty with "Nature's tear-drops", peeping at you from the hearts of the flowers; and still only half-awake have you listened to the fairy call, and with your reason charmed away, have you let yourself drift off on those delicate imperceptible lines which lie between dreamland and reality; and have you given yourself up to the half-painful, because so wholly delicious sensation of being drawn in, absorbed and lost in infinite imaginings, and infinite longing for the fairy-land of a former incarnation, or of a childhood that has vanished?

If you have lived such a moment, so close to Nature as to anticipate a full apocalypse of her secrets, you have experienced a feeling similar to the exquisite sensation felt upon reading, in a receptive mood, some of the choicest of Marjorie Pickthall's poems. In almost every line of them, strange, yet familiar voices call to us, like echoes of a dim and lovely past, to enter the land of dreams where joy has its origin and love its birth; whence fairy fingers beckon us to the enchanted realms where the sprites and elves and gnomes of our childhood dance forever.

Marjorie Pickthall herself needs no introduction to readers of ACTA VICTORIANA. Of Irish birth, she has resided since early childhood in Toronto, and therefore she may be considered a true Canadian poetess, and one, we may say with assurance, who ranks among the best contemporary contributors to poetical literature.

Her little book of forty-two poems is perhaps the finest collection of pure poetry in Canadian literature. Most suggestive and appropriate is its title—"The Drift of Pinions". For on the wings of poesy she has reached the starry sky of imagination, stolen the melody of the spheres, and, endowed with a poetical vision which transcends time and space, she wafts to earth in snatches of inimitable song pictures of what she sees in a poet's-eye-view of the universe.

It is from such a height that Mother Earth shows in true perspective, and that over the Season's rainbow tints a golden halo is cast. Spring appears before our eyes in a glittering green mantle, whose folds glow and gloom as she walks over the earth whispering secrets of budding trees and singing birds. Autumn, brilliant in Oriental array, travels from land to land, a swift-footed peddler, offering for sale chains of scarlet berries, spider-spun silks, and apples of Hesperian gold, while close in his wake comes frosty Winter, charming to sleep the orchis and the bee, and flinging over all the land his pure white flowers and sparkling stars.

In her flight she drifts across the sea, past long, blue bays where sailors longingly, though lustily, sing a song of home; and skimming so close to the water that she sees, away down in its diaphanous depths the coral castle of the sea-witch, she describes the siren in a manner so full of suggestion and charm, that we, like the wild swan are "laggard through her loveliness." The sea passed, she takes us to the gardens of the East—to Shushan, the palace; to Japan, where Kwannon, the goddess of mercy stretches kindly arms across the sea; down to Egypt from whence come to us the heart rending sobs of the Egyptian mother, whose beloved first-born has been slain in the night; and to the manger in Bethlehem where the Christ-Child lay. And still farther back in time she drifts to the land of myths—to the "dim Greece of old", where the little brown Fauns are chasing Proserpine, and are winding around her brows the love of all the earth, and are binding her eyes with its beauty and light. Or again, she takes us to secluded haunts,—up on a hilltop where a lonely little shepherd boy sobs out his grief to Mother Earth; or along a wind-

ing road enticing us beyond the sunset west to a garden and an orchard "with an old, old man to mind it," under the shadow of "an old thorn-tree". But oftenest of all she lingers over mystic dells and woodlands, where the moth's wing brushes the edge of the twilight, or the iris unfolds to breathe in the dawn. Here fairies dance in charmed circles, and elfin creatures spin their gossamer webs of enchantment; here the moon is metamorphosed by a magic wand into the bud of a rose, and stars become water-lilies—lovely haunts of nymphs and water-witches. And over all hovers the immortal spirit of beauty:

"Beauty that rosed the moth-wing, touched the land
 With clover horns and delicate faint flowers,
 Beauty that bade the showers
 Beat on the violet's face,
 Shall hold the eternal heavens within their place,
 And hear new stars come singing from God's hand".

When one tries to classify, analyse or criticize her individual poems, one comes completely to a standstill. Each one is so beautiful that vivisection seems sacrilegious, and quotation seems hopeless unless nothing is omitted. Almost every line is so full of music that it haunts our waking hours, mingles its melodies in our dreams, and at last becomes a part of our immortal selves.

Her range of poetry is naturally limited—a few poems on religious themes, written with the simplicity and naïve curiosity of a child, a few miscellaneous poems, and the rest descriptive of nature and of fairyland.

One of the most beautiful of her poems is "The Little Sister of the Prophet"—a story of infinite suggestion and charm. The little sister blindly worships though she does not understand, her prophet brother—a dreamer of dreams, skilled to read in Nature the open revelation of God's strength and beauty. In pathetic endeavour, the little sister prepares a treat of dates and wine for him, "to lighten his labour, and sweeten his rest", but she feels that her work of love is in vain:

"Will he come from the byre
 With his head all misty with dreams, and his eyes on fire,
 Shaking us all with the weight of the words of his passion?
 I will give him raisins instead of dates,
 And wreath the young leaves on the little red plates.
 I will put on my new head tyre,
 And braid my hair in a comelier fashion.
 Will he note? Will he mind?
 Will he touch my cheek as he used to, and laugh, and be
 kind?"

Her nature poems are so beautiful that they can only be compared to nature herself. In one of her "Island Songs" she says:

"The blue ways of the island are wound about my soul".

In a wider sense it would seem as if the spirit of Nature had been enshrined in her soul, and had breathed into her verses its own speaking message. She reveals her nearness to Nature in "The Shepherd Boy." The little fellow lies down at night under the stars, and says his prayers to his Mother Earth, and then goes peacefully to sleep on that "brown mother's" breast, fanned by her breath and soothed by her silent melodies.

"And I lay my head on her raiment's hem,
 Where the young grass darkens the strawberry star,
 Where the iris buds and the bell-worts are,
 All night I hear her breath go by
 Under the arch of the empty sky.
 All night her heart beats under my head,
 And I lie as still as the ancient dead,
 Warm as the young lambs there with the sheep,
 I, and no other,
 Close to my Mother,
 Fold my hands in her hands and sleep."

Particularly felicitous is she in describing the mystic moments of evening and of dawn. These are her dream times; under the too glaring light of the sun her fancies go dim:

"Lovely the day when life is robed in splendour,
 Walking the ways of God and strong with wine,
 But the pale eve is wonderful and tender,
 And night is more divine.
 Fold my faint olives from their shimmering plain,
 O shadow of sweet darkness fringed with rain.
 Give me to-night again."

Regarding her poem on "Dawn", it is surely no exaggeration to say that it approaches perfection in its exquisite imagery, and melodious harmonies. The temptation is strong to quote the poem in its entirety, for every line is as beautiful as the ones given below:—

"O keep the world forever at the dawn,
 Ere yet the opals, cobweb-strung, have dried,
 Ere yet too bounteous gifts have marred the morn,
 Or fading stars have died.
 O, keep the eastern gold no wider than
 An angel's finger-span,
 And hush the increasing thunder of the sea
 To murmuring melody
 In those fair coves where tempests ne'er should be.

O keep the world forever at the dawn,
 Yet keeping so, let nothing lifeless seem,
 But hushed, as if the miracle of morn
 Were trembling in its dream.
 Some shadowy moth may pass with downy flight,
 And fade before the sight,
 While in the unlightened darkness of the wall
 The chirping crickets call;
 From forest pools where fragrant lilies are
 A breath shall pass afar,
 And o'er the crested pine shall hang one star."

But to all who love fairyland, to those who have seen, behind the uplifted curtain of worldly wisdom, fingers beckoning

to unseen enchanted realms, and have heard elfin music wafted from afar—to them Marjorie Pickthall's fairy poems present the strongest appeal. Her poetry is as the music of Apollo's lyre, before which the hitherto unshapen towers of our imagination are built. The first poem in the book—"Armored"—opens for us at once the "gates o'dream", and calls us with an irresistible insistency to enter.

“When within the rippling tide
Shakes the silver-pointed moon,
When the rainbow flees of noon
All have died,
When the bats go wheeling far,
And the mournful owl has cried
Twice or thrice a down the glen
Gray with gathering shade, and when
Gates o'dream are held ajar—
From the alders in the dell,
From the bracken fronds astir,
Elfin voices call to her—
‘Armored!’ ”

And the mystic music which ushers us into the land of enchantment, accompanies us to the end; ever becoming fuller and sweeter, until we feel that we have found again the isles of our childhood, and would fain remain there, but like Proserpine, we too must say farewell, and carry away upon our brows only the "memory of a rose", within our souls the "shadow of a star", and in our hearts the haunting "echo of a song".

Any attempt at a description of the style of her poems is baffling and unsatisfactory. One does not pretend to explain their charm, or even the impression they leave, any more than one attempts to describe the cadences of a babbling brook or the song of a thrush. One is just thrilled to silence. So, too, while it does not seem exaggeration to state that Miss Pickthall's poems are perhaps the most flawless Canadian contribution to poetry, one says this with scarcely an effort

to prove it. It is true that there are a few scattered lines which make one remember that one is still on the earth, a few Hibernian colloquialisms which do not seem to belong to the vocabulary of poetry, but almost everywhere Miss Pickthall is a perfect manipulator of metres—a magician over words.

One can trace in her scarcely any indebtedness or resemblance to other poets. Occasionally a certain brilliancy of colouring or richness of rhyme reminds us of Keats, and here and there hovers a dim suggestion of Shelley, particularly in her marvellous myth-making faculty, second only to his, while in elusive sweetness and delicacy she is sufficiently akin to Alice Meynell, and in the quality of her imagination to Alfred Noyes to be ranked in the same class with the present day school of poets. But for the most part her metres are as original as her fancies, and are true accompaniments of her ideas. She uses most of the artifices of the poet—frequent alliterations, the avoidance of harsh gutturals and use of liquid sounds; variety of metre, and lingering repetitions of words and phrases. But these do not explain the fascination of such lines as these:

“After the wind in the wood,
Peace, and the night.
After the bond and the brood,
Flight.
After the height and the hush
Where the wild hawk swings,
Heart of the earth-loving thrush
Shaken with wings.

After the bloom and the leaf
Rain on the nest.
After the splendour and grief,
Rest.
After the hills and the far
Glories and gleams.
Clouds, and the dawn of a star,
And dreams.”

Or in the second equally beautiful "Island Song":

"I sat among the green leaves, and heard the nuts falling,
The broad red butterflies were gold against the sun,
But in between the silence and the sweet birds calling
The nuts fell one by one."

One charmingly beautiful characteristic of her metres is the unexpected introduction at the end of a line or stanza of a spondee, after a succession of spondees or iambuses. Each stanza of "Wanderlied" ends in this manner:

"O west of all the westward roads that woo ye to their
winding,
O south of all the southward ways that call ye to the sea,
There's a little lonely garden that would pay ye for the
finding,
With a fairy ring within it, and an old thorn tree."

The same thing occurs also in "The Pool":

"A silver shell, and a shaken star,
And a white moth's wing."

Comparatively free from idiosyncrasies of style or monotony of idea, Miss Pickthall possesses one peculiarity in her constant reference to the iris and the moth—so constant as to exclude the possibility of its unconsciousness. At first one is dubious about welcoming these two on all occasions. When one enters "Dream River" every sapphire pool is ribboned round with irises; at dawn the iris and the moth are just hovering on the brink of vision, and they both creep in at even-tide:

"Dark is the iris meadow,
Dark is the ivory tower,
And lightly the young moth's shadow
Sleeps on the passion flower."

Perhaps, however, these are the magic mediums which open to us the land of dreams, perhaps the iris, like the four leaved

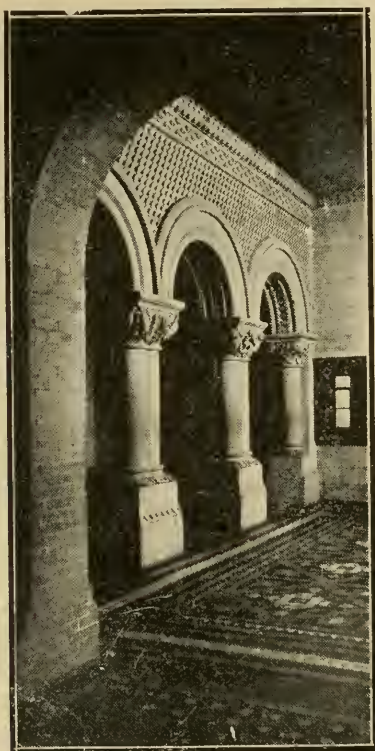
clover of our childhood is the charm which must be discovered before the fairies will appear to us, and perhaps we would lose our way in the labyrinths of elfdom, but for our twilight guide—the solitary white moth.

And now, after the most unreserved appreciation of her poetry has been accorded, can we call Miss Pickthall a poetess with a message? It must be confessed that her poems contain no outstanding intellectual beauties, nor do they possess any clue to the solution of the deeper problems of life. There is no appeal in them to the universal sympathy or understanding, there is scarcely any suggestion of the power of entering into the lives of others, and of walking soul by soul with them. If poetry is always a personal interpretation of life, it will be difficult to classify Miss Pickthall's poems, and yet from another standpoint, she is a poetess in the first sense of the word. If poetry is an interpretation of beauty, surely her poems are the quintessence of poetry. Her mission is to remove from our prosaic eyes the mists of materialism and matter-of-factness, and make us see with unblinded vision the open secrets of the earth. To those who scoff at fairies, and at queer ideas, and belief in the unseen world, to whom "the ivory gates and golden" stand forever shut, it may be that Marjorie Pickthall will not bring much of a message. But there are individual poems which will touch the hearts of the least imaginative, and because immortal beauty is immortal truth and love, the universal human soul must be reached by them all.

"The silver roads of Love are wide,
O winds that turn, O stars that guide,
Sweet are the ways that Love has trod,
Through the clear skies that reach to God."

And even if the range of her subjects is limited, it must be remembered that Miss Pickthall is just standing on the threshold of her poetical life, and that imagination, the first comrade of youth, and the first blossom of poetry, has entered the portals in advance. It is impossible to prophesy from a volume of two score poems what she may produce in the years

to come. At present Miss Pickthall is in England, knitting caps for the soldiers. When the war-drums throb no longer, and "the battle-flags are furled", we may confidently expect great things from our own Canadian poetess, who, if she harmonizes her world of fancy with our world of reality, will be able to embody in transcendantly melodious verse the universal spirit of beauty, humanity and truth.



The Grand-daughter of Satan

PAUL WALLACE, '15.

Winding leisurely around the base of a gaunt cliff in the wake of our pack-train, we came into view of the green clearing where the spare horses were hobbled. It was to be our camping ground for the night. Jack the Giant, as the huge packer was familiarly known in the mountains, turned in his saddle to speak to me over the heads of the intervening ponies.

"There's a black colt in here we don't ever hobble," he said. "She's lame, born with twisted legs. But it don't seem to affect her mind much. She's as cheerful as Moses' little lamb. But you look out for her. Don't leave anything lying round you ever want to see again. She's got eyes bigger'n God's. Satan was her grandfather and she don't take much after the rest of the family, believe me."

I made Blackie's acquaintance at supper beside the camp-fire. As long as the shaggy, knotty-legged little eccentricity was content with rubbing her nose up and down my back, I submitted to her attentions; but, when she suddenly stamped her foot in the soup, I demurred.

"Hi! Get out o' there, you black devil!" shouted Jack the Giant, brandishing a stick which I noticed he threw away without using. Blackie hobbled away into the forest shadow, and Jack turned to restore our scattered meal. "Hang the brute," he growled. "Guess I'll have to shoot her on the trip out. If she weren't such a funny little cuss I'd have shot her long ago. I'd do it to-night only I lent my gun to a fella in town. Look at that damned mess! I'll have to go down to the river for another pail of water, and you better go into the tent and dig out some more soup tablets."

We left the camp-fire while each went his way—Jack to the woods, I to the tent. When I returned, after a protracted search, which came to an end with the discovery of the soup packed in the tool box, I found Jack staring and swearing at

the ground. The tea had disappeared. We had certainly unpacked it, but we could not find it anywhere, so we sat down to supper tealess, mutually reviling each other in our hearts for the sin of mislaying the precious package.

Presently Blackie, having put in her five minutes off the field, returned like a penalized player to the game. She confidently rubbed a soft lip over Jack's face.

"Good God!" yelled the Giant, "she's eat it herself!" So she had. The evidence was all there: tea leaves clung thickly to her lips. She had made a flying raid in our absence and devoured the whole pound raw.

Jack harried her out of sight with wild yells and execrations that made the wilderness tingle. He returned to the camp-fire with the familiar explanation, considered necessary for the soothing of tenderfeet, that nothing short of "cayuse talk" can make a cayuse understand.

During the night we heard the *thud, thud, thud*, of Blackie's feet performing an erratic orbit around our tent. At dawn, we found the tarpaulins, instead of sheltering the packs as we left them, scattered about the clearing, chewed and trampled almost past recognition, while the heavy dew had done what harm it could to exposed blankets and victuals intended for use of the men at the upper camp. Blackie stood aside with legs akimbo and twinkling eyes, while we gathered in the wreckage and made up the packs for the ponies. At the last moment she sidled up, ostensibly for an affectionate farewell; but she satisfied herself with unobtrusively and without warning, biting the hindmost cayuse, who immediately stampeded the others and set us scattering up the trail with less order than a crowd of mad ants. I had a glimpse of the little fiend as we swept over a sharp rise in an effort to herd the unruly ponies back on to the trail. She was obstreperously kicking up her happy heels in the ashes of our camp-fire and not even bothering herself to watch us out of sight into the mountains.

After the pack-train had been restored to order and penitence, or rather to respectable hypocrisy awaiting another chance, Jack the Giant gave expression to his feelings, without explanation, in the melodious periods of "cayuse". I do not

attempt to preserve his exact language, but the rhythm still sings in my ears.

"That black colt", he said, "is the all-firedest, infernal, world-without-end-and-so-on-to-all-eternity, gol-darned, dashed, daughter of the Devil, in the mountains. Satan overreached himself when he let *her* into his world. She beats him hollow, makes a regular fool of him. But the hell of it is, she's lame, confound her, so a fella can't do anything to her. A fella *can't* hurt a lame colt, damn it all!" Whereat the Giant's nature was unrolled as a scroll before my wondering eyes. Tough language is often the shell of a soft heart.

But I was too practical to share Jack's sentimental squeamishness.

"The question is how to dispose of her?" I said. "She'll never be any good for work. And during the winter, when she can't find feed for herself, she'll be a burden to keep. Wouldn't it be kinder to shoot her now than to leave her in the mountains to starve when the snow comes?"

Jack swung his body in a herculean half-circle to the ground without unhorsing himself, and snatched up some fragments from beside the trail. Then he let loose upon the backs of the unsuspecting pack-train such a bloodcurdling hurricane of stones and curses that inferno itself might not have scorned the echo. It was his way of acknowledging dilemma. Out of compassion for the plunging beasts ahead, I dropped the subject of Satan's granddaughter.

Jack the Giant borrowed a revolver at the upper camp.

When we returned to the clearing on our way back to town, Blackie came limping out to meet us and whinnied with delight. She hung around companionably all evening, ogling and rubbing at a great rate, but neither stealing, upsetting, nor destroying anything. Her reformation seemed complete. I now hated the thought of killing her, and glanced uneasily at the butt of Jack's borrowed revolver. She had become a perfect little angel, only black. I said so, but Jack grunted, "Wait".

We waited till midnight. About that time she managed to entangle herself in the tent ropes with such unearthly skill

that her plunging efforts at extrication brought the canvas roaring down in wet masses about our heads. It was raining heavily and we had to turn out in the downpour to set things to rights again. My sympathy for Blackie palled considerably over night. It got bleached in the wet, as it were.

By morning, Blackie had achieved all the mischief practicable with the materials at hand. For greater security to our packs, we had pegged the tarpaulin covers to the ground; but the Devil himself, hearing one of the family in trouble, must have come and rooted out the pegs with his horns. Blackie had scattered cereals, tins, ropes, and boxes all over the clearing and stamped them into the mud. She had munched a coat into a dish-cloth and had practically annihilated a handsome saddle which I highly prized and which could not be replaced this side of Calgary.

There could be no doubt at all of Blackie's diabolical origin. Clutching the revolver in his fingers, Jack the Giant surveyed the scene with folded arms. He literally brooded over chaos.

"So help me God," he said slowly and with emphasis, "I never repented any sin before like I repent leaving behind all the gol-darned ammunition for this gun. You — you — you —" But he gave it up with a gasp. The idea simply could not be compressed into words.

Blackie hobbled a bit down the trail after us when we got away, but we chivvied her off, beat up the pack-train to a run, and soon left the big, bare cliff as a barrier between us and the pursuing demon.

"Feels like a reprieve from hell, don't it?" said the Giant when we felt safe enough to slow up again. "I sure will put the lead into her next trip, limp or no limp. I'll put the death warrant in one end of the gun and let her have it out of the other. By —, if I don't shoot her, I'll shoot myself. H'm, wonder if her grandfather'll be glad to see her home."

* * * * *

I met Jack the Giant again in the Spring.

"By the way," I said, "what became of that black colt you had such trouble with in the Fall? Did you shoot her eventually?"

"What colt?" he asked with the embarrassed innocence of a schoolboy hiding a rabbit in his pocket. "Oh, I don't remember. Say, did you ever get ——"

"I mean Blackie," I interposed obstinately, "the bandy-legged little beggar who ate your tea—and whom you swore to shoot."

Jack the Giant assumed an air of swaggering indifference for his reply:—

"Oh, that ugly brute. Almost forgotten. Yes. She was lame, you see. Well, the *women folk* always like to have some poor devil to be mothering all the time, so I took it home to the wife—just as a joke. She made some sort of a pet of it. I guess Satan'll have to wait another Christmas or two yet for that little family party of his. —— Say, did you ever get that new saddle you was figuring on buying up to Calgary in the winter?"

The First Crusade of Bernard Shaw

R. HODDER WILLIAMS.

Speculation as to what he is, and what he thinks he is, and what he is not, seems to be accepted as an integral part of the study of Mr. Bernard Shaw. It is therefore permissible to extend the bounds of fancy and to debate upon what would have happened to Canada if he had followed the example of so many of his countrymen, shaken the dust of an ungrateful and beef-steak-intellect England from his feet, and sought his fortunes in this particular part of the New World. Suppose, for instance, that his failure to find a publisher for the four novels on which he laboured so drudgingly in his early London days had driven him into our arms. What fate would have awaited the Shaw of the second phase, Shaw the dramatic critic of the nineties?

This period of the career of the dramatist hardly receives the attention that it merits in these days of his greater popularity (*in statu quo ante bellum*) and more general appeal. During the four years in which he was contributing critiques on the London theatres to the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Shaw first appeared in the limelight, and in those days already, he, like Napoleon, liked his colours strong and bright. Mr. Gardiner gives us in "Prophets, Priests, and Kings", a picture of Mr. Shaw on the platform letting off squibs and quips, sallies and epigrams, denunciations and gems of common-sense, in one dazzling display of pyrotechnics, and disappearing as meteorically as he came. Many of us who have never heard Mr. Shaw speak may desire corroboration of this picture. Assuredly we shall find it in "Dramatic Opinions and Essays," a collection of his contributions to the *Saturday Review* between 1895 and 1898. The joys of these articles are so manifold that it is impossible to give here even the most incomplete catalogue of their nature; but these few notes will not be in vain if they introduce some student of this arresting personality to a phase of his work that cannot properly be overlooked. Mr. Shaw has in these collections achieved a triumph which

is assuredly unique in his generation. At first glance, nothing is less enticing than reviews of mediocre plays which we shall never hear, produced twenty years ago by actors, the most of whom we shall never see. The large majority of these plays are to-day complete anachronisms. But the tattered shreds of them that Mr. Shaw leaves when he has finished, live on in one of the most fascinating and delightful books of the twentieth century.

Mr. James Huneker tells us that it was with a "gasps of relief" that Mr. Shaw escaped from the critics' stalls after an accident in 1898. The author's own valedictory would also suggest that the criticism of the plays produced in London during the past four years had been thoroughly distasteful to him. That I decline flatly to believe. The opportunity to attack the conventions of the drama in the dying century, the Americanisation of "poor" Shakespeare by Mr. Augustin Daly, and the artificiality of "Sardoodledom" encouraged by Mr. Sidney Grundy, (to say nothing of the activities of Mrs. Grundy) was to him meat and drink, and he entered into it with an ecstasy of *abandon* and a pen steeped in concentrated vitriol. We are often told that Mr. Shaw is not really a propagandist; but if those who hold this view will read a volume of these dramatic opinions they will find that the author thoroughly justifies his claim that in those years he was conducting a campaign, laying siege to the theatre of the nineteenth century, "cutting his way into it at the point of the pen, and throwing some of its defenders into the moat". It was his first Crusade. It may have been his last; but it was certainly a Crusade. "I postulated as desirable", he tells us, "a certain kind of play in which I was destined ten years later to make my mark . . . and I brought everybody—authors, actors, managers, to the one test: were they coming my way or staying in the old grooves?"

Here we have two of the three main reasons why Mr. Shaw would have been unacceptable to the Canadian press as a dramatic critic, probably in 1895, and certainly in 1915. In the first place, he wrote his criticisms with all the certainty and daring and independence of the expert, and the *Saturday*

Review thought it worth while to retain his services. This is a stage in the development of journalism and public opinion (the two are inseparable) to which Canada cannot claim as yet to have attained. We do not demand that our newspapers shall employ experts to deal with anything, whether it be drama or literature or education or matters military, or politics, and therefore, with an occasional noteworthy exception, our newspapers do not provide them, for the excellent reason that experts are expensive, and staff reporters are not. The one universal exception is the advertising manager; of whom more anon.

Again, Mr. Shaw is the most catholic of all critics in his demand for efficiency. A performance is either adequate or it is not. It may be a bad play. Why waste good acting on it? It may be a good play—this is rare—like Henry Arthur Jones' "Michael and his Lost Angel". Why then does Mrs. Patrick Campbell refuse such a part as she will never get the refusal of again; and why does Mr. Forbes Robertson find it necessary for his saint to bore the audience by becoming gloomier and gloomier until "I half expected the infuriated author to rush on the stage and treat us to a realistic tableau of the stoning of St. Stephen"? Or again, the play is good and the actors are good—this is rarer still. Why then have all the actors been given the parts that ought to have been given to all the others? Or lastly, everything is all right—this is almost inconceivable. Why then is the audience so incredibly turnip-headed, and the critics all born fools? On the subject of stage costume, Mr. Shaw finds it necessary to speak in the most scathing terms—"the dresses were the usual fancy ball odds and ends, Helena especially distinguishing herself by playing the first scene partly in the costume of Hamlet and partly in that of a waitress in an Aerated Bread Shop"); and bad scenery, excessive prompting, dreary music, and the rest never escape. We have seen the outstanding performances in Toronto in recent years—for instance, the Montreal Opera Company's season or Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet",—half ruined by bad acting in minor parts, slovenly stage management and impossible scenery. But we

have looked in vain among the newspaper panegyrics for censure of these blemishes. Our dramatic taste in Canada is not yet developed beyond the point of demanding either a good play or a good actor or an impressive "scenic production".

Above all, Mr. Shaw would not have "done" in Canada because he insisted upon saying what he thought. He knew what he wanted and believed in the theatre. Nearly twenty years elapsed between the writing of these criticisms and the plea for the stage in the "Dark Lady of the Sonnets". But he was already preaching in the late nineties that the theatre ought to be a "factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of social conduct, an armoury against despair and dullness, and a temple of the Ascent of Man." He was severe because he was in earnest; and because he was in earnest he was forgiven by the authors and the actors, and perhaps too by the producers, ("Mr. Tree is infinitely obliged to me; for all London, it appears, is flocking to the Haymarket to see whether Henry IV is really so bad as I think it")—but he would hardly have been forgiven by a Canadian editor-in-chief or his advertising manager. Here we speak of the commercialization of the theatre as part of the natural order of civilization. Mr. Shaw spoke of it as "compulsory", but also as "miserable, vulgar, absurd." He attacked bad plays because he wanted to kill them. The Canadian critic must not kill plays. The lessee of the theatre does not like it and the advertising manager will not have it.

Every student of Mr. Shaw will make the necessary allowance for his desire to find a stand upon any subject, from his conception of the Bard of Avon to his opinion of Sir Edward Grey, in which he may be at the beginning in a minority of one. But few who desire the progress of the drama will claim that his fearless and independent criticism has had any but a healthy effect, or that he has had no considerable part in the renaissance of the British stage in the new century. It is the lack of some such force that is stunting the development of the drama here in Canada; and we must all share the blame. Mr.

Shaw declines absolutely to accept the "what-the-public-wants" defence, put up by the profession:—

"The public cannot do without the theatre; and the actor and the dramatist are therefore in a position to insist upon honourable terms. The managers who are at present flinging all professional honour and artistic faith to the winds by competing with one another as to who shall secure the vulgarist and foolishlest plays are no more under any compulsion to do so than Sir Henry Irving is to swallow swords, balance straws on his nose, or bounce up through star-traps. Suppose Sir Henry were to join the ignoble scramble after big pecuniary success. What would be the result? Only that on the low ground he would be easily beaten by the music-halls; so that he would debauch his audiences only to lose them. That is just what too many of our managers are doing at the present time."

No comment is necessary. The warning went unheard. Which is winning in Toronto, the theatre or the vaudeville? Why? It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the share of the general public in the responsibility. Suffice it to say that so soon as we demand independence of thought in the critics' seats we shall find our Canadian G.B.S.

In "Dramatic Opinions and Essays" we have Mr. Shaw in his most mordant mood, and sometimes it is not pleasant. "Usually I enjoy a first night as a surgeon enjoys an operation." It jars to find him gloating over a financially bad theatrical season under the title of "Told you so". His opening criticism of "The Manxman"—"Who is Hall Caine?"—is not (*pace* Mr. Huneker) funny, but extremely cheap; and it is with poor taste that he jeers at Sir Henry Irving for five pages because he appears in a play "in which all the acting is done for him by the author." In some of his criticism I believe him to be absolutely wrong. I have, for instance, seen Edmond Rostand's "Princesse Lointaine" played by almost the identical cast that he saw, and do not agree with a single paragraph of his long critique. But Mr. Shaw commands my attention because, without spoiling the play by

rehashing the plot, he proves to me that he knows his business; for he succeeds in answering for me the question with which, had I been a theatre-goer in '95, I should have gone to his pages: Is it worth my while to go and see the play? That is a thing the Canadian critic very seldom does, because, being apparently instructed to say the same things about all the plays, he declines, with a very proper pride, to say anything about them at all. No mere human can make an advertisement read like an opinion.

And now, in putting the question propounded in the first paragraph, we may ask what Mr. Shaw's attitude would be towards such amateur societies as that which recently entertained itself and attempted to amuse others by attempting one of his own plays and presenting "The Pigeon". He says:—

"I have never, I hope, underrated the importance of the amateur; but I am now beginning to cling to him as the saviour of theatrical art. . . . It is still necessary to turn your back on the ordinary commercial West End theatre with its ignoble gambling for a "catch-on", and its eagerly envious whisperings of how much Mr. Penley has made by "Charlie's Aunt," to watch the forlorn hopes that are led from time to time by artists and amateurs driven into action by the starvation of their artistic instincts."

Let the Players' Club and its counterparts through Canada stand firm. Mr. Shaw is with them; and they too are starting on a crusade. But dramatic critics cannot live on amateur performances. Therefore let us say to Mr. Shaw:—

"Sir, you did well to suppress the Irishman in you and to stay in England. With your reputations unmade you would not have made a cent in Canada as a critic. You might have become a Canadian and perhaps a millionaire; but you would probably have remained an Irishman and become—heaven knows what—perhaps a super-policeman."



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EDITORIAL

To Victoria's Student Soldiers

At the final meeting of the Union Literary Society for this term, mementos of the "Old Ontario Strand" in the form of note-books for field service were presented by the Students' Council to the undergraduate volunteers of the College. The spirit of the gift is well expressed in the brief message inserted by President Bowles, which we here quote:

"Although you are going forth of your own personal choice to this great undertaking you are nevertheless our representatives, even as you would be had we chosen you and designated you for this heroic task. We are sure that you will in all things bring honour to your College. You carry with you our unbounded confidence in you. In the terrific hour of battle you will quit yourselves like men, and in the evil temptations of camp life you will prove yourselves true to the Christian ideals of our land and of our College. We honour

you that you have responded to what you believe to be the call of duty in this matter. Always remember the cause you fight for is right and noble, and sacrifice in such a cause is never wasted. Be assured that you carry with you our best wishes, our high regards, and our deep affection. We hope that, when this dark and troubled night is over, you will be permitted to return to receive our welcome, as now we give you our affectionate farewell."

To the Undecided Man

Every man in College is ready, if necessary, to volunteer for the front. But for the time being it is neither necessary nor advisable that every man should go. Canada is in the process of crystalization. As we take shape now, so shall we always remain. In intellectual matters we are desperately in need of trained men, leaders and organizers, to superintend the process of crystalization. Therefore, it is important that the percentage of college-trained men in the army should not be out of reasonable proportion to that of men from other less specialized walks of life.

"Where can I best serve my country?" is the question with which every man is at close grips. Its demand upon our attention should be welcomed, for a nation's greatness and power is to be gauged by the insistence with which that question presents itself and presses for an answer from all the citizens.

To the undecided man, we say—Face it fairly and squarely and answer it honestly on the merits of your own particular case. Do not be stampeded by what other people may be doing. This thing is serious enough to be taken coolly. Act on your own initiative, for these times require men with the minds of *men*.

Do not allow yourself to become cynical about "emergency patriotism." It is your own motives for which you are responsible, not the other fellow's. Neither over-estimate the importance of your private plans, nor measure service to your country by what you once hoped to get out of it.

Remember that this is the greatest testing time you will probably pass through in life, and prove yourself worthy of the test—"Keep the scarlet in the van."

Each man as he leaves college this spring goes out as the guardian of the honour of Victoria. We are confident that it will be in worthy keeping, whether with the man in the King's uniform, fighting for Canadian ideals in world politics, or with the man who heartily sets to work at home to make the country worth fighting for.

The Senior Dinner

The innovation made by the Faculty this year in connection with the Senior Dinner proved a great success, as every member of the graduating class will bear witness. Before the event we confess to having felt some misgivings as to the necessity or desirability of practising such ruthless iconoclasm upon one of Victoria's most cherished idols, but now that it is over, we are thoroughly reconciled to the thought that the old Senior Dinner has had its day and must go. The affair this year was enjoyable in every respect. The staff of Burwash Hall completely vindicated their culinary reputation, by clearly demonstrating that they can prepare a real dinner. The speeches were few and brief, and for the first time in years, were listened to by every guest. The musical programme was a rare treat and was of so high an order that we regret sincerely having to make it the target for our only shaft of criticism. Apart from the sordid fact that there is always a portion of an Arts class, whose aesthetic taste is insufficiently developed to enjoy a solid hour and a half of Chopin and Beethoven, we are inclined to think that even the music lovers of the class would have been glad to forego part of their pleasure for the sake of a little sociable chat among themselves and with the members of the Faculty.

It is one of the crying faults of our present system that the student does not have more opportunities of meeting the professor outside of the lecture room. Therefore, in placing ourselves on record as thoroughly approving the simplified

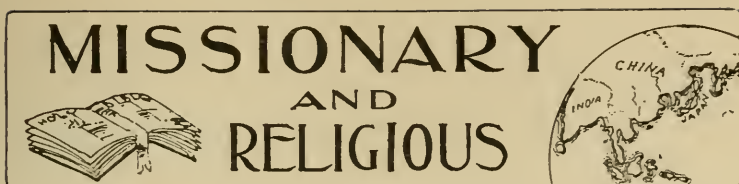
form of the Senior Dinner, we feel like adding the suggestion that, if this innovation be continued, the function be still further simplified by being restricted altogether to Senior and Faculty folk, who may thus have the opportunity of spending a social hour together, just before they come to the parting of the ways.

About Ourselves

Owing to the shortening of the College term, ACTA Board has found it necessary to withdraw one issue this year. The present number, which will be the last until after the close of College, has therefore been made considerably larger than usual. During the month of May, a "graduation" number will be published, and this will be mailed to all subscribers who care to leave their summer address with the Circulation Manager. Owing to the generous support of subscribers, and advertisers, we have been able, in spite of unusual difficulties, to keep the magazine quite as large as in previous years. We take this opportunity of extending our thanks to all who have helped us. And now, to all the students of the College, we wish success at the approaching examinations, and the truest kind of success in the greater test of life.

The Frontispiece

Sculpture has not yet become prominent in Canadian art. It has not, however, been entirely neglected, and among the few Canadians who have attained international recognition in this branch of art, Mr. Lewis Philippe Hébert, C.M.G., is perhaps the strongest. He is a native of the Province of Quebec, born in 1850, and spent his early years on a farm. After studying for six years in Montreal, he went to Paris for fifteen years further training, and there did some of his best work. He is perhaps the most prolific of Canadian sculptors and examples of his skill, mostly in the form of statues of prominent public men, may be seen in almost all the larger cities of Canada.



The Super-Camp

Being—Not-Being—Becoming. Yes, in all things let us be philosophical. There are undoubtedly many things in heaven and earth undreamed of in our philosophy. Therefore let us endeavour to bring as many new things as we can within the compass of our philosophy, even at the risk of becoming Pluralists. I propose to philosophize on camps, and by a synthesis, in the most approved Hegelian fashion, of Being, *i.e.*, Camps I have known; Not-Being, *i.e.*, the Camp that is not but ought to be; to arrive at Becoming, *i.e.*, the Super-Camp, the Camp that is to be. .

That there may be no confusion at the outset, I may as well say at once that the Super-Camp of the title is not the C.O.T.C Camp at Niagara, though I hope the latter may prove to be in every way the best and jolliest of camps for those who are going.

My Super-Camp exists at present only in the imagination, has not yet reached the stage of Becoming. Whether it ever will take to itself bodily shape and quit the realm of phantasms depends to a great extent on the goodwill of Victoria men.

At this time the training camp means more to men that it has ever done before. Upon the calibre of the men that Canada is sending, upon their efficiency and discipline, may turn, who knows, the issues of the greatest war in history.

Yet, this war shrinks into insignificance in comparison with the age-long conflict between light and darkness of which it is a part.

When a dear-bought peace closes the present strife, and God grant it may be soon, the vaster fight must continue. The end is not yet. And indeed that fight will probably enter

upon an acuter and more critical phase, than it has known since the old days when it was hard to keep men back from martyrdom. This conflict does not appeal to the imagination so readily. The call of patriotism, the mother country's cry for help, arms, uniforms and all the panoply of war, these things seem so much nearer, their appeal so much more insistent. The other seems remote, unreal, not worthy of a man's whole offering of himself. I know there are those to whom the two are one. Some I knew and loved have already given their lives for their country and national righteousness, as for the larger, all-embracing cause. But the same call that is drawing so many of our best men to give themselves for the present need, is also a call that is more insistent than ever for the best men to embrace the larger cause with the same devotion.

Here is where our Camp comes in. It may seem a far cry from the great struggle between good and evil to some small village in Derbyshire, or some secluded creek in the wilds of Ontario. But the man whose eyes have been opened knows that:

"All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linkéd are".

For many of us the old camp in the Derbyshire hills has been for years a real training camp for the larger strife. I remember the suspicions that I carried up with me to my first camp. I had vague surmises that everybody would be going about looking radiantly happy, with Bibles under their arms. That there would be a subdued and holy calm brooding over the camp, and that some one unknown to me would slip his arm in mine and enquire tenderly after my soul's health. These foolish imaginings were blown utterly away by the strong healthy wind of vigorous life that filled the camp. Everything was perfectly natural. Nobody asked after my soul, but men I had never met lent me blankets and shaving tackle as if I had been their next of kin, when they found my traps had gone astray.

It was exhilarating to slip into the tarpaulin tub of ice-cold water at 6.30, and I remember the Homeric laughter

when the ample Bishop of —, who had insisted on sleeping in the tents with the rest of us instead of in the lodgings reserved for distinguished visitors, slipped on the wet boards smiting them with a resounding smack as he measured his length.

The meetings were good, and the speakers of the best. One has only to name Cairns, Kelman, Glover, Fraser, among many others, to shew that there were men speaking who did not utter idle words, but spake of the things that they knew.

But it was not the meetings that made Camp what it was to me, and I know, to many others. It was the sense that here was the real thing at last. That here one had stumbled unawares upon primitive Christianity stripped of its canonicals. It was great to lie quietly in the sun with a man whose Christian life one had often wondered at, and to drift naturally into talk of common difficulties, and to hear from him how hard he found the practice of prayer, and how he found his way through. It was great too to sit on a corner of a camp bed in our tent where the veteran Principal of Lahore University lay and smoked and talked, and to watch the gradual growth out of his remarks, of a discussion on the possibility of comprehension, mutual understanding among the *dissecta membra* of the Church—a discussion ultimately shared in by representatives of no less than fifteen distinct sections of the Church Catholic. If we did not reach a final and absolute basis of reunion, we learnt, many of us for the first time, how much there was in the other man's point of view, and what awfully decent fellows these Quakers or those High Churchmen were. I could spend much ink and paper in telling of many things, grave and gay, that made that camp and the succeeding ones, for I never missed another, save by compulsion, times of stimulus, training and inspiration.

So it was a great delight to me, when, during my first summer in Canada, I was invited to the Elgin House Conference of the Dominion Y.W.C.A. The pleasure of realisation was greater even than the anticipation. I found again the spirit of Swanwick and realized in a new way that the thing it stood for transcended bounds of space. The general

atmosphere was perhaps a little more demure than our rather rowdy old Swanwick, but then it was an Eden into which only two or three highly-privileged Adams were admitted on guarantee of good behaviour.

But it was as jolly a time as one could wish. The girls had their fun out of us. A ribald song circulated which began:

Sam Hooke's body is tottering on his chair

But his soul goes marching on,

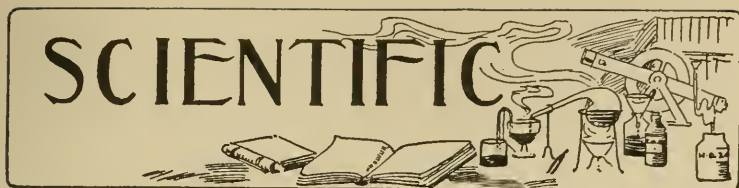
and continued with many other lines of contumely which I do not remember.

But as in Swanwick, there was the same naturalness. One felt here as there that religion meant life and all of life.

I found out there too how much that Summer Conference meant for the Canadian women students. It was a truly Canadian conference. As a raw "broncho" I learnt more about Canada in a week through intercourse with these splendid buoyant keen girls from all parts of the Dominion than in the whole of my previous year's experience. One could see that far-sighted leaders were busy organizing and working for the future in view of a Canadian situation and Canadian needs. Workers, fighters, leaders in the warfare of the future were being trained and made efficient, taught to face problems fearlessly, to see things largely and tolerantly.

I only felt the more keenly how much we wanted such a summer camp for the men students. There is no Canadian men students' summer camp. It seems incredible. Perhaps in the future it may be possible, as in the Old Country to have the summer camp for both men and women students. But at present this is not practicable. The time of the men's camp would have to be different in view of the special conditions of Canadian university life. Possibly the end of September may prove to be the most suitable time. But this and other matters are being worked out by a committee representing the colleges of this University, and I hope some announcement may be possible shortly. Meanwhile I would bespeak the sympathy of those Victoria men whose attention has survived to the end of this "tedious tale" for the camp that is to be.

Vexilla Regis Prodeunt. S. H. H.



Aeronautics

A. C. L., '15.

One of man's greatest ambitions from early times has been to fly. To see the birds and other animals navigating in the air has awakened in man one of the greatest of modern scientific problems. All flying creatures, however varied in form, go through the air according to the same principle, which shows that aerial navigation must be accomplished in a particular manner, and it is the study of this which has lately been of great interest to scientists. From wooden boats propelled by oars, followed by the use of wind as a motive power, to the modern dreadnoughts of steel with steam turbine engines, is simply the story of sure and steady advance of science over nature. The problem of the conquest of the upper regions has been far more difficult. Our ancestors endeavoured in vain many times to compete with nature's aviators by the violent flapping of their arms.

The earliest reference to flying is mentioned in a Greek myth, where it is stated that Daedalus, an Athenian, with his son Icarus fled from the island of Crete by feathered wings stuck on with wax. Daedalus flew safely across the Aegean Sea, but Icarus flew too near the sun, the heat of which melted the wax that fastened his wings to him, so that he fell and was drowned in that part of the sea which the ancients called Icarian. With the exception of myths no reference is made to flying until 200 B.C., when we know that the Chinese general, Haue Sie, constructed gliders with which he carried out many experiments. The Japanese also possessed gliders

in 500 A.D. In early days these experiments were carried out with fatal results for we learn that in the year 1178 Sarazenen was killed while experimenting in Constantinople. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, many stories are related of the flights of various inventors in all manner of machines, but many of these stories may be recognized as being workings of the imagination. One story has a suggestion of true science in it. A Dominican Friar, professor of philosophy and theology in the papal University of Avignon, proposed building a huge cubical vessel a mile long and filling it with the light air of the upper regions. Probably this is the first suggestion of the principle on which all modern airships depend. Following this principle, although probably ignorant of the old monk's suggestion, the Montgolfier brothers, paper-makers of southern France, completed and launched the first balloon ever constructed. This balloon constructed in 1783 was made from a linen bag 30 feet in diameter when inflated, and was filled with hot air and smoke made by the rapid combustion of straw. It remained above the ground for 30 minutes and travelled about a mile and a half. No observer ascended with it; but later in the same year a Frenchman ascended in a free balloon. The material used for later balloons was silk covered with gum on the inside. In September 1862, Mr. James Glashier in England reached an altitude of 7 miles in his balloon. At a height of 5 miles he became insensible and his companion Mr. Coxwell having lost the use of his limbs was barely able to open a valve with his teeth and thus allow the balloon to descend. The principle of balloons or airships had now been discovered and all the improvements have been merely changes in design and construction to meet the requirements of greater stability, strength and speed. Until quite modern times the aeronauts who ventured to ascend in balloons had to trust to the mercy of the wind. Their machines were non-dirigible and quite free to be blown about by the air currents.

Later we have a first attempt at using a motor as the propelling force. The efforts at first were unsuccessful, since an engine light enough and strong enough had not been

invented. In the meantime the shape of the gas bag was undergoing a change from the spherical form to the cigar shape of the modern envelope. - In 1884 we reach the climax of the experimenting stage of dirigible balloons. The balloon "La France" was driven by a propelling screw at the front of the car which was run by an electric motor. It demonstrated the fact that a dirigible could fly and keep its course in the face of a fairly strong breeze. At once great activity followed in the science of aeronautics in all European countries. The English, French, Russians and Germans showed the keenest interest, and the renewed competition cannot be described here. However, it may be well to mention one or two types of machines which are of particular interest to us now.

The Zeppelins, of which we hear so much during these days, were evolved by Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, of the German army. He departed from the usual non-rigid type of envelope and his first machine in 1897 consisted of an aluminium framework containing sixteen gas bags with a total capacity of 400,000 cubic feet. By so building his machine he was able to increase the lifting power tremendously and along with this attained the required increase in speed because the lifting power increases with the cube of the dimensions while the resistance increases (approximately) as the square. Since the gas bag is divided into several sections the Zeppelin is really a combination of a number (17 to 20) of small balloons and several of these could be destroyed and the balloon still keep on its voyage. Probably this accounts for the difficulty experienced in bringing them down with guns. Their great disadvantage is the danger of wind. They can fly at a speed as great as 90 miles per hour but they are helpless in a strong wind. The semi-rigid type of balloon is used by Britain and her allies for military purposes. These are more stable and more easily handled in the wind than the rigid type. They are smaller and harder to hit. However, the final verdict will doubtless soon be given as to which type the war offices of the various nations will finally adopt. It might be interesting to know that at

the outbreak of hostilities in Europe the airship strength of Germany and her allies was about 30, while that of England and her allies was about 35.

Besides the navigation of air by means of airships we have another method, which is to construct a machine of material much denser than air, yet supplied with energy sufficient to lift itself and propel itself in the air. Such bodies are known as aeroplanes. This is the more hopeful method of aerial navigation. The most perfect model of aeroplane is, of course, the bird, but since its structure is so complicated all hope of successfully imitating it has been abandoned.

To get an idea as to the principle on which the aeroplane works, let us consider a railway car with its sides and ends off and its roof sloping from front to back. It is evident that the faster the car is driven forward the greater will be the tendency to lift off the roof. Imagine the car now to be very light but strong, and that it carries a powerful engine which can propel the car at great speed. It is evident that when a certain speed is reached the whole car will leave the ground. Probably everybody has noticed that the faster a skater moves the thinner may be the ice which will just support him; so also the efficiency of a plane in carrying the weight of the engine, etc., increases rapidly with the speed. Aeroplanes are called monoplanes, biplanes, triplanes, etc., according to the number of planes in the machine.

The structure of the aeroplane varies in different types. The principle of flight had been discovered and the great amount of experimenting which has recently been carried out has been on the details of structure rather than on the general type. Essentially the aeroplane consists of one or more planes tilted from front to back. The motor and driver are situated on a small platform in the centre towards the front of the machine. The motor drives a propeller, shaped after the manner of the fans of a windmill, which is situated usually at the front of the machine. Rudders for steering in a vertical and horizontal plane are also attached either in front or behind the machine. The Wright biplane had the rudder, which effected changes of elevation, placed

at the front end of the machine, and this was operated by levers. The rudder for lateral steering was placed at the rear of the machine and consisted of two vertically pivoted planes. When at rest the aeroplane stands on wheels and when the propeller is started the machine runs along the ground till sufficient speed is attained to raise it.

Many improvements in detail have lately been made, but many years have been required to perfect the aeroplanes and airships to permit of travelling in the air with any degree of safety. The experimental development of the aeroplane dates back to 1670, when we have the first authentic account of an artificial wing given by G. A. Borelli. After many experimenters had made various kinds of artificial wings we have the screw wing finally developed and the first flying machines consisted of these aerial screws arranged on vertical axes to act vertically upwards just as the propeller of the aeroplane now acts in the direction the machine is travelling. The body of the machine was furnished with an engine, and steering apparatus. This machine was impracticable because the engine was too heavy to be lifted. The earliest attempt at aviation on a great scale was Henson's flying machine built in 1843. Henson was the first to combine supporting structures and aerial screws in the same machine. It looked something like a large bird. Aerial screws were used for propelling and the wings and tail for buoying and steering. Many different models by Wenham, Stringfellow, Moy, Langley, Maxim and others followed in rapid succession and the greatest difficulty that arose was to combine strength with lightness.

In 1909 one of the greatest achievements of aeronauts was the crossing of the English Channel from Calais to Dover in 31 minutes by a Frenchman named Bleriot. His machine was a monoplane. Many aeronauts were taking up the problem merely for the sport to be derived from it, but the interest in aeronautics was stimulated also by the indications of a new departure in the possibilities of machines of war. The number of aeroplanes owned by the countries now engaged in war shows the extreme need of such machines for

purposes of war. At the beginning of the war England and her allies had about 800 aeroplanes, while those of Germany and her allies numbered nearly 600.

Great interest shown by the public in the prizes offered for long flights, has added to the steady advance of the science of aeronautics. It was one of these prizes that induced Bleriot to fly across the English Channel. The American aviator Moisant, who met a tragic death in falling from his machine, predicted a trans-Atlantic flight before 1920. The most recent endeavour probably is that of the airship "America" which was to have attempted the trans-Atlantic journey this year had it not been that European war interrupted the plan.

For the first time in history the air is playing an important part in a great campaign. Hardly had the flying machine and dirigible been made half practicable when there were those who went so far as to say that henceforth battleships, armies, forts, etc., would be useless. This was laughed at by military experts who knew that merely a new kind of machine had been added to the old. We were told that siege guns would make war impossible. Bows and arrows have been replaced by rifles and bullets; siege guns with bursting shells have added to the horrors of warfare, but still war is practicable. The addition of airships and aeroplanes have only served to modify warfare. The fundamental difficulties are much the same now as when Rome conquered Carthage and Caesar was triumphant in Gaul. Aircraft merely develop farsightedness in the disposition of troops. They serve as excellent spying stations, but the air fleet is not yet world powerful. The future of aircraft is assured, however, and we may still live to see the fancies of Jules Verne in his *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, or of Lord Tennyson in his vision of the future in *Locksley Hall* taking place in reality. In fact have we not seen a great part realized already?



Personals and Exchanges

Victoria has always maintained a leading position among the affiliated Colleges of Toronto University. She has supported the various worthy activities of the University and by so doing has gained for herself an enviable reputation. No movement in the history of Canada's greatest educational institution demands greater approval than its attempt to prepare men for national service in this hour of need. Victoria has recognized the worthiness of the movement, and now may well boast of a military organization inferior to none in the University battalion.

The training in our companies has been so effective as to produce most encouraging results. At the present time, Victoria has a larger representation in the second contingent than any other college of the University. The following men have enlisted and are now training with the contingent which will leave for the front in the near future: R. C. Bennett, W. A. Wilkinson, R. M. Taylor, F. C. Henderson, R. H. M. Jolliffe, W. W. Ridge, S. R. Greer, M. A. Wilson, N. V. Buchanan, H. D. Brown, H. F. Swann.

In addition to these, there are several men who have been accepted in connection with the Hospital Corps, and who will shortly be called out to undergo regular training for this branch of service.

On Tuesday afternoon, February 10th, an interested audience gathered in Alumni Hall to hear the final debate between the girls of University College and those of Victoria. As Miss Boyle and Miss Cooper, the debaters for University College, had already defeated St. Hilda's, and as Victoria had

great confidence in the ability of her representatives, an excellent debate was expected.

The resolution discussed was "That the interests of Canada would be best served by the further political organization of the British Empire."

Miss Boyle, of University College, opened the case for the affirmative with an appeal to the spirit of independence. Canada, she asserted, was in many respects a mere dependency subservient to Great Britain in foreign affairs, receiving her protection, and not assuming due responsibility. Canada's national ideal, moreover, was not lofty enough; she should share with Great Britain the task of teaching the lessons of democracy to other nations. A larger place in the councils of the Empire would give her the desired opportunity. Miss Boyle's delivery was clear, deliberate, and impressive, and held the undivided attention of the audience.

Miss Hay, of Victoria College, brought forward some strong arguments for the negative. She reviewed the history of Canada in her relations with Great Britain, and showed that decentralization had proved the best policy for Canada and the Empire, and had in reality strengthened the bond between them. She also pointed out that we were not really dependent on Great Britain in regard to foreign affairs, because we had a voice in the various Imperial councils.



Miss H. F. Hay

Miss Cooper introduced few new arguments for the affirmative, but spent most of her time refuting those of her opponent. Her replies showed an extended knowledge of the question.



Miss H. W. Young

The last speaker for Victoria was Miss Young, who, during the other speeches, had been longing to get into the fight. The true debater's spirit was manifest in all her words and gestures. She showed the impracticability of many proposed schemes of further political organization, and, in the case of those which were at all practicable, pointed out the dangers entailed. She also replied with some sarcasm to many of the arguments of the affirmative. Her manner was impassioned and convincing; at times earnest and serious; often satirical and, as the judges remarked, flippant.

Miss Boyle, in the final reply for the affirmative, cleverly refuted some of the negative arguments, and everyone waited with eager interest for the decision.

Mr. Hodder Williams brought in the judges' report in favour of the negative. He commented especially on Miss Boyle's second speech and Miss Young's debating spirit.

This is now the fourth year that Victoria has held the debating shield, and the college is very proud of its champions.

We congratulate the University of Manitoba on their new semi-monthly, *The Manitoban*. The spirit of optimism and courage, which has promoted such an undertaking in this year of almost universal retrenchment, is inspiring; and the merits of the magazine are such that we cannot doubt its success.

An article in the current number on *The Outlook for Poetry*, which gives the substance of an address delivered by the Dean of the University of North Dakota, is especially interesting. Its optimistic tone harmonizes well with the spirit of a youthful journal, which has not yet completed its first volume.

In accounting for the paucity of great poems in our day, the Dean believes the reason is to be found in the state of popular thought in recent years. This has been generally materialistic, rather than idealistic. It has been to a large extent carping and critical, rather than buoyant and enthusiastic. In religion we have seen the antagonism and strife between the New Theology and Orthodoxy, between the "Higher Critics" and the frankly uncritical. In the social world the struggle between Capital and Labour has been largely the result and expression of a gross materialism. Efficiency has been set up as an ideal; and its result in one nation, formerly a leader in idealism, is only too apparent to-day. Nature has been explored as never before, but our ideal has been to harness her to do our will, and we have lost the feeling of awe and reverence for her. The old poetical spirit is well expressed in the familiar nursery rhyme:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

The recent spirit is voiced in these lines:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I know exactly what you are;
For by the spectroscopic ken
I see that you are hydrogen."

But while modern science has disposed of many vain dreams and idle theories, it has substituted for them a multitude of new truths far more wonderful than those displaced. Scientists to-day are becoming more reverent, and knowledge of the facts is spreading; so we have reason to believe that not yet in this field,

"Song hath had its perfect day."

In the sphere of human nature and social relationships our ideas are widening now as never before. The idea of the brotherhood of man, of which Burns sang a century and a quarter ago, is one of real forces in the world to-day; and we now include in it men of all races and all colours.

In religion, which has been in the past the inspiration of the noblest and sublimest poetry, there is emerging a new

conception of God. The old Jewish idea of the unrelenting Judge, the stern Creditor, as well as the eighteenth century deistical idea of the absentee God sitting off somewhere on the rim of the universe watching it go round, have given place to that of an ever-present spiritual force, imminent in creation, with whom our spirits, lodged temporarily in these muddy vestures of decay, have kinship and communion. Salvation is seen to mean not the "saving" of our own souls, so much as giving our lives to the service of others; and we believe in immortality no less firmly than before. If mediæval Christianity could give us a *Divine Comedy*, if Puritanism could produce a *Paradise Lost*, in what splendid measures shall not the religious ideals of the new day utter themselves!

In addition to all this, through the present war, terrible as it is, the incomparable value of national and personal honour will be seen as perhaps never before; and sordidness and selfishness will be purged from our lives. We doubt not that poets will arise through whom the new spirit of the age will find expression, and we still believe in Matthew Arnold's dictum:—

"The future of poetry is immense."

To Mr. John Line, '13, ACTA extends congratulations on his splendid victory at Ottawa. Debating in company with Mr. W. McL. Clarke, of University College, Mr. Line assisted in winning for the University of Toronto the Intercollegiate Debating Championship for 1914-15. The final debate was against Ottawa College, on the subject of Capital Punishment. This is the second consecutive year that Victoria has been represented in the Intercollegiate Debating Finals.

More Victoria Men for Active Service

Since the first paragraph of this column was written a number more of Victoria students have enlisted for foreign service. With the University half-battery, which is being formed at Ottawa, are Messrs. M. P. Pearson, '15, C. W. Harris, '16, K. J. Crocker, '16, R. S. Hukins, '17, A. H. Brown, '17, L. W. Dippell, '16. With the 5th Field Ambulance, of the Second Contingent, are enlisted Messrs. J. G. Lumsden, '16, and W. G. Noble, '18. The following men have been accepted on the staff of the University Base Hospital at London, England; Messrs. L. E. Conn, N. Cole, R. Newman, S. Kimura.

We have also received information that Messrs. H. A. G. Willoughby and O. V. Jewitt, both of the Class of '10, have been appointed Senior Captains in the 33rd Brigade of the Third Contingent, now stationed at London, Ont. Both these men were formerly on the staff of the Chatham Collegiate Institute. To all these representatives of Victoria, in their various branches of service, ACTA extends congratulations, and sincere good wishes for a safe and happy return.

Birth

GAYMAN—To Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Gayman, at their home at Vineland, Ontario, on March 17th, was born a son, George Raymond. Mr. Gayman was formerly a member of Class '15. To the proud parents and to the Senior Class, ACTA offers congratulations.

Obituary

On January 21st at the Toronto General Hospital, there occurred the death of Mrs. H. S. Lovering, formerly Miss Ada Wallace, '08. She attended Victoria for three years and was a student in Philosophy. Her life was one of valuable service. In Berkeley Street Methodist Church, which she

attended, she rendered most effective assistance in the various departments of Christian service and thoroughly prepared herself for the work which she later shared so cheerfully with her husband.

The funeral service was held in her old home church and was conducted by the pastor; Chancellor Bowles, ex-Chancellor Burwash and other friends of the deceased assisted.

ACTA sends sincerest sympathy to the bereaved in their hour of deep sorrow.

* * * * *

On February 28th, at Cobourg, Ontario, quietly passed away Mrs. John A. Hamilton, at the age of 90 years. She was one of the earliest students of Upper Canada Academy, as Victoria College was known before it was given a University charter in 1841. ACTA extends the sympathy of the College to the members of her family.

ACTA begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *Queen's Journal*, *Oxford Magazine*, *The Student*, *The Review*, *Macdonald College Magazine*, *O.A.C. Review*, *Trinity University Review*.



Basketball

SENIOR VIC. 25; SENIOR MEDS 18.

Senior Vic. won the group championship from Senior Meds. by a 25 to 18 score, but only after the hardest and most exciting game of the series. Interest was high for it was generally conceded that the winners would be strong contenders in the finals.

The first half saw Vic. away to a lead, Maines doing the trick. By superior ball-handling, Vic. had the edge on Meds. and at half-time the score stood 16 to 6. The feature of the period was the sensational, almost weird, shooting of Musgrove, who had five baskets to his credit. The second period showed some fast playing with Meds. coming up from behind, scoring two baskets and two fouls before Vic. secured her first point. Excitement was intense and hard checking became the rule. Maines got away from his check and scored two baskets, one on a beautiful shot from half-way. But, just to make things interesting, Meds. ran in six more points on baskets and fouls. However, Vic. came back and by hard consistent checking, prevented further score. Maines scored two fouls and just as the whistle blew, ran in another basket, making the final score 25 to 18.



VICTORIA COLLEGE BASKETBALL TEAMS

Left to Right. SENIOR TEAM (INTERFACULTY CHAMPIONS): A. M. Horner (*Capt.*)

G. W. Brown

J. H. Horning

F. J. T. Maines

G. B. White

J. E. Griffiths

W. M. Musgrove

M. P. Pearson

H. C. Bates

JUNIOR TEAM (RUNNERS-UP): B. C. Beasley

H. A. W. Timmins

L. B. Pearson

J. S. Wear (*Capt.*)

D. McLean

Maines and Musgrove were responsible for Vic's. 25 points, Maines scoring 13 and Musgrove 12. Brown, on the defence, gave a great exhibition of checking and was always in the game, but for really strenuous basketball, Horner was right there.

JR. MEDS. vs. SR. VIC.

Jr. Meds went down before Sr. Vic. by a 26—9 score in the semi-finals for the Sifton Cup. Sr. Vic. had the edge both in combination and shooting, and were usually able to check their lighter opponents.

Meds. scored first, but a foul by Maines and a basket by Musgrove put Vic. ahead. Meds. got another basket but Maines evened with a foul. Brown and Horning pulled off some pretty combination, Horning scoring. Vic. bombarded Meds., Musgrove getting two baskets. Vic. were shooting often, but failing to locate the basket. Meds. tried to mix it up, but were spilled around by the heavier Vic. team. Maines made a fine try, shooting when down on the floor.

Half-time score, Vic. 11; Meds. 4.

In the second half, Vic. increased their lead still more, by pretty passing and some clever shooting. The game got pretty lively with a few minor scraps; Horner was playing a very effective game. Horning and Musgrove each got baskets, and Horner poked in a one-handed shot. Vic. then let up a bit and Meds. ran in two baskets; which finished their scoring. Vic. tightened up and played all around Meds., running in five more points before the whistle blew.

Final score, Sr. Vic. 26; Jr. Meds. 9.

Vic. defence played an air-tight game and always had Meds. forwards checked off their feet. Horner was about the most effective man on the floor.

SR. VIC. vs. JR. VIC.

Sr. Vic. and Jr. Vic. met in the finals for the Sifton Cup. Sr. Vic. were easily returned winners in a rather loose game. Neither teams played up to their usual form and were a little off colour both in their passing and shooting. Sr. Vic. were always ahead and came out on top with a 32—7 score.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Sr. Vic.—Forwards, Musgrove, Brown; centre, Horner; defence, M. P. Pearson, Horning.

Jr. Vic.—Forwards, MacClean, Weir; centre, Timmins; defence, Bates, Beasley.

The game started with the Juniors getting two fouls. Horner evened up with a basket, and Horning shot a foul. On some good passing, Musgrove and Horner each got a basket. Horning got two more baskets. The Sr's. and Jr's. each got a foul. Brown scored for the Seniors on about the best piece of passing of the game. Musgrove easily got a basket, the Juniors being fooled by some fast passing. MacClean got the first basket for the Juniors, and gave the Junior's supporters a chance to cheer. Half-time score was:

Sr. Vic. 12; Jr. Vic. 5.

The second half opened with Griffith replacing Pearson on the Seniors. The Seniors uncorked some more combination, Horning and Musgrove both scoring. Beasley shot a foul for the Juniors. The Juniors got away with some good passing, but Bates missed. The Seniors ran in three more points. Horning poked in another basket from a throw up. The Seniors were smothering the Juniors, Brown getting two baskets, but only one was allowed. Weir shot a foul for the Juniors last point. Horning nailed another point for the Seniors on a foul. Whistle blew with Senior Vic. 32; Junior Vic. 7.

Hockey—Inter-Year

Senior Vic. basketball team journeyed to Niagara Falls and there played the fast local team, supposed to be one of the best aggregations in Western Ontario, but who proved no match for Vic. Horner was perhaps the most effective, but every man played well. The final score was 54 to 20 for Vic. While at the Falls the team were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Musgrove, whose kindness in entertaining the boys was certainly appreciated. The following players made the trip: Horner, Maines, Musgrove, Brown, Horning, M. P. Pearson.

SECOND YEAR 12; FIRST YEAR 1.

The sophomores considerably spoiled freshman hockey ambitions by handing them a 12 to 1 defeat. The freshmen were quite enthusiastic at the beginning of the game and scored the first goal. But the sophomores came back and made the game a run-away. Pearson was given two minutes for excess stick-handling, and was soon followed by McNiven. With six men aside, Brown and Adams scored two more for the second year. However, an account of the rest of the game is merely a process of addition with a 12 to 1 result.

At the annual elections of the V. C. A. U. held on February 25th, the following were elected: President, A. Horner, (accl.); Treasurer, J. Lumsden; Vice-President, G. M. Huycke; Secretary, H. W. Cheney; 2nd Vice-President, E. A. Blatchford.

The annual banquet given by the Athletic Union to members of senior teams, was held on February, 25th, in Burwash Hall. A watch-fob was presented to each player with his name, team and year engraved. The credit for this innovation is to be given to the present executive, who felt that some token should be given to those who played on senior teams, but who, perhaps, were not fortunate enough to win the championship.

Girls' Athletics

HOCKEY.

On February 10th, the game that decided the championship was played on Trinity ice between St. Hilda's and Victoria. Both teams were in excellent condition and the game was fast and exciting. In the first half, Miss Hamil scored for Vic. but St. Hilda's also obtained a goal making the score 1—1. In the second half, St. Hilda's scored first and it was only in the last few minutes that Miss Hamil managed to get the puck past the goal-keeper's stick. This made a tie again and overtime was necessary. Miss Fairchild and Miss

Hamil each secured another goal in the play-off, making the final score 4—2 for Victoria. Mr. Huether's efficient rooting added much zest to the game.

The last game was played on February 18th, on Varsity rink between University College and our girls. The ice was poor making brilliant play impossible. Some dandy shots were made, but the goal-keepers were wary, and Miss Hamil was the only one who managed to get the puck passed safely into the net, making the final score 1—0 in Vic's. favour.

This game ended the series, Victoria winning every game they played. Our team is now the proud possessor of seven "T's" and there is much talk of new sweater-coats being bought to make a worthy setting for them. These are the first girls' "T's" that have been in Victoria College for years and we congratulate the girls on their splendid success.

INTER-YEAR GAMES

The pool of water on the campus now does not give much promise of freezing to let the girls finish the Inter-year games. The Freshies and Sophs had a hard tussle on the ice February 17th, but after three play-offs, the game was a tie 3—3. On February 19th they played a second game, resulting in a victory for the Sophs 5—3. The championship now lies between the Juniors and Sophomores.

SWIMMING

In the University Girls' Swimming Contest held in the Lillian Massey gym., on February 20th, Miss Charlotte Robinson '15 won a shield. The five gaining the highest number of points were given shields, but our girls were out of practice, only one of the seven who entered being successful. The contest consisted of races and fancy swimming stunts.



VICTORIA COLLEGE LADIES HOCKEY TEAM.

INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS, 1914-15.

- | | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|--------------|----------------------------|
| <i>Top Row:</i> | Misses G. Meredith | H. Kirby | A. Hamill |
| <i>Lower Row:</i> | Misses A. Ochs | M. Fairchild | R. Walker (<i>Capt.</i>) |
| | | | L. Pearson |



The Victoria College Glee Club Concert, which took place in Convocation Hall on the evening of February 19th, was, for several reasons, a noteworthy event. In the first place, far from being daunted by the difficulties of this present year, the management decided to hold the concert, not in Burwash Hall, as under the circumstances, perhaps might have been expected, but in the larger auditorium. Although there were many empty seats there was abundant justification for the change, and if the club keeps up the present high standard, its annual concert will soon be looked forward to as one of the treats of the musical season.

The club were exceptionally fortunate in their choice of assisting artists. Miss Dora Jackes, who has been associated with the organization before, was heard to advantage in a number of short, patriotic readings, while Mr. Richard Tattersall, one of Canada's foremost concert organists, rendered some very pleasing solos. Mr. P. Redferne Hollinshead was, as usual, at his best, and delighted the audience with the character and execution of several solos. His singing of "La Marseillaise", and "Rule Britannia"; evoked a storm of applause.

A College Glee Club with the tradition of a successful European tour, and with an enviable record amongst competent musical critics, is one of Victoria's most valuable organizations; and it is one of several reasons why Victoria is fast becoming the centre of gravity in University affairs. Wherefore, all praise to the Club's conductor, Mr. E. R. Bowles! And all honour to the men whose faithful attendance at "practice" has made such an organization possible!

Prof. Lloyd (illustrating a point in economics)—“‘Everyone for himself and the Lord for us all,’ as the elephant said when he danced amongst the chickens.”

ASK HIS MOTHER.

Who is the absent-minded Junior who started grace at a certain busy noon-day meal, with “Now I lay me ——”?

THERE ARE SEVERAL IN THIS PREDICAMENT.

1st student—“Why don’t you run for office?”

2nd ditto—“I’m afraid I would have to walk back.”

NOT AS SUNG BY THE GLEE CLUB.

The socks I got from thee, dear heart,

Are made indeed for churls—not me;

Though the seams look good, they rip apart—

My hosiery! My hosiery!

On April the ninth, the great annual University guessing contest begins, and in this tourney, students and “profs”, alike meet with a fair measure of success. The game is for one side to out-guess the other, but the student usually gets the worst of it. Perhaps, at the very moment when a professor is secretly rejoicing at the havoc he has wrought, some poor wretch is stumbling out of the Inquisition chamber with bitterness in his soul and “a gone feeling” where his heart should be.

Locals believe that this balance should be evened up, and to this purpose, begins a grand crusade with the object of having all professors write an examination to be set by a competent board of students, the same to be tried after the students’ examinations.

A typical paper would read something like this:—

JUNIOR PEDAGOGY.

Examiners—H. Crandell, J. C. P. Magwood, A. M. Horner.

N.B.—Do any 7 questions out of 5. Hire a cop to watch you.

1. Just about what per cent. do you know of the exam. you gave your students?

2. Write for an hour on what the average student thinks of you. Be specific.

3. Use your imagination and write 5000 words on either of the following topics: "Student life during Exams", or "Dante's Inferno".

4. Take the lecture notes of your class and read them word for word. Don't hurry because your students may not survive the shock.

5. Rewrite, in your own words, three books of notes, taken by one of your students, and compare the result with the original. State carefully any resemblances you perceive and suggest a means of improving the present system.

Note:—In case the examining board have any lectures to attend, or other weighty matters to consider, necessitating a hasty perusal of your paper, marks will be based on the answer to any one question. No appeal from this rule will be allowed.

For the benefit of those members of the first year, who are trembling at the very thought of the finals, Locals has prepared a specimen question together with the correct answer. Freshettes and Freshmen would do well to study these, and to remember that all that is required in the approaching trial is simply the ability to give a clear and concise answer to any question which the examiner may choose to put!

HOME ECONOMICS—FIRST YEAR.

Examiners:—Any three third-rate members of the Junior year.

Question—"What would you consider a reliable way of distinguishing a freshman from a senior?"

Answer—"The most reliable method undoubtedly, is by the amount of College ribbon exhibited."

President Bowles—(In talk on public speaking)—“Above everything else, B natural.” To which we would add if you wish to make a reputation à la leader *Howard Hall* then B sharp.

Locals—(to Adams the musician, a day later)—“Say Reg. is there such a thing as B sharp?”

Adams—“I think there is but it is played on C.”

Locals—“Ha! How would it do to add, ‘B sharp like Hall, but never B at C like Morris’”.

Adams—“G. that’s *punk*.”

Some time in the future, one of Victoria’s girl graduates—not to qualify the obvious—will be looking over her collection of old programmes, deciphering curiously scribbled signatures and recalling pleasant memories. But when she comes to 1914-15 there will be several blanks, for there was no *Conversazione* and no Senior Reception that year. But perhaps a modest little programme will remind her of the initial appearance of another function, the Victoria College Reception. And sensible girl that she is, our graduate will decide that war or no war, the change was for the better, and as for a good time why, she never had a more enjoyable one.

This reception took place on the evening of February 12th, when the guests to the number of over four hundred and fifty, were received by Chancellor Bowles and Professor and Mrs. Auger. The concert, which was given in the Chapel, was of a very high order, the artistes being Mr. Frank Oldfield, baritone; Mr. Frank Converse Smith, violin soloist; the Victoria College Glee Club, and Messrs. Holgate and Seaman, who rendered a piano duet.

The speech of welcome was delivered by the chairman of the reception committee, B. J. Roberts, and the farewell addresses, on behalf of the graduating year in Arts and Theology, were given by M. A. Wilson and J. A. Callan. The Senior Stick was passed along to the newly-elected holders, Miss Norma Spencer, and J. R. Adams, and the Athletic Stick to W. Zimmerman.

There was the usual promenading in Victoria's spacious halls, which were artistically decorated with British colours and flags. Refreshments were served in buffet style, during the promenades.

Taken altogether, the Reception admirably served its purpose, and Locals believe that the simplification enforced by the pressure of war year could be carried into effect in the future, with benefit to the students of Victoria.

E. C. McLean (buying shoes at Simpson's)—"Yes, I'll take that pair—I haven't the money with me, so just send up my old ones C.O.D."

THEOLOGY TO THE FORE.

Co-ed (member of the V.C.W.L.S.)—"Mary, what does O.T.C. stand for?"

Mary—"Oh—er—why Old Testament Criticism, I think."

Prof. Auger (lecturing in English)—"Cowper found the most mundane happenings fit subjects for poetical treatment—a room, a sofa."

This seemed to tickle the sensibilities of some of the cozy-corner devotees, so Professor Auger cleared up the matter by saying, "I mean Cowper started out to write on a sofa."—(laughter).

Prof. Auger—"Last year, you know I was misquoted in ACTA. I didn't say that Cowper used 'The Sofa' as a spring-board to higher things."

Three times and out. Let next year's Editors correct the errors of their predecessors.

Miss Locals (in despair trying to get jokes for ACTA)—"Now, Tuck, you just sit there and talk till you come to a joke."

Miss H-st-e, '16—"Would you believe it, those Y.W. candidates are trying to bribe people to vote for them. Two of the prospective presidents got me into a room and while one was using her spiritual influence another offered me cookies."

Miss T--k, '16—"Cookies, they're not bad, but me for the spirits!"

Overheard during the Annesley Junior dinner party—"Who is that handsome chap over there?" Speculation is rife.

Miss Hay, '15—"And they have got one of our men too!"

A guest, as the clock struck eleven—desperately—"I wonder which one asked me here anyway."

Miss H-y, '15—"Poor Dr. DeWitt is sick to-day and cannot give us our lecture."

Miss M-y-r, '16—"Shoot it! Just my luck! I haven't any classes with him."

If you were in Austria-Hungary would England Russia Turkey through Greece to Servia?

Miss Y--ng, '15—"When I was preparing for that debate I used to walk up and down my room like a caged lion—working up style."

Miss N-wt-n, '15—"Yes, and I used to stand outside your door and sing "Dare to be a Daniel."

The Women's Literary Society held their annual oration contest Thursday, February 4th, at 4.15 p.m. in Alumni Hall. The orations given proved not only instructive but very interesting and showed thought and care. Miss E. Henry, '16, spoke on "Appreciation of Nature"; Miss H. St. John, '18, on "The limited extent of the influence of the individual on national and world movements"; Miss B. Connor, '17, on "Canada's Contribution to Human Progress"; Miss H. Wells, '17 on "Pan-Germanism"; Miss B. Winters, '17 on "Eugene

Field's Child Poems"; Miss G. Shepherd, '17 on "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"; Miss D. Smith, '18 on "When China Moves".

The orations were interspersed with violin and piano duets and while the judges, Dean Robertson, Dr. DeWitt and Prof. Michael were deliberating, the Government brought in the bill, "That a nation in remaining neutral is not fulfilling its obligation to humanity." A warm discussion followed between the members of the Government and Opposition. The Opposition then brought in a sweeping bill of censure on the ministers of the cabinet for neglect of their duties. Feeling ran high between the opposing factions but the timely arrival of the judges brought calm once more. Dean Robertson gave the decision which favoured equally Miss Shepherd and Miss St. John, and Dr. Bell awarded the prize. The meeting then adjourned.

Dr. Edgar—"Miss Gr-nger, can you enlighten us in any way as regards the meaning of this passage?"

A pause—during which the class notice Miss G. frantically turning over the pages—hunting the place.

Dr. Edgar—"Well, Miss G. if you are just puzzling it out now, *please* don't try it on me."

Miss M-n-i-g, '17—"I am in dreadful straights. I can only depend on luck now to get me through.

Mr. L--k, '17—"Oh please don't rely too much on me."

Someone was telling about a soldier who occupied some of his spare moments in counting off the ends of yarn left in his recently knitted socks. "She loves me, she loves me not", he softly repeated. After the laugh had subsided Miss M-y-r, '16, broke out with—"Well, and did she love him?"

Miss C-ws-y, '16—Speaking of the days of her youth—"When I was small I used always to be afraid I'd be buried alive when I died."

Hail! Hail! Great is Apollo Mitchell of the Independents! For after a siege of three long terms, Troy and all the Democrats have fallen and mighty was the fall thereof. Verily, when now for two weary terms they had endured much hardship and defeat, and when many a goodly warrior had bitten the dust of Troyland, then did the Independent host grow sore discouraged. But at length returned the leader of the host, the smooth-tongued Achilles Hall, and forthwith the drooping spirits of the warriors did revive, for they put great trust in the swift-flying darts and the well-wrought shield of the mighty Achilles. And as when a boisterous wind sweeps o'er the unvintaged deep, and all the little fishes take to cover, so at the coming of the Independent host did all the Democrats about Troy take them to the shelter of their Cabinet. Then did the champion of the Cabinet, great Hector of the curly plume, go forth to do battle with the swift-tongued Achilles; but he availed not, and thrice around Alumni Hall was dragged the scalp of mighty Hector, albeit, thrice he fain would have resigned. And now the great citadel hath utterly fallen, and the victorious Independents possess the seats of government. Alone of all the Democratic warriors that fought about the windy walls of Troy, survived Aeneas Luck, whom the gods spared, having regard to the fair omen of his name.

And when the night had passed away, and rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, then did the Independent host divide the spoil, giving to each man his share. And in this wise did the leaders of the host obtain by lot their several portions:

Hon. President: C. C. James, C.M.G. (Accl.).

President: J. P. S. Nethercott, '16.

Vice-President: N. E. Luck, '17.

Leader of Government: J. E. Mitchell, '16.

Treasurer: H. L. Humphrey, '17.

Secretary: P. H. Gallaway, '18.

Critic: L. G. Hutton, '15.

[Editor's Note: This report shows the marks of rabid partizanship and must be taken with a pinch of salt. The victory, however, is conceded.]



OXEN DRINKING

Horatio Walker

ACTA VICTORIANA

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No. 7.

The Nations at War—What of the Morrow?

PROFESSOR L. E. HORNING.

We are now almost at the end of the tenth month of the war, and it is possible to "take stock". The western line of war on the Continent has changed but a few yards since Paris was saved. On the East Russian and German surge backward and forward with the latter holding at present the ascendancy. In Nov., 1914, a new partner joined the Teutons, viz., Turkey, and now the Dardanelles is the third very interesting area of conflict. Italy, so long "uncertain, coy, and hard to please", has made the plunge, and the Adriatic has become a fourth centre. Greece, Bulgaria and Roumania are "prepared", watching each other narrowly, with rankling memories of 1913. If the Allies take the Dardanelles, the whole of the Balkans may reasonably be expected to move. Italy will probably get her heart's desire, that the Adriatic become an Italian lake. Poor Serbia, the immediate occasion of the war, seems to have dropped out of sight. Is she so plague-ridden that no army can be sent against her?

On the sea the results are all in favor of the Allies. German commerce has been swept away, and the losses in the number of armed vessels and tonnage are only slightly against the Allies. In submarine warfare alone does Germany seem to occupy more of public attention, but it is quite possible that the world is not in possession of all the facts on the British side.

The causes of the war are still what they were, *racial* (Slav or Teuton), *historical* (Teuton or Frank, Alsace-Lorraine),

national (the rise of Germany to world-power, Serbia), *diplomatic* (the Balance of Power, the Eastern question, Turkey), *international* or *economic* (trade rivalries, Imperialism), and *social* (democracy or autocracy).

The course of the war thus far has brought out clearly some notable features. If we consider the Teuton-Turks, we instinctively say Germany, because she is dominant over Austria and Turkey. And first we have had it forced home to us that the military party has for long years been planning, preparing and providing for this conflict. And even if the Kaiser was for over forty years the consistent friend of peace, as claimed by Jules Cambon (Yellow book), Alfred Fried (Nobel Peace-Prizeman) and hosts of genuine admirers, we must all feel that he has backslidden terribly. The atrocities against which Liebknecht protested, and upon which the Bryce Commission has reported within the last week, force one to believe that this great nation, or, because there are those within it who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of militarism, the military caste in it, decided upon ruthlessness as a means to the end, victory. And now that the horrible crime of the sinking of the Lusitania is fresh in all minds, and sorrow so deep in so many hearts, the wave of indignant protest that is sweeping over the world may well indicate that henceforth the German star is to decline, for surely the moral strength of the world is on the side of the Allies. But German efficiency and thoroughness will make it no easy task to win against her, if, as many authorities believe, she can still put millions of fresh men into the field. Nor can she be starved out, because any nation which produces 85 per cent. of her foodstuffs in normal years can easily make that amount do in war time, especially if they are so carefully and scientifically looked after as are the Germans. In regard to munitions of war, it is said that a shortage of copper, petrol and rubber exists. The scientific German will, or may, find some substitute for the first two but for the third the problem is very difficult.

The monetary situation seems the weakest spot because, although Germany had been growing wealthy, she has now

no commerce to speak of, and must be daily growing poorer. The course of exchange against her would seem to be an evidence of this. The longest purse will win in this as in so many other contests.

Among the surprising developments in public opinion in Germany have been the utter fearlessness of Dr. Liebknecht, and in that country at this time, it requires *ideal courage* to take the stand he does, who denounces the war, the atrocities, etc. (and he must be gaining in strength as the days go on), and the wonderful chorus of hatred against England. True, it is a "tragedy" that Germany's rise to world-power came so late that she found all the earth already plotted out among the nations. But that is no justification for her charge that England got this cream of the earth's habitable lands by trickery, fraud and deceit. Not all British methods can be defended, but she has dealt very fairly by her subject peoples, therefore the great response to the "call" which has surprised the Germans, but should not have done so, had they read the lesson of the Boer war aright. That war, though not so just as this, if any war can ever be just or "civilized", showed that the new firm was John Bull *and Sons, Unlimited*.

Summing up, we may say that though the Germans have shown great courage, great resourcefulness, great scientific skill, great faith in themselves, and have made for themselves on the sea a record for bravery, coolness and fearlessness in the face of death, yet the unanimity with which their apologists excuse and defend all their acts, men like Eucken, Haeckel, Rein, Ostwald, *et al.*, and the ruthlessness and inhumanity of their methods against prisoners and non-combatants, have gradually increased the horror and disgust of the whole world, so that now they bid fair to become moral Pariahs, outcasts. And yet not all; there is always a saving remnant.

A curious sidelight is that the "Society for the Purification of the German Language of Foreign Words" has been very active since the outbreak of the war. It has become the very serious concern of citizens to drive the foreign words out, and also to supply words expressive of their contempt of

the English. For instance, for *lügen*, *lie*, it is proposed to substitute *Engländern*.

Looking at matters as they affect the Allies, we note many instructive features. First, that Great Britain is the monied partner, having to finance Belgium, France and Russia, as well as herself. If she can outlast Germany financially, the Allies will win, and that we believe, even though at times it does look terribly like a stalemate. Gradually the Allies have been gaining the increasing moral support of the neutrals, no small factor in the conflict. Germany's claim that the war is one of defence for her is disproved by the fact that England was, as usual, very unprepared from the military standpoint, though not so in naval matters. So also were France and Russia. Interesting has been the socialistic trend of the conduct of the Government in Great Britain. To-day there comes the astonishing news of a coalition government, a very pat illustration of what may some day be a new and regular method of conducting sovereignty. What effect will this have upon the future of partyism there, upon the relation of labor and capital, of public and private ownership, of co-operation or competition? Splendid has been the conduct of the Canadians at Langemarck, volunteers against the German regulars; the Australians and New Zealanders have done equally well in Egypt and at the Dardanelles. No conscript armies for these new nations! And South Africa, so recently conquered, from which the Germans hoped so much, how their hopes have been dashed! What mistakes their spies made in their reports! A cardinal weakness of the German mind seems to be the inability to get the other man's viewpoint. What splendid courage the Belgians have shown, what bravery and old-time dash the French! And the Russians, those unknown peoples, ignorant, dreamy, patient, flowing on in great numbers to the front, now beaten, now winning, undemocratic, long opponents, now allies of Great Britain! What does this all mean for Russia? Our Eastern ally, Japan, has got rid of the Germans at Kiao-Chao. What is behind the trouble between Japan and China?

Slowly the "nibbling" will have to go on, for we all feel that Germany must be beaten, but when will the end be? What of the morrow?

Yes, what of the morrow? Many old slogans have been disproved. "In time of peace, prepare for war", for "upon might has civilization been based", and "the pacifists are wrong". But we human beings, in these days of "organization", "efficiency", etc., easily become the "slaves of things", as was shown by L. P. Jack in the last Hibbert journal, and if we heap up armaments, some irresponsible fellow will some day drop the match and the explosion will take place. That has been abundantly shown in this war. "War is the survival of the fittest." Such false biology has surely got its quietus at all recruiting stations. "War brings out the heroic man." Surely the manly words of A. G. Vanderbilt as the *Lusitania* was sinking show that heroism is an inherent force in human nature. "Let us save the kiddies" is a thousand times more precious as an expression of bravery and sacrifice than any battle-word which means destruction for a fellow-man. A great many musty, time-worn expressions will have to pass under scrutiny as a result of this great conflict. Pacifists have been building strenuously along other lines, but they are a young party, and it takes time to overthrow old prejudices. There will be great opportunities for them at the close of this struggle, and great need for their work if the end should be a stalemate. That would, in the present temper of the nations, mean nothing but a postponement of the decision, the interval to be employed in strenuous preparations for the struggle.

With thousands of others, both German and English, I have long been a consistent advocate of friendship, and not hatred, between these two greatest world-powers. I fully recognized the danger of the enormous armaments that were being piled up and the possibility that an explosion might take place. But yet I did not foretell war, and am proud that I belong to those who hoped for wiser counsels and better understandings. I based my own hopes for peace on four ideas. I felt that the men of finance the world over

could be trusted, as they had been credited in the past, to do their best to prevent the great collapse to the world system of credit which had become a very intricate web in the last twenty-five years. But the men of finance, especially of Germany, did not give the help. *They failed us.* I believed that the great numbers of Canadians, Americans, Russians, Greeks, Italians, Japanese, English and other students from all parts of the world who had been privileged to do work at the twenty-two universities, the technical and trade schools of Germany would all do their best to enlighten the world as to the advantages of co-operation and friendship. But the most disappointing and incomprehensible effect of the war has been to set Germans to work to justify what a great many of us do not and cannot consider defensible. *Her men of education have failed us.* And a third hope was that the Labor parties of the different countries would be a mighty force for agreement and humanity. The joint declaration of the English and German Labor parties, October 1, 1912, and the joint manifesto of the French and German Labor parties, March 1, 1913, were splendid documents, and justified great hopes. But *with few exceptions the Labor parties have been a disappointment.* Liebknecht is one of the heroic exceptions, but such phenomena have been individual rather than typical. My fourth hope was based upon a very late development in the attitude of many prominent leaders in the Churches of Great Britain and Germany. It really looked as if they were becoming alive to their duties as messengers of the Prince of Peace. Ten thousand members in Great Britain, between four and five thousand in Germany of the "Associated Councils of the Churches of Great Britain and Germany" had joined "to promote a better understanding between the two nations". *But here, too, we have but present failure to record.* Many German pastors are now calling upon God to help their cause, which as Britishers we do not feel He can do. Russians, British, Turks, Italians, all parties, are making the same petition. Surely somebody is wrong, or maybe all are wrong. What is a possible solution?

It seems absolutely necessary to assume, indeed it is generally felt, that this war, which is trying the spirits of true men of all nations very sorely, and which is proving how thin a veneer this civilization, culture, *kultur*, or whatever name we call it, really is, will send us back everywhere in our thinking in all departments of life, back to essentials, back to face the facts of life as they are known in this present day. It will be absolutely necessary for every one, but most of all the duty of every scholar and trained student, to decide whether the material or the moral and spiritual interests of life are to take first place in our thoughts and aims and hopes for the future.

A "peace-man" from conviction, who believes that the differences that led to this disastrous war were not so great that they could not have been settled by conference and arbitration, I yet must hesitate to believe that we are in the midst of the last great conflict of armed nations. I often wonder if any other war ever needed or had so much apology made for it. That brings to my mind an element of cheer because it gives hope that my main thesis can be established. This basic thesis is that the whole question of peace or war is a question of evolution. Gradually the evolution of man has made humanity the highest type of animal, a thinking person, a moral person. Lapses from the ideal or perfect take place in each and all of us, in every nation, race and tribe. The great, the absolute necessity is to develop the spiritual and moral forces, so that reason and right may command our lives and actions *at all times*. Unless that is done during and after this war, then there can be no guarantee that wars will not recur. Culture or civilization is shown in the degree that individuals and nations allow the moral to have precedence in conduct and life. The best short guide to what this culture is may be found in I. Corinthians, chap. 13, and for a long time to come nothing will supersede that. The trouble is that in each of us there is lacking *the will* to put that code into practice. Indulgence in the passion of hatred of neighbors and nations, and of all the other weaknesses flesh is heir to, prevents the acceptance of this *universal law*. Then, too, we

all show a tendency to exalt the accidental, the conventional, to undue prominence and to many of us culture is synonymous with fine clothes, polished manners, money possessions and various other "externals". All these are good enough in their way, but are not "essentials". The German "kultur" as defined by Professor Harnack takes in the whole life as shown in thought, word and action, as an individual and a citizen. But unfortunately the ideal type seems to be lacking there as well as our ideal type here.

"Peace plans" have been published by the score, but who is to keep the peace, the contract? Every nation in its evolution has had its "scrap of paper", and it is by no means certain that the last of the infractions has been seen in any individual case. Abolish armaments is a splendid cry, but if any nation will not show *the will to peace*, what is to be done? Everything depends upon *the will*, the desire, transmuted into conduct.

How is this will to peace, to live "love to your neighbor", to be produced and trained? By education and by education alone. This may be acquired by the reading of history, acquaintanceship with literature, travel among foreign peoples, by the study of economics and philosophy. Because in these new lands, the United States and Canada, with their freer democracies, we have an unexcelled opportunity to approach these problems from a fresh viewpoint, I should like to see our general university education modelled, not upon the curricula of the old world universities, but upon what we might call the needs of the future. These needs we know. The world is now very small. The north and south poles have been discovered, there can never be any more new-found-land. "Expansion" from this time on must give place to "development". Racial questions which in the past have been problems of lesser dimensions will now become very important, especially since the conduct of the war by the French and British has brought them into great prominence. "Nationality", a result of the French Revolution, a virtue in the early nineteenth century in the case of Greece, has become a doubtful blessing in the case of Germany, a very disturbing

element in Austria-Hungary and the Balkans, a thorn in the flesh in Ireland, the nationalist movement in our own Quebec, an element of division in Norway and Sweden. Some writers go so far as to call it a curse in world politics. Internationalism will doubtless succeed it. In its train will come the Federation of Europe, of the world.

Along with "armaments", the diplomacy of the past has been discredited by the war. Some evolution must take place. The part of Britain in the division of Persia did not appeal to millions of Britishers, the course of secret diplomacy in regard to Morocco, the ominous character of Japan's proceedings in the Far East, all these and Germany's terrible failures are making men feel that the lives of millions must not be at the mercy of the very few "black coats", as Alfred Noyes calls them. Sir Edward Grey is one of the cleverest diplomats in the world, and every Britisher admires him greatly. But he is none the less one of the greatest autocrats the world has ever seen. The democratization of foreign policy will take a long time, but every "progressive" should be pondering carefully how it may be effected. This very problem and that of "efficiency" show what a long, tedious road the people of Europe have to travel if they desire to become democratic nations. The essence of democracy is that each individual, possessing a sane trained view of life, shall recognize his responsibility or duty to himself, to his neighborhood and to his country, and freely, voluntarily and self-sacrificingly live up to it. This "obedience" to the law within the heart is very different in quality from the obedience to an external authority. And yet Canadians have every cause to believe in it. The wonderful stand of our volunteer troops at Langemarck against the long-trained conscripts of the Kaiser's army can be explained only on the assumption that in our free democracy we are developing and will continue to develop the obedience to the "inner law". If we look all along the line of duties which each citizen of a democratic country should perform and sum them all up, we get what the Germans call *kultur*. It will be felt at once, however, that a democratic *kultur* must be diametrically

opposed to theirs, and yet produce what we have all been praising so much and desiring so much in this century, *efficiency*. This democratic efficiency cannot be desired too strongly nor striven after too steadfastly. Therefore, one of the chief aims of democratic education should be a thorough training in *citizenship* which should begin in the public schools, be carefully thought out and properly graded. If this were done politics might and would become a respectable word.

There is but little space left to indicate how this all affects Canada. Her problems fall into three natural subdivisions. First, Canada's *international problems*. These are mainly racial and commercial. How shall we make our first real effort to get acquainted with our French citizens and adjust properly our relations to them? How shall we treat our allies the Japanese, and our shoulder-companions on the field, the Sikhs and Ghoorikas? Shall tariffs, of which Germany and the United States can tell us so much evil, produce in this young land the same problems which other lands are now finding so difficult to solve? And are not tariffs just another form of war, making for the formation of undesirable class divisions in our citizenship?

In the second place we need to consider Canada's *Imperial relationships*. A Cambridge writer, L. C. Jane, thinks that one result of the war will be a further extension of the principle of nationality. This will mean for the British Empire, independence for such overseas dominions as Canada, Australia, South Africa, and India. The binding links would then be very light, pride of origin, kinship in language, literature, inspiration derived from common laws, customs and such like things. Or shall we join with the home-land and the other overseas dominions to establish a real Imperial Parliament, and Tariff Union, delegating certain of present prerogatives, such as defence questions, army and navy, to this new parliament, and being content with lessened rights in our own governance? These Imperial problems will doubtless become prominent.

Thirdly, our own *national problems* must be attended to, and some of them are very pressing. If it be true that our

politics are of a horribly low standard, as many declare, and various events within the last six months seem to show, then there is great need of some parts of our "citizenship training". If it be true that the fate of Canada is already in the hands of the foreign-born citizen, then it is imperative to look after their education at once, if Anglo-Saxondom is to survive here. The relations of capital and labor, those of our urban and rural population, manufactures and agriculture, the interests of the mines, the forests and fisheries, all need careful study and investigation. Tariff questions are already dividing between the East and the West. Thanks to Hon. W. J. Hanna, Ontario occupies a very forward position in regard to prison reform and the treatment of the insane. Saskatchewan is ahead in temperance reform, advanced in relation to banking. These are splendid beginnings, but only such.

Canada is the "coming" country. There may easily be 100,000,000 people in Canada at the end of the century. What are we of this generation doing to lay the foundations deep and wide for our future citizens? Churches, schools, parliaments, all must grow more and more interested in "social work", not of the kind dabbled in by so many well-intentioned people at the present time, but a well-grounded, history-trained, purpose-filled, well correlated, steady and persistent, forward looking policy and rule of life. Study groups are necessary everywhere, all public schools in our towns and cities should be made permanent centres for the encouragement of the thorough study of our various problems, political, social, spiritual and intellectual. Canada's sons and daughters would then grow into efficient citizens, free and independent in judgment, influential in the formation and guidance of public opinion. This is our century if we make it ours by character, attainments, diligence and probity. And this is the "new patriotism" to which we are called now and "after the war". What of the morrow? It will be what we live for, work for, die for. It is a question of Willing Power.

Proceedings of the Propheciety of Onety-Five

Victoria College, Feb. —, 1915.

Mr. Fenton, from the chair, opened the meeting as follows:

“Ladies and Gentlemen:

The problem of a future existence has always been one of primary importance to the lay as well as the theological mind, and the problem of our lives, as enshrouded in the dim, distant, and in some respects mysterious future, is the most fascinating and at the same time the most awe-inspiring question that touches our personalities. To students, especially graduating students of a large university, this mysterious Nemesis seems especially threatening. Many have sown the dragon's teeth of sloth and scorn for the fascinating productions of our highly respected lecture experts. Some have dallied over long with the glittering, gleaming, garrulous social throng. Others have assiduously cultivated massive strength at the shrine of Hercules, and the whole class is now about to be thrust out into the cruel cold world to meet their just or unjust fates.

Recognizing the anxiety with which these hapless slaves of chance gaze into the future, the University authorities, under the beneficent leadership of Registrar Brebner, whose unfailing geniality and fatherly care is known to every individual student, have at enormous expense, and after conducting international negotiations unparalleled in history, brought from the far East, Madame Thebés, the world-renowned seeress, whose revelations before and concerning all the bald heads in Europe have resulted in world-shaking internecine combinations and permutations. Here, upon this platform, to-night and to-night only, Madame Cecilé Sybille Thebés will reveal in answer to enquiries the future careers of the members of the class of Onety-Five.”

Madame Thebés being then introduced, the chairman continued:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You will observe that there is no connection with this chair, nor any wire nor any battery, electrical, thermic or hydrostatic, nor any exterior influence whatsoever. There are no discs in the floor, no phonographs nor mirrors, no dictaphones, nor any of the claptrap devices with which the quack and the charlatan conduct their séancés. In short Madame C. S. T. is not like anyone else. She never was and she never will be. This demonstration is absolutely unique in the annals of science. While I have been introducing the seeress, an attendant has been collecting the names and questions of various persons in the audience. He will now bring them forward and the demonstration will commence."

Names and enquiries were forthwith read out by Mr. Fenton, and were commented upon by Madame Thebés, as follows:

"Wendell Philipps Woodger. 'Will I ever receive the honors justly due me?'"

"In 1937 you will be granted the honorary degree D.P.M., Doctor of Pulpit Mannerisms, by the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, where you will win universal admiration by the treatment of your favorite text, 'Making the Waist Places Glad.'"

"Miss Beatrice Wesley: 'Can I not be famous, and as a great doctor hand out medical advice and pills?'" "Mademoiselle *will* be famous, but instead of M.D. after her name, I see a sign which reads 'Milliner and Costumier'. It is she, who by her magic sense of clothes will make good women beautiful and great women slender."

"Mr. Wilhelmina M. Skilling." "Sent by the Dorcas Society of Pueblo, Labrador, to Lapland, as a peripatetic preacher. A wonderful career is promised."

"Jonah E. Belfry: 'Is law my natural vocation?'" "In 1937 you will be raised to the bench and prove yourself worthy of its best traditions."

"Miss Ida Pickering." "The teaching profession will receive a star and overburdened infant minds more calculus."

"Aggie Clarissa Lewis: 'Will it ever grow?'" "*It will!* Your great discovery of an infallible hairisuitical ointment will make you appear like Paderewski in all his glory. You will be known as the rival of the Seven Sutherland Sisters."

"Jabez Eliphat Griffith." "You will achieve fame in Chentu, China, as Professor of dead languages ancient and modern."

"Miss Elsie Irene Goulding: 'Do all the good die young?'" "If they do not die they seclude themselves sooner or later from the world. I see you a sophisticated old maid, retired to the cloistered seclusion of the confines of your cabin on the borders of the Sahara, with your faithful cat and parrot."

"Adolphus Lucullus Huether." "You are the Cheer Leader Emeritus for the Victoria Ladies' Hockey Team. Your record as manager of 21 senior champion soccer teams will never be broken."

"Rail Road Fleming." "Free street car tickets will encourage your failing towards obesity. This will impair your legal eloquence, but in 1943 you will be corporation lawyer for the *Hair Pin Trust*."

"Miss Marjorie E. Hung." "A maiden whom I see teaching the wisdom of the West to the children of the East."

"Mr. Gwendoline Washington Brown, Athletic Stick, Victoria College." "You will be author of the inimitable thesis, 'The Athletic Stick, How I won it, How I carried it on Sundays, How I passed it on.' This *clastic* will never be equalled in the language."

"Caroline Rebecca Duggan." "With Hercules Marlborough Firstbrook as collaborator your masterly treatise on 'How to avoid lectures' will win you undying fame."

"Miss Eleazer Davis: 'I wish to go on the stage. Will my æsthetic dancing win me fame?'" "Never. I see for you wonderful success, but it is not as a second Pavlova, but as Viola, in Twelfth Night. One secret sorrow gnaws you,—Viola may not wear a moustache."

"Albright, Hutton, Coish, Woon, King, Kaiser, Bunt: Philosophy Class, '15: 'What will become of us?'" "Prof. Albright, chair in incubatory science and henology at Squeen's University." "Dr. Hutton, F.R.S.C., International authority on Parotid Glands." "Eliza Penelope Coish, the idol of the English stage in his inimitable impersonation of Tom Thumb." "N. G. Woon, Ph.D., the Sage of Bingville, still pursuing his beloved studies." "Prof. Bunt. X.T.C., President of the Sociological Seminary at Port Credit." "N. G. King, Associate Professor of the Saskatchewan Reform Institute." "Kaiser: You will get a desert isle, bread and water, a hair shirt, and constant British guard. Stop—That is wrong. The ether currents are crossed. The reference was to the alien uncle of our beloved Dr. Kaiser, who will be famed for his treatise on the innate evidence of constellular apperception."

"Miss Ruth Walker: 'Can I teach the Fiji Islanders to play basketball and to be good, at the same time?'" "You may, but it will mean a great risk, for in the excitement of the game they may eat the basketball, and you as their teacher will be in danger of going next."

"M. A. D. Davis." "As superintendent of the Oakville Sanitarium for the Feeble-minded you will be a useful public servant."

"J. H. Horning." "The future shows you as a pitcher for the New York Giant Baseball Team."

"F. J. Vowles: 'Should I remain a preacher?'" "No! You are naturally a great exponent of physical culture and brute force. Your 'Strength by Correspondence' course will make millions strong."

"Matthew Arnold Wilson." "By 1935 you will be international plenipotentiary extraordinary to the world, on '*Student government by the students, for the students and without the faculty*'."

"Miss Ariadne Almas: 'Shall I become a lawyer or a Red Cross nurse?'" "As dean of Annesley Hall you may be both, giving good advice and rendering first aid at one and the same time to homesick Freshettes."

"Paw Wallace." "You will be author of that priceless epic poem 'Following in Father's Footsteps'. But your greatest success in life will be won as professor of Feminine Eccentricities at Bohunk University."

"Miss Gertrude Patrick." "I see her in a model home, cooking a model meal in a model way, and having her dishes washed in a model dish-washing machine by a very model husband."

"Who are these who approach—long grey-beards, huge books of prayers, and uplifted eyes—ah, these are the men of the D.D. brigade—*Stop!*—doctors of divinity:—Dr. A. McLaughlin, the New York philologist; Dr. A. M. Partridge, of Vancouver, B.C.; Dr. E. S. Sinclair, Bishop of Baffin Land; Dr. A. M. Stuart, successor to Dean Wallace on Hardneck's philosophy; Dr. D. W. Williams, dean of Montreal Ladies College; Dr. R. G. Carruthers, lecturer in Patristical Hexometry at Chentu, China; Dr. P. S. Banes, founder of the Saskatoon Orphanage for broken down Glee Club singers. Each will be successful, eccentric, and useful in his own and other ways."

"Miss Ethel Culbert." "I see you teaching Latin and learning to the American natives in a northern state; and, having absorbed all the human knowledge in sight, you spend your spare time plugging away at Mars with a telescope."

"Mother's Comfort Vandervort." "Canadian Commissioner to the Peace Conference at the Hague."

"Mr. Eliza Maria Wilson." "You will be principal of Ottawa Collegiate Institute."

"Miss Mary Dafoe: 'Shall I become a great musician?'" "No. As you are by nature 'up in the air' you are destined to become a famous aeronaut. Your suffragette bombs will give a new impetus to the cause."

"W. A. Wilkinson." "At the siege of Berlin he will be granted the V.C., and will return as Major Wilkinson, V.C. of V.C."

"The Oliver Twins: 'What will we be?'" "Joseph Oliver will succeed Dr. Le Niége as French professor at Victoria College. J. T. Oliver will hold the position of military

drill expert for the Canadian authorities with special certificates in squad and marching exercises."

"Miss Mary Holmes." "I see her in Tokio, the proprietor of a model students dining club. Her specialty is official chaperon and caterer at year skating parties."

"Mr. Nellie Violet Buchanan: 'Will I ever talk as fast as I think?'" "Be content to think as fast as you talk. Your treatise on 'Maxim Gunfire Conversation' will revolutionize human speech."

"Miss Kathleen Junkin: 'I do not want to teach school. Is there no other career open?'" "I see you as star reporter for The Saturday Evening Roast, in which you are publishing your interviews with the Kaiser and the Sultan of Turkey, *a la* Cerving S. Lobb and Bamuel Slythe."

"Mr. Clarissa Snider." "You will be a lecturer in classical literature at Alma College, Ont."

"Miss Eva Alliston Dunlop: 'Shall I become a heathen sacrifice, chief soloist and tambourine player in the Salvation Army, or shall I raise my voice demanding 'Votes for Women?'" "No, none of these,—for you I hear wedding bells—and there shall be no more work, nor awakening from afternoon slumbers, for the essays are all written and the lecturers 'are no more.'"

"Jamieson, Johnston, Hazlewood, LeGros: 'Please tell us where we will be sent.'" "You will head the Zionist movement and set up republican government in Jerusalem, where you will teach the war chant 'Hora Hosta Zona Crota' to the wild-eyed multitudes."

"Miss Helen Carscadden: 'Will I ever find nature, and be able to lead the simple life I desire?'" "You will, in an Alaskan mining camp. But their harsh speech grates on your refined ear and you have sought to instruct them aright by establishing Browning Clubs, the only condition for membership being that they must not chew gum during Browning recitations."

"Mr. Helena Christina Myers." "You will win international success with the famous *Julia Marlowe Jutt* as travelling evangelists, and founders of the Holy Roarers sect."

"Miss Hezekiah Hay: 'How can I overcome my natural diffidence and inability to express myself?'" "Try the deaf and dumb alphabet; if you can't talk you can at least make signs. When all your efforts fail you will win immortal fame as the founder of an orphanage for the children of defunct militant suffragettes in Chentu, Afghanistan."

"J. Indolent Gordon: 'Can I still make my year?'" "You still have a chance. As Dr. Snow says, if you make all your work count, you may yet make your year. Your life will ultimately be spent in Kingston—at the Collegiate Institute."

"Miss Mabel Patrick." "The Doukhobours rejoice that you devoted your life to them, making their lives longer and happier by teaching them to open their windows at night."

"G. B. White, B.C." "As a ranch owner in B.C. your success will produce a huge endowment scheme by which Victoria will be presented annually with a magnificent new soccer ball."

"Miss Grace Gallinger." "I see her modestly in a deaconess bonnet distributing home made jellies to the 'hungry poor.'"

"Mr. Hello Annesley Hall." "Your book on 'Quibbles and Quackery' will revolutionize party politics. In 1932 the B.N.A. Act will be amended to allow you to be retained as perpetual leader of His Majesty's loyal opposition."

"Miss Gladys Chantler." "I see her at the front as chief range finder in the Canadian Contingent."

"Mr. Haw Haw Bennett." "You will be known to fame as the champion Marathon skater of the world, your record of 4 days 7 hours and 6 minutes will never be threatened. As the editor of the 'Calgary Can Opener' you will be a great uplifting force in the west."

"Miss Charlotte Robinson." "As the author of 'The New Complete French Grammar' in twenty-three volumes you will be made head of the French department in the University and will be given in 1953 the degree of L.I.P."

"Adolphus Roy Courtice: 'I feel I should be a real historian. Should I?'" "Consult an osteopath. While your

style very much resembles that of Gibbon, you are destined to establish a school for dramatic elocution and 'Pearson at the Bat' will be your greatest lecture."

"Miss Ethel Robertson." "Wherever you have gone slums have disappeared."

"Marmalade Penelope Pearson." "Nature has endowed you with marvellous talent as a Methodist class leader and local preacher. In twenty years you will be famous in both rôles. Abandon the idea of law."

"Miss Amiable Newton: 'Shall I accept the position of head Ladies' Aid President which has been offered me?'"

"No, yours is the smile which will make miles and miles of smiles. A comic paper will you edit, but take care that you enter therein no joke below the high standard set up in the joke column of ACTA VICTORIANA."

"Reuben H. Rickard: 'How shall I be known to fame?'" "As the *Punning Parson*."

"Miss Garibaldi Meredith: 'Can I use my talents in the service of my country?'" "Yes, I see you at the front. Your motor soup kitchen has chased a German soup kitchen and you have captured all the enemy's supply of food pellets and protein tablets. For this valiant action the V.C. is yours."

"J. H. Hardy." "You will be the author of the *Apologia of Classical Mythology* in 47 vols."

"Miss Ethel Schofield: 'Will Oshawa be the field of my future labors?'" "Yes, and there you will be a reformer—the head of the 'Society for the Prevention of the Drinking of Tea and Coffee'—the last comfort and support of man being thus torn away by advancing science."

"T. S. H. Graham." "Will be knighted by the Emperor of Siam for his services in the Siamese University."

"Mr. Josephine Lucille Wright." "You will be superintendent of the home for decayed gentlewomen on the Fathead Indian reserve."

"Miss Ethelred Granger: 'I have great ideas in my mind which strive to be put in words. Will I succeed as a writer?'"

"Yes, you will be great. Your novel, in which you have

immortalized Little Vic. Rink, is a masterpiece which places your name on the roll of fame."

"J. W. Young." "Poet laureate of the Mexican republic and leader of the Chinchilla Choral Society."

"Jerusha A. Surerus: 'Will I ever be on the faculty?'" "Yes, you will succeed Francis Owen as lecturer in German and other dead languages."

"Miss Hannibal Young: 'How can I, by my eloquent appeals, win the vote for oppressed woman?'" "By cultivating a serious manner. Beware of flippancy. Also, though you have the eloquence of a Demosthenes and yet smash windows you will surely land in jail. I see you after all else has failed the respected head of an orphanage for boys whom you are training to believe in Women's Rights."

"Joshua W. Ansley: 'Should I avoid politics?'" "Your success will be won in the pulpit, but steadfast adherence to democratic platform planks will bring political success also."

The meeting was here interrupted by the collapse of Madame Thebés, who, overcome by fatigue, fainted and had to be assisted from the hall. The chairman brought the meeting to a close:

"Ladies and gentlemen: The exhaustion of the physical form has prevented further research work this evening. The frail body of Madame Thebés has broken down under the immensity of her mentality."

After repeating in solemn refrain the secret oath beginning "Rap-a-lacka, Yap-a-lacka", the society adjourned.

A University under Canvas

E. F. CHURCH, '16.

The Canadian Officers' Training Corps, which I have chosen to call a university for the training of officers for Canada's Grand Army, opened its spring session on Monday, May 3rd, at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

None of those elements which make the opening day of a college session so interesting were absent when companies "C" and "D", which formed Victoria's contingent, formed up on the college quadrangle on that fair morning in May. The professors were there in the form of officers commanding, looking, of course, severe, dignified and knowledge laden. One must not suppose, however, that they were identical with the professors of the college staff; far from it. This new military life places its own valuation upon a man, and one may find even a college freshman holding a commanding position in the army owing to his previously-acquired knowledge of the fighting game.

But whether professors or freshmen, the officers are fearful creatures to behold at any time. Even their taciturnity is terrifying, but when they utter their voice—shades of Thor!—the very earth melts and the fog horn at the island becomes a purring kitten in comparison.

The understudies of the staff, the worthy lecturers, were well represented by the N.C.O.'s, which stands for non-commissioned officers, but more appropriately, non-calloused officers, for while the quality of mercy is strained in them, yet it is not entirely restrained, as many a freshman private can thankfully testify. The Seniors are those grave and orderly persons who have taken all the proficiency examinations and are therefore in a fair way to becoming field-mars-hals. The Juniors are distinguished by many things, but for very few. The Sophomores are those joyous youths whose chief pride and glory is that they can order arms without taking a piece out of their ear with the breech-lock of the gun.

But who are these arrayed in martial gear after a manner not sanctioned by any military guide book? Why do we need to ask? Was there ever a university in which freshmen did not hold the palm for originality? True, they are verdant; no trousered clothespin sauntering through a college hall gawping open-mouthed at the shameless statuary was ever more innocent of classic lore than these men were of the science of the tented field. But what of that! Jack Falstaff would have gloried in them, and will these petty officers ignore them? Certainly not. Here comes the captain now to look at us, for humiliating as it is, the writer of this article must confess that he was numbered among them. Indeed, he will never forget the expression of sadness which overspread the captain's face as he stood and gazed upon his somewhat corpulent frame, encased in a pair of over-expansive trousers and an over-snug tunic. There were only seven small pieces of military equipment for each man to carry, but they hung upon him like a suite of bedroom furniture on a Christmas tree, and the kind-hearted captain, after he had looked and looked and then turned away to wipe a tear on his gilded cuff, must have realized that grim-visaged war was really in our midst with all its horrors. The effect of the inspection on the scribe was simply disastrous. He stood swaying to and fro, after the captain passed, undecided whether to keep his own balance and let the gun fall over, or to keep the gun standing and fall over himself, perhaps never to rise again. He finally decided to fall over himself, which he did consistently for the next two weeks. But how different was all this from his going forth in the morning. He had spent a whole hour in his own home like a knight of old, buckling on his armour, and when he finally strode forth under the eyes of an admiring neighborhood he felt himself every inch a German-killer, armed to the teeth, and ready at a moment's notice to "cry Havelock and let slip the dogs of war". But now the captain turned and gently besought a few grinning comrades to do their best to convince the warrior that he was not a moving-van, but only a soldier in light marching order, and to adjust his accoutrements accordingly.

There is this to be said, however, in justice to the freshman soldier. He knew that this ugly chrysolytic stage must be passed before he could take his place in the battle-line with his Canadian comrades, and because he desired to give his life to his country's service he was prepared to pay any price, even to the loss of liberty and individuality, for the privilege of learning every detail of this whole hateful military business.

The column on the march to the embarking point was another sight calculated to move a military expert to tears.



The "Mess".

At times it developed an elasticity that made it look like an army corps, but then again at every short stop the whole mass would telescope itself into the dimensions of a suffragette parade, so that its progress was not unlike that of a gigantic angle-worm. At such times the scribe improved the occasion by ambulating up the back of a lanky corporal who went just before, and incidentally extracted from him quite a nice assortment of French oaths, besides altering the appearance of his uniform considerably. It is only fair to say that the

march home two weeks later was largely devoid of those picturesque features, for every man had learned to put a "no thoroughfare" sign on his little fifty-four inches of ground.

The trip across the lake was an exceedingly pleasant affair. For one thing it provided a last opportunity for officers and men to mingle in the spirit of good-fellowship. They called each other by their first names for three short and happy hours, and then for two weeks after for a private to meet an officer was to meet swift and sure disaster. Perhaps an incident from a freshman's experience will serve best to illustrate the difference.

The private, endeavoring to be respectful and yet sociable, on meeting an officer with whom he had previously been very familiar:

"Howdy, Chuckit, old chap!"

"What!" (just like lightning.)

"I say Howdy, O beg pardon, Mr. Chuckit——"

"Lieutenant Chuckit, if you please."

"O, beg pardon—Lieutenant Chuckit, no offence. I was just remarking Howdy."

"You should always salute an officer whom you desire to address. If you are wearing a gun, salute him with it. If not, then bring the hand up smartly to the temple and cut it away sharp—like this!"

"O thanks awfully, Lieutenant Chuckit, old chap"—doing a jerky little salute that spoke eloquently of distress—"I—I was just going to say Howdy."

And there the conversation broke off abruptly.

Very greatly humiliated, and yet feeling that something had been learned, the private determined to do better next time, and in order to experiment with his new-found knowledge he purposely placed himself in the way of the kindly captain who had often sworn mentally at him but had never yet assaulted him openly for any of his military blunders.

"O, I say, Captain Smiten."

"You should have nothing to say to me, Private Knutt. If you have any communication to make, place your case in the hands of an N.C.O. and he will line you up and parade you in column of fours to my tent."

Scornful departure of the officer—collapse of the private.

Slowly gathering up the pieces of his shattered dignity, and recklessly resolving to learn this military flunkeyism or die, the private picks out a pompous-looking officer who must be a general at least, and throws himself ruthlessly across his path. Walking up to him as though he only intended to kill him, he raises his hand viciously to his cap and is about to pass by, when the old gentleman stops him and blandly asks:

“What are you doing that for?”



“C” and “D” Company Officers, C.O.T.C.

“Why, sir, I’m saluting you.”

“But you must not salute a non-commissioned officer. I am a sergeant-major.”

The private staggered toward his tent and fell across the threshold. He has never been known to attempt to salute an officer since.

As at all universities, some of the courses of study were popular and others were very decidedly not. Among the latter perhaps the most unpopular of all was a course on “How to

go to bed on a board floor with only four lingerie blankets to protect one from the heavens above and the earth beneath." Another course equally unpopular was on "How to go to bed at 10.15 at the sound of a weird bugle without feeling that you were in prison, and likely to be hanged the next day." To many of the men the evening only begins at 10.15, and night doesn't fall until 7.30 the next morning, and all that is really worth while in life happens between those two hours. But radical as was the innovation the men soon found that their eyes would stand the strong, bright and cheerful sunlight even better than the gas-light to which they had become far too much accustomed. And then, of course, seven or eight hours' hard manual toil per day very greatly assisted the men to achieve proficiency in this course.

The course in Household Science was absolutely unoptional and only the cleverest could evade it. At 6.15 a.m. it was necessary not only to be dressed but to have all beds made and the apartment prepared for any chance orderly officers who might be making early calls. This was confessedly both a humiliation and a hardship, and yet it gave many a careless youth such a revelation of how much work one man can make for himself or somebody else to do, that some mothers, sisters, and wives are destined to get the shock of their lives when this camp is over, when they go into Jack's bedroom and find that there isn't a single thing to pick up off the floor.

The course in Hydraulics, which included washing and bathing in the open under a cold water tap in company with about fifty others, was the only course in the curriculum that came near causing a rebellion. When a man brings over his complete toilette, containing Florida water, talcum powder, bay rum, face cream, violet sachet, safety razor and shaving soap, and then finds that he must take an ugly tin basin and perform his ablutions under a cold water tap, he naturally feels that there are elements of refinement very criminally lacking in this war game, and if this is the life which the Kaiser has been advocating, for the last thirty years, it is no wonder the German people have reverted to the aboriginal type.

The course in Calisthenics was remarkably well attended largely owing to the fact that a man was liable to be court-martialled and shot who absented himself. To the credit of the color-sergeant be it said, that in order to avoid such a contingency he did stunts with his voice and his hands, entirely unprecedented in the annals of civilized warfare. But not even the color-sergeant could make the course a favorite with the men. It is embarrassing to be asked to stoop over and touch your toes with your finger tips when it can't be done. A university man only requires two sets of muscles anyway, one to talk with and another to spend money



Sergt. Nethercott takes his weekly wash.

with, and what is the use in working up a whole regiment of others which can never be used either at a pink tea or an examination. The mile run around the parade ground has a foundation of reason in it. One may have to catch a train that has a five minutes' start, or a university student may be required some day to run for parliament, and hence this part of the curriculum is to be commended, but for the other— but what's the use of arguing?

One of the more interesting courses, when it was impossible to avoid it, was that of Waiting on Tables. It afforded a splendid opportunity for a thoughtful student to see how

deeply the spirit of culture had entered the souls of these university-bred men, a very interesting study indeed. It also had the spice of danger to commend it to daring spirits, for a waiter had always to proceed among the eaters with extreme caution lest his clothing get caught in the masticating machinery and he be utterly consumed.

But all of these various side courses were only secondary to the great business of the university, the actual drill parade, which occupied the day from nine to twelve in the morning, and from two to four-thirty in the afternoon. It was in this department that the men showed themselves to be real officers in the making, earning from the camp commandant the compliment that their progress was unequalled in the annals of military training in Canada. All credit to the officers and men who worked so hard to achieve so excellent a result.

But even in this course some features of the work were unpopular with the men, while others were great favorites. Among these latter undoubtedly the most popular of the field exercises was the practice of getting killed. It was done of course by mathematics, not the first university to kill students by mathematics, it must be admitted. During an infantry attack the colonel would ride along the firing line and, pointing to every fourth man, would say, "You are dead, drop out!" and that means that the man whom he indicates does not have to run any more, flop down on the hard ground any more, or bounce up and get roared at by the lieutenant any more. All he has to do is to cuddle up beside a dandelion and go to sleep, or mop the sweat off his face and watch the others kill themselves charging an imaginary foe. It is a real hardship not to get killed, and in this respect the scribe was most unfortunate in that the colonel killed the man to the right of him one day and to the left of him the next day, and only gave him a chance to practise dying once in the whole two weeks.

Then the bugle sounds at the end of the day, such a pleasant, heartsome sound you would never believe that it was the same bugle that sounded the reveille at 5.45 in the morning, and the battalion comes marching in, tired, hungry,

and happy, to be complimented by the officers, fed by the cook, and then left to their own devices until the last post is sounded at 10 p.m.

These devices by the way present many strange and puzzling contradictions. The bad boys usually go to Epworth League and prayer-meeting, while the good boys away from home for the first time, go to the theatres or stand in front of a hotel and try to look desperately wicked.

The greatest criticism which can be brought against the life of a military camp is the monotony which is usually



Off to "the front".

inseparable from clock-work routine. But even this criticism cannot be well maintained against the Niagara camp. On rainy days lectures on military subjects take the place of the regular field work, while a day's guard duty falls pleasantly upon the monotony of the regular camp routine. The ceremonial of mounting guard is a very picturesque affair when the weather is fine, but the guard duty itself is the most humdrum business imaginable. It consists in walking up

and down a path for two hours and then lying down and cussing it for four hours more, these two duties alternating through a period of twenty-four dismal hours of isolation and starvation. The assumption is, of course, that something is being guarded from something, but what it is, is never really known, and so the whole business lends itself easily to the designs of writers of romance who find it exceedingly simple to write stories about "The Three Guardsmen", "The Corporal of the Guard", or "The Watchmen of the Night". The night is certainly the main thing, if not the only thing, that is watched.

Evening brings a choice of many pastimes, the most popular of which are the athletic games held under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Those contests in which McGill, Queen's and Varsity were matched were very keenly contested and jealously followed. Varsity proved herself a champion at baseball largely owing to the fine work of her Victoria battery composed of Horning and Rehder, and also in soccer football, though in the assault-at-arms and the athletic field sports McGill certainly showed the way.

The Y.M.C.A. deserves much credit for the work which they do in military camps such as this. Their reading and writing room was a great convenience to the men. The piano in the concert tent was nearly always busy through the day, and the little canteen was well patronized. At night a special concert or speaker was provided, and motion pictures usually filled in a pleasant hour from 8.45 to 9.45.

Now it would be a strange university that would close its season without an examination, and the Niagara Military University was no exception to the general rule. Reviews by General Lessard, the Governor-General and the Minister of Militia might be considered as part of the examination, though the real test was the Grand Battle of Niagara held on May 14th, the last open day of the camp. That the results were satisfactory beyond all expectation is now history, but the kind words of Col. Macdonald could scarcely have been anticipated by any officer or man in the Contingent. In saying that the phenomenal result was due to the fact that

we were university men, the commandant paid a fine compliment to our Alma Mater, but it is only fair to say that there are other reasons for the progress made than university training and the supposition of superior brains. Had any critic of Canadian manhood been present when the heroic tales of Langemarck and the Lusitania were being pored over in the candlelight of every tent, he would have seen the iron of the old fighting breed steal into the faces and set the jaws of many a youth, and he would have asked no further explanation of the grim determination with which the men executed every detail of their work. University men are usually not different from any other class of men, but it is not too much to say that this war has been realized more deeply by the college man than any other. It has taken him captive and he has given himself eagerly to the study of the problems it has raised, with all the powers of his mind. The result is that one of those problems and perhaps the greatest, is already solved, in that Canada, a nation of peace with practically no war experience, has been able to metamorphose herself into a fighting nation in less than a year. A year ago she was small, loosely organized and dependent. To-day she is formidable. It is no time to dwell upon the results of this abnormal development on future generations. It became necessary for Canada to grow horns in order to meet her mortal enemy of the cloven hoof, and history will give her all the credit there is in having done so.

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EDITORIAL

Alma Mater, Vale

To-day is Commencement Day. A few hours ago we knelt in turn before the Chancellor's throne, a hood was slipped over our heads and when we arose we were Graduates of the University of Toronto. For four years we have looked forward to this, as the crowning experience of college life. Now that it has come and gone it seems but a trifling event, but a passing incident, and except that it signifies that tomorrow the old associations must be broken, it seems of but little importance. Perhaps this feeling is due to the peculiar circumstances under which our Convocation was held. There was no noisy celebration with all the laughter and merriment that have marked these exercises in former years. A note of sadness pervaded the whole ceremony, while our thoughts recurred again and again to some of our numbers who would have graduated with us had not duty called them

to a sterner task. A solemn hush fell upon the assembled throng as President Falconer read out a list—a sadly long list—of those who were but lately our fellow-students, but now are counted among the dead, wounded or prisoners in their country's cause.

These times have made us thoughtful. The frivolity and irresponsibility of student life has all been swept away this year, and we have been brought face to face with those stern realities of life, whose very existence we had begun to doubt. A truer standard of values has been set before us, and we have come to see that the worth of a college course is to be measured not by the honors that we win, but by the capacity for service that we attain. This year our selfish little plans for the future have received a rude shock, and every man has been forced to stop and take stock of himself. The question of our individual obligation to Dominion and Empire has been insistently forcing itself upon our attention. All of us have not found our answer the same, but whatever has been our decision, it has done us good to stand apart from personal interest and see in which direction duty lies.

A brief retrospect of our whole college course shows us that we have changed in many ways since first we entered Victoria's doors. We have grown up during these four short years. Many cherished beliefs and opinions that we brought with us have been discredited and abandoned, but new views sounder and broader have taken their place. We have learned to consider fairly both sides of a question before making judgment. We have become more tolerant of the other fellow's views. We have found out how little we know or can ever know, and it has saved us forever from any foolish intellectual pride. And through it all we have come into daily contact with professors and teachers, whose example as men will, we trust, leave an impress upon our characters which will remain long after the lessons they taught are forgotten.

With bared heads and grateful hearts, therefore, we bid farewell to our Alma Mater as we turn our footsteps into the broad highways of life, resolved

“To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”



Dyes

Among the many facts brought home to us by the war, is that of the almost complete sway the Germans have held during the last generation in those industries connected with the manufacture of dyeing materials. This is not due to any historical tradition, nor to early pioneer work done by them in this field, but to the tremendous energy concentrated latterly upon this subject, prompted partially by industrial necessities, and assisted by cheap but skilled scientific labour.

The development of the dyeing industry, as a science, has taken place practically since the middle of the last century. Previous to 1856, when the first dye was synthesized, only a comparatively limited number of naturally occurring dyes were used, which with the mordants then known, permitted of a small range of colours.

The industry of dyeing dates back to the earliest ages, when it was included with weaving, etc., among the domestic duties of women. The birth-place of the art seems to have been India, whence it was carried by Phœnician traders to Egypt. Blue ribbons from mummies five thousand years old contain indigo and also turkey red, one of the alizarin dyes easily obtained from the madder root. Both of these dyes were extensively used throughout the east, and a dim conception of the part that mordants play seems to have existed. Herodotus states that the cloaks of the Tibyan women were dyed scarlet with madder. The method of dyeing by means of the celebrated Tyrian purple was invented about the year 1500 B.C., as far as we can determine. The shades obtained from it varied from a faint scarlet to a dark purple, depending upon

the locality from which the shell-fish were gathered. Wool dyed with it sold in Rome for a price equivalent to one hundred and fifty dollars per pound. Of the Greek and Roman methods of dyeing nothing is known, all knowledge of the art having been lost in the troublous times following the fall of the Roman empire.

Dyeing was not revived in Europe until the 13th century, when Venetian merchants began to import eastern dye-stuffs and plants. Madder was introduced into Italy by Alizari and soon was cultivated widely in southern France and Holland. Many countries in Europe produced an inferior cochineal much favored by the monks in their wool industries. In 1425 the first book on dyeing appeared in Venice, and from that time the art thrived. Edward III. introduced dyers into England from Flanders, so that by 1472 A.D. we find a dyers' company founded in London.

A great stimulus was then received by the discovery of America and of the southerly route to India. That meant not only a freer access to the vast stores of natural dyes in the east, but also from America came many new ones such as Mexican cochineal, logwood, annatto, etc.

By 1600 A.D. there were twelve dye-stuffs in use in Europe, an astonishingly limited number when we consider the age of the industry. Even then some of the best were little used on account of trade jealousies. The growers of woad opposed the introduction of indigo dyes from India, with the result that in France Henry IV. condemned to death anyone using it, while in England its employment was forbidden until the reign of Charles II. By 1860 the natural dye-stuffs had increased in number only to seventeen, since when they have been almost completely superseded by the artificial products. This small list does not include, however, the few mineral colors such as chrome yellow, manganese brown, iron buff, etc., used alike by the savage and civilized races of all times.

Up, then, until the middle of last century, the world was dependent upon naturally occurring vegetable and mineral dyes which could be extracted from their sources with but

little trouble or change in composition. The mineral dyes were for the most part merely pure ores ground to an impalpable powder. The vegetable ones occur usually as colorless compounds of the dye with sugar as for example indigo. Indican, the glucoside of indigo, is found in the leaves of the *Indigofera tinctoria*, which is cultivated extensively in India. These are crushed, extracted with water, and the extract allowed to ferment by which process the sugar is split off and a soluble product, indigo white, remains in solution. This readily oxidizes in contact with the air and the indigo settles as a mud to the bottom. The filtered and dried precipitate is then ready for the market. As one would expect, such a product will be very impure and will yield a color inferior to that of the synthesized indigo.

The first synthetic dye was discovered in 1856 by W. H. Perkins, then an assistant to the celebrated German chemist Hofmann in London. During a short absence of the latter, Perkins attempted to synthesize quinine, using for that purpose allyl toluidin, potassium bichromate and concentrated sulphuric acid. The result was a colored product which roused Perkins' curiosity. Repeating the experiment using anilin instead of allyl toluidin, he obtained a black substance out of which a similar colored material could be dissolved by alcohol. Thus by an accident, mauve, the first of the anilin or coal-tar dyes was discovered, and a tremendous field opened for industrial chemistry. Shortly after followed the synthesis of alizarin red, the coloring substance of the madder root, and of indigo by Baeyer of Munich. At the present we have hundreds of synthetic dyes with new ones appearing continuously, obtained from that formerly most useless of all by-products, coal tar.

Before speaking about the classes of dyes, a few words on textile fabrics might be advisable. These may be divided into two groups, those of animal and those of vegetable origin. The first will include wool and silk, while the other two common fabrics, cotton and linen, will naturally belong to the second division. The differences in cellular structure of these various fibres affect the process of dyeing little, whereas their chemical

compositions do. Cotton and linen consist essentially of cellulose, a most inert substance. Dilute solutions of alkalies have no action upon it, and acids only with difficulty unless allowed to remain in contact for a long time, when disintegration of the fibres gradually takes place.

Wool and silk on the other hand are proteins in composition, much more active in character and under the action of acids and alkalies readily yield substances called amino acids, which are both acids and bases and will therefore unite with either class. As a result the animal fibres will combine with dye-stuffs much more readily than vegetable fibres.

In order that a substance should be colored it must contain in its constitution certain groups of elements arranged in a definite manner. These are called chromophore groups. In order to be a dye, it must also be either basic or acidic in character due to the presence of phenolic or carboxyl groups.

Now the ancients found that none of the natural dyes were permanent when used by themselves, and had to be fixed on the fibres by use of mordants. The exact behavior of these is still a matter of doubt. The principal mordants then and still in use are salts of aluminium, chromium, iron, tin, etc. Silken and woollen fabrics when placed in solutions of these salts, absorbed them and seemed to have the power of retaining them in their fibres as basic salts or oxides. When placed in the dye-vat these united with the dyes to form lakes giving the cloth a fast colour. On account of their inertness, cotton and linen fibres do not seem to be able to retain these mordants readily, and hence are soaked in solutions of tannic acid, or of a fatty acid first, and then into the mordant solution. The tannate of the mordant metal thus formed attracts and unites with the dye to form the insoluble lakes before mentioned.

Dyes may be divided into the following classes:—(1) Basic, (2) Acid, (3) Direct Cotton, (4) Mordant, (5) Vat Colours, and (6) Developed Dyes.

Basic dyes, as their name indicates, are basic in character, and can be applied directly to wool and silk, but do not react with cotton or linen unless these are soaked first in a solution of tannic acid or of some fatty acid.

Acid dyes consist of the sodium salt of sulphonic acids, and can also be applied directly to animal fibres without the use of a mordant. They are seldom used for vegetable fibres.

These two classes, as one will readily see, are not suitable for dyeing cotton directly. In 1884 Congo red, the first of the direct cotton dyes, was discovered, and many similar ones followed rapidly. They are salts, and are azo compounds derived from diamines such as benzidin, tolidin, etc., and are very satisfactorily employed without a mordant.

The fourth class contains most of the natural dye-stuffs and many of the best synthesized products now in use, particularly for wool. They are acidic in character, but always require the use of mordants. Turkey-red, formerly produced from the madder root, but now from alizarin, is the oldest and best known member of this group. To obtain this tint, cotton is first oiled with turkey-red oil obtained from castor oil by treatment with concentrated sulphuric acid. The mordant is then applied by working the fabric in a bath of aluminium acetate whereby aluminium ricinolente is deposited in the fibres. This unites with the alizarin to form the beautiful red lake prized for so many centuries.

Vat dyes are those that are readily reduced, absorbed by the cloth in that form and afterwards oxidized in situ. Indigo is the most important member of this class. It is present in the vat in the soluble form as indigo white, absorbed as such, and afterwards oxidized to the beautiful blue insoluble product indigo.

Developed dyes are formed in the fibre by the interaction of those substances necessary for their preparation. The ice-colors formed by a cooled solution of diazo salt with a variety of second components and anilin black are representative of the rather, as yet, unimportant division.

A lengthy discussion of the various theories as to the relation of dye and fabric will be out of place here. The older theory was that the heat of the dye-vat or the action of mordants opened the pores of the fibres to allow the dye particles to enter. Then a chemical reaction was supposed to take place, which appears probable in some cases with animal fibres,

and would explain the difficulty in getting fast direct dyes for cotton. Some scientists claim that the dyes are present in the fibre in a state of solution, as the dyed fabric has the same colour not as the solid dye, but as its solution. Again, the state of division of the fibre seems to play an important rôle; the more finely divided the fibre the greater the amount of dye absorbed. This has led to the absorption theory, by which the dye is supposed to be concentrated on the surface layers of the materials employed. When wool or silk are immersed in water, they become negatively charged and thereby possess the capability of attracting positively charged colour bases. In acid solution, their charge is reversed and also their power of attraction. This electrical explanation of the phenomenon has many ardent supporters. The latest view expressed is based upon the well-known fact that colloids have the property of precipitating other colloids of opposite charge. Many dyes in solution are colloidal, as are also the animal and vegetable fibres, but this phase of the question has not yet been well investigated.

Thus we find that at the end of many centuries the art of dyeing has practically become highly developed, but that the great underlying causes of these phenomena are only dimly understood—a great cause of inspiration and hope to scientific investigators.



Personals and Exchanges

Victoria on Active Service

At the Commencement exercises on May 21st, President Falconer announced that there are now nearly nine hundred representatives of the University on active service. Of these more than half are undergraduates. The men of Victoria College have done their part towards making up this total, as is shown by the following list:—

First Contingent—Aiken, M. (C.T.); Bassett, J. A. (C.T.); Cline, G. A., M.A.; Frost, H. A., B.A.; Haggen, G. L., B.A.; Hutcheson, H. O., B.A., B.D.; Moffit, L. W., '15; Owen, F., M.A.; Rice, G. D. L., B.A.

Second Contingent—19th Battalion: Jolliffe, R. H. M., '17. 20th Battalion: Lent, R. W., '17.

Ammunition Column, 4th Brig.—Bennett, R. C., '16; Hampson, A., '16; Taylor, R. M., '16; Wilkinson, W. A., B.A.

Eaton Battery—Doolittle, G. W., '16; Dundas, Geo., '17; Hewson, C. H., '17; Magwood, J. C. P., '17.

14th Battery, 4th Brig.—Brown, H. D., '17; Greer, S. R., '16; Lewis, A. C., B.A.; Swann, H. F., '17; Wilson, M.A., B.A.

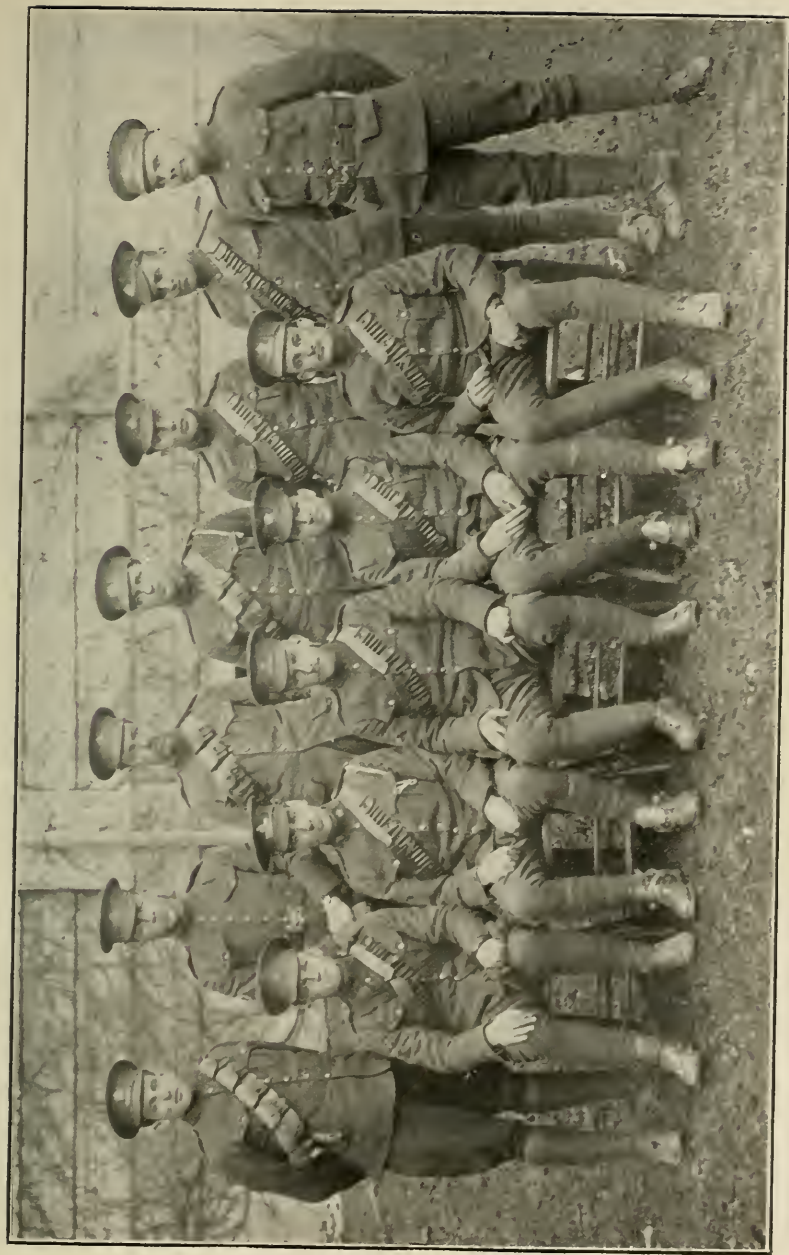
25th Battery, 7th Brig.—Brown, A. H., '17; Crocker, K. I., '16; Dippell, L. W., '16; Hukins, R. G., '17; Pearson, M. P., B.A.

26th Battery, 7th Brig.—Brown, G. G., '18; Hanna, W. N., '17; Seaman, R. L., '16; Crow, G. W., B.A.

5th Field Ambulance—J. G. Lumsden, '16; Noble, W. G., '18.

10th Field Ambulance—Clarke, N. D., '17.

University Hospital—Congden, E. P., '17; Conn, L. A., '17; Harden, A., (C.T.); Harris, C. W., '16; Kimura, S., '17; Newman, R. E. (C.T.); Puffer, D. S. '16.



PART OF VICTORIA'S CONTRIBUTION.

Some 2nd Contingent Men at Exhibition Camp.

Standing: J. C. P. MAGWOOD, A. HAMPSON, G. DUNDAS, H. D. BROWN, H. F. SWANN,
Seated: R. M. TAYLOR, M. A. WILSON, B.A., W. A. WILKINSON, B.A., N. V. BUCHANAN, B.A., R. C. BENNETT.

Third Contingent—Buchanan, N. V., B.A. (training at Kingston); Kerr, J. H., '18 (Welland Canal); Wright, N. R., '16 (Detention Camp, G.G.B.G.); Ridge, W. W., '17; Switzer, A. W., '18; Coatsworth, R. C., B.A. (No. 2, Cas. Cl. Sta.); Duggan, R. B., B.A.; Jewitt, O. V., B.A. (Sen. Cap. 33rd Batt.); Reid, J. S., B.A.; Smith, J. R., B.A.; Willoughby, H. A. G., B.A. (Sen. Capt. 33rd Batt.).

This list is complete in so far as information has reached the college authorities. There may be others, whose names have inadvertently been omitted.

Obituary

The following is copied from a local newspaper:

"Pte. George Elliott and Pte. Fletcher Elliott, two brothers who have many relatives in Peterboro County, are reported to have both been killed at the front in the same battle. They are sons of Rev. Wm. and Mrs. Elliott, Cumberland, B.C., and were born in Japan, where their father taught English for some years in a Japanese college."

Rev. Wm. Elliott is a graduate of Victoria College, of the same year as Dr. Horning and Professor Langford. He was gold medallist in philosophy.

ACTA extends sympathy to the bereaved parents in this time of sorrow.

Society Officers for 1915-16

The following are the officers-elect of some of the student societies for the next college year:—

Union Literary Society—Pres., J. P. S. Nethercott, '16; Leader of Govt., J. E. Mitchell, '16; Leader of Opposition, B. J. Roberts, '16.

Women's Literary Society—Pres., Miss E. M. McLaughlin, '16; Leader of Govt., Miss E. Hockey, '16; Leader of Opposition, Miss B. Connor, '17.

Athletic Union—Pres., A. M. Horner, '16; Sec'y, H. W. Cheney, '17.

Girls' Athletic Association—Pres., Miss M. A. Clerke, '16; Sec.-Treas., Miss H. Wells, '17.

Victoria Glee Club—Pres., E. F. Church, '16; Sec'y, E. A. Blatchford, '18; Bus. Mgr., W. H. Goodman, '17.

Y.M.C.A.—Pres., Fred. Manning, '16; Sec'y, P. N. Caven, '17.

Y.W.C.A.—Pres., Miss H. Martin, '16; Sec'y, Miss E. Ash, '17.

ACTA VICTORIANA Board—Ed.-in-Chief, E. F. Church, '16; Literary Editors, Miss B. Sutherland, '16, E. C. McLean, '16; Locals Editors, Miss W. Mason, '17, L. B. Pearson, '17; Athletic Editors, Miss M. Smart, '17, G. M. Huycke, '17; Personals and Ex. Editor, W. G. Hardy, '17; Scientific Editor, A. C. Wheatley, '16; Missionary and R. Editor, H. Pawson, C.T.; Business Mgr., G. R. Weber, '16; Circulation Mgr., P. K. Heywood, '17; Asst. Bus. Mgr., D. McLean, '18.

To these officers-elect the retiring Board tenders its congratulations and best wishes for a most successful year.

The Prize List

As usual, Victoria College claimed her full share of the medals and prizes awarded this year. ACTA extends hearty congratulations to the following successful students:—

AWARDS BY SENATE OF UNIVERSITY.

Fourth Year—The Mrs. Hart A. Massey Gold Medal in Household Science, Miss M. Patrick.

Third Year—The Kirschmann Scholarship in Philosophy (for Optics), E. Magee.

Second Year—The Alexander McKenzie Scholarship in Political Science, R. L. Whitney.

AWARDS BY SENATE OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

Fourth Year—The Prince of Wales Gold Medal (first in general proficiency, General Course), Miss E. A. Dunlop. The Prince of Wales Silver Medal (second in general proficiency, General Course), J. I. Gordon. The Edward Wilson

Gold Medal (Classics), H. Bennett. The J. J. Maclaren Gold Medal (Moderns), Miss E. M. Granger. A Gold Medal (Orientals), A. McLaughlin. The E. J. Sanford Gold Medal (Philosophy), L. G. Hutton. The S. H. Janes Silver Medal (Mathematics), J. W. Johnston. The Geo. A. Cox Gold Medal (Natural Science), J. W. Ansley. A Gold Medal (Modern History), G. W. Brown.

Third Year—The George John Blewett Scholarship (Philosophy), E. Magee. The Hodgins Prize (first in Pass English), Miss B. Sutherland.

Second Year—The Classical Scholarship (Classics), W. G. Hardy. The Webster Prize (first in pass English), F. I. Reed. The Robert Johnston Prize (first in pass Hebrew), W. O. Robinson. The Oriental Scholarship, D. A. Lane.

First and Second Years—Regent's Prizes (first and second English essays), (1) G. M. Huycke, (2) L. B. Pearson.

First Year—The Class of 1902 Prize (first in pass English), W. B. Risie.



Cheap at any Price.



A PARSON'S TAKING WAYS.

The friends of Nathaniel C—le, C. T., who is now in Northern Ontario, engaged in mission work, are enjoying rather a good story concerning him. The joke, however, is on Quartermaster Wright, of the C.O.T.C. It seems that Nathaniel, who has been an enthusiastic member of D company, during the past academic year, decided that his cavalry trousers and his puttees would be valuable to him up north—hence, on leaving, he wrote a little note saying that he was returning the greatcoat, etc., but that he had decided to keep the trousers and puttees.

Enter now, the officer commanding the company, with a hurried despatch to Pte. C—le's northern rendezvous, requesting a speedy return of the missing articles—and in short by this time, the Quartermaster has been appeased, Nathaniel has learned something new regarding military procedure—and the government is the richer by much postage dues.

THAT REMINDS ME —

If you want to start a Varsity man talking about his experiences at camp, just whisper in an animated tone, the magic words "like lightnin'", and if he does not indulge in a broadly reminiscent smile, it won't be the fault of Sergeant-Major Coleman, whose fifteen minutes of "physical torture" was the feature of the daily routine.

"Arm stretchin'", "leg raisin'", "back bendin'" (and breakin'), all to be performed "like lightnin'", was an experi-

ence so entirely foreign to those students who have difficulty in arriving anywhere, or doing anything, on time, that it was a real revelation to see them moving, if not like a flash, at least with respectable speed. For instance, there was Bill Sk——g, whose reputation about equals that of the celebrated tortoise—even he was never more than two motions behind the S.-M., so you can see that the training was profitable in several ways. Wherefore all honour to His Majesty's loyal servant, Sergeant-Major "Like Lightnin'", and may he wear his crown for many camps to come.

TO BE SURE.

"I am sorry to say that this school is not properly conducted."

"Well, what can you expect in a girls' school but mismanagement?"

HELD FOR THE LAST ISSUE.

He clasped his arms about her waist
And on her lips he pressed a kiss,
Quoth he, "I've sipped from many a cup,
But ne'er from such a mug as this."

HOWEVER, EVEN LEAR GOT THROUGH.

C. L. Wh——te, '16—"I can't get interested in the 17th century literature we are studying, Prof. Auger."

Prof. Auger—"But it's 18th century literature this year, Mr. White!"

*One fine May day, a friend met F. G. Sc——tt and his usually cheery countenance was overcast with gloom. He was bemoaning his lack of the wherewithal to take an officer's course at R.M.C. The next day, the same friend happened

to be down at the old Union Station as the Kingston train pulled out. From the recesses of a comfortable chair in the parlor car came a friendly hail, and someone waved a joyous farewell. Which goes to show that Lieut. Sc—tt has not spent three years in C. and F. to no advantage.

Pte. Bill McC—m—us is a hustler. Scarcely had the steamer landed at Niagara-on-the-Lake than he "fell in" for "wet parade".

In unofficial language this means that in climbing off the boat, he fell "into the drink", thereby causing a slight dampness to penetrate his clothes. In the afternoon, Pte. McC—m—us wore a civilian suit, cunningly hidden (except the trouser cuffs) by his military greatcoat.

AT CAMP.

Pte. D—— (during military exam)—"At the command form fours, the *candidate* will take a step to the back with the rear foot and a pace to the side with the fore foot, at the same time raising both feet a smart twelve inches from the ground."

"Commerce and Finance", states J. R. Adams, "is nothing but a glorified general course." Let W. M. Musgrove, H. P. Herington, C. R. Nimmo, and other luminaries of the C. and F. brand dispute this, if they can.

A PIOUS REMONSTRANCE.

SIR: It seems to me that the attention of the fire inspectors should be called to the college chapel. The condition of the exits during chapel is frightful. What would happen if a fire should break out in that death trap, crowded to the very doors with men and women? Think of the awful destruc-

tion, women trampled to death, men burned, roasted and fried, while vainly beating against locked doors.

A proper petition to restrict the number of students is the only practical remedy. It is hardly possible that more than thirty could escape quickly in case of fire. Therefore the student body should rise up and say: "No more than thirty should be allowed in the chapel," and they should persist until their request is granted.

Respectfully,

SISTERS OF VERITAS.

Officer, to Gordon Doolittle and others, just after they had enlisted in the Eaton Machine Gun Battery: "Now, if you don't get busy, I'll sack you and put University students in your place."

Suggested title for a sonnet, to be written by A. L. Phelps' B.A.: "On First Looking into Stratton's Room." One look will provide ample material.

IT WOULD SEEM SO.

Bill McL—ghl—n, '16—"My brother went down to the Division Court this morning."

B. J. R—berts, '16—"Is that where they try divorce cases?"

WHAT TEN DAYS WILL DO.

Extracts from two letters to his mother by the (Rev.) Aleck S. Nob, No. 13 Company, U. of T. C.O.T.C., Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.:

May 4.

Dear Mother,—If this keeps up much longer I shall have to desert. Really it is too barbarous. We get up at 6 a.m.

(that's the easiest part, after trying to sleep on the board floor of the tent), then while I am cleaning my teeth or just half through my morning ablutions, our color-sergeant yells, "All ready for mess-parade". I hurry, I get in line, we march off to the mess tent. The color-sergeant yells, "Fall to". We do so. I reach for porridge, but before I set the dish down it is empty. I eat nothing but a piece of bread. It is too disgusting for anything, the dishes are dirty, the men are rough, everything is *so* primitive!

Then all morning we march about the field; we go forward (by the right), we retire (by the left), we form fours, we extend, we double, at the halt on the left we form platoons, and after more mess at noon, we do it all over again. It is horrible, is this drill.

At 4.30 we 'are through for that day, but our sergeant never lets us rest. "Tents rolled," he yells. After we have them securely tied, "Tents down" he screeches. It is annoying, but we can do nothing. As I write Colors is yelling, "Fall in for mess". I am very hungry, so I shall close. I am certainly looking forward to the fifteenth. With love.

Your son,

ALECK.

P.S.—I see by "orders" that I am a mess orderly for to-morrow.

May 14.

Dear Mother,—I could stay here for six months, without getting tired of camp. I am in great health, and as brown as the chicory we drink for breakfast. Sleeping on a board floor with a blanket or two under one doesn't worry me now. And anyway, when you come home from a fifteen-mile route march; you aren't particular where you sleep—or how. The meals are splendid. Everything is clean and well cooked, and my appetite never varies. There is only one thing troubles me. Several of the boys whom one would never suspect of doing so, are using profane language. I was shocked to hear Johnny S——, our sergeant, swearing at some fellows in the

next row, who were having a little sunrise euchre party this morning.

You may expect me home on Saturday, and then you shall have a full account of camp life.

P.S.—Here is a little poetry, one of the chaps in our tent has just recited to me. He says it is a great help in preparing for the military exam. Unfortunately there is a swear word in it—but I have omitted that.

“At the halt on the left form platoon,
At the halt on the left form platoon,
If the odd files don't mark time two paces
How in ——— can the rest form platoon?”

THE ONE-TY-FIVE HOUSE-PARTY.

Before finally disbanding as a class, the girls of 1T5 held a house-party at Roache's Point for five days immediately before Commencement. Miss Wesley kindly opened her beautiful summer home to us, and although the weather was rather cool, the fire-place in the big living-room was all the more appreciated, while sweaters and steamer rugs were greatly in demand.

The fresh spring-time verdure of the beautiful estates in the vicinity, whose “No Trespassers” signs had no terror for us at that early season, the songs of the birds, and the subtle inexplicable call of the out-of-doors invited us to many delightful rambles piloted by a guide in Miss Hay whom Cook's might envy.

Our two canoes afforded a delightful pastime, and what with baseball and shooting we had plenty of out-door amusements.

We did our own cooking, and there was keen rivalry among the embryo B.A.'s as to who should acquire first-class honours in the culinary art. On the whole an examiner would have to consider them “*aeq*”, although, sad to relate, nearly every group would have to be given a “*star*”; the “*stars*”, however, only added spice (and salt) to our fun.

We were pleased to have Miss Addison and Miss Wilson spend Sunday with us, and at that time our party numbered eighteen.

It was with mingled feelings of regret and anticipation that we left on Wednesday morning, to reunite that afternoon at a very enjoyable house-party at Annesley Hall until after Commencement.

E. A. DAVIS, '15.



The Snipers.

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